THE STUDENTS' HYMNAL

Mildred Claire Mangor

THE STUDENTS' HYMNAL

EDITED BY

CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, PH.D.

PRESIDENT OF ADELPHI COLLEGE, BROOKLYN
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PREFACE

This hymnal is the outcome of an effort to bring together the best hymns and the most melodious tunes. The selection of hymns has been based upon sincerity in the expression of religious experience, depth of feeling, and poetic merit.

The tunes that are chosen are believed to possess dignity, strength, musical beauty, and acceptability. The collection is rich in morning and evening hymns, in music suited to processional requirements, and in hymns and tunes which together best express the sentiments appropriate to the holy days of the Christian year. It contains the best historic hymns, familiar and beloved through many generations. It also includes many hymns that have arisen from modern religious feeling and aspiration, and especially those that present the vision of the future, when universal brotherhood shall prevail and wars shall cease.

In the responsive readings the intention is to include those passages of the Bible which by majesty of thought and poetic form seem to be most suitable for antiphonal use.

The editor records here his hearty thanks for courtesies accorded to him while engaged in the compilation of this hymnal, and particularly in the following instances: to Mr. Luther H. Cary of the Pilgrim Press for permission to use the arrangement of the tune "Bonar" from "Pilgrim Hymnal"; to the Reverend F. L. Hosmer for permission to use the large number of his hymns which appear in this book; to the Reverend William C. Gannett for permission to use his hymns, "Bring, O Morn, thy Music," and "The Lord is in his Holy Place"; to the Reverend Washington Gladden for permission to use his hymn, "O Master, let me walk with Thee"; to Professor George Edgar Oliver for generous assistance and for permission to use his tunes for the hymns, "In the Secret of his Presence," "We march, we march to Victory," "Yule-Tide Song," "Angels from the Realms of Glory," and "Round the Lord in Glory seated"; to Professor William Armour Thayer for frequent aid, numberless courtesies, and permission to use several of his compositions; to Bishop John H. Vincent for permission to use, in the name of "Chautauqua," Miss Mary A. Lathbury's hymn, "Day is dying in the West," with the

tune "Evening Praise," by W. F. Sherwin; to D. Appleton & Co. for permission to use William C. Bryant's hymn, "The Star of Bethlehem"; to E. P. Dutton & Co. for permission to use Bishop Phillips Brooks's hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem"; to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use hymns by Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Reverend Samuel Longfellow, and John G. Whittier; to Little, Brown, and Company for permission to use the hymns, "O God whose Presence glows in All," by N. L. Frothingham, and "It singeth low in Every Heart," by John W. Chadwick.

The editor is enabled to use the tune "Materna" by special arrangement with Mrs. S. A. Ward.

C. H. LEVERMORE

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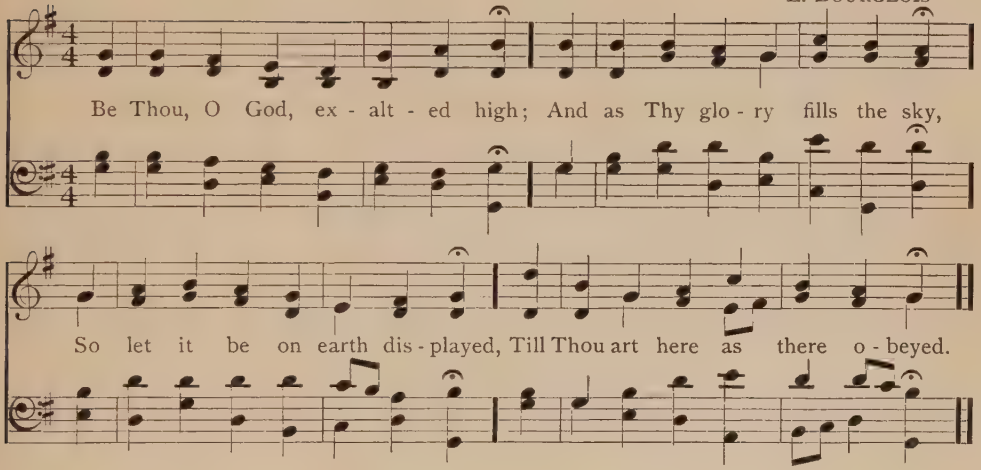
THE STUDENTS' HYMNAL

WORSHIP AND PRAISE

Old Hundred

L. M. L. BOURGEOIS



2

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS

3

1 O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King,
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free,
To die for her is serving Thee.

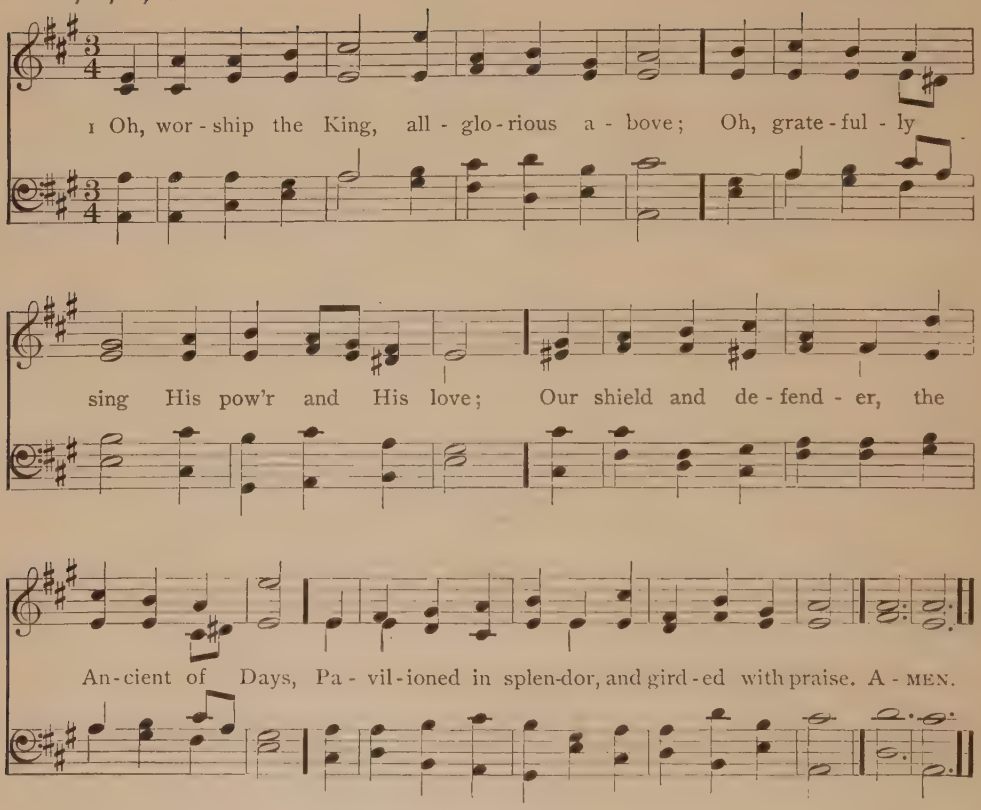
3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe,
And when the battle thunders loud
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

4 Hanover

(*First Tune*)

10, 10, 11, 11 W. CROFT


1 Oh, wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove; Oh, grate - ful - ly
sing His pow'r and His love; Our shield and de - fend - er, the
An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise. A - MEN.

2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

ROBERT GRANT

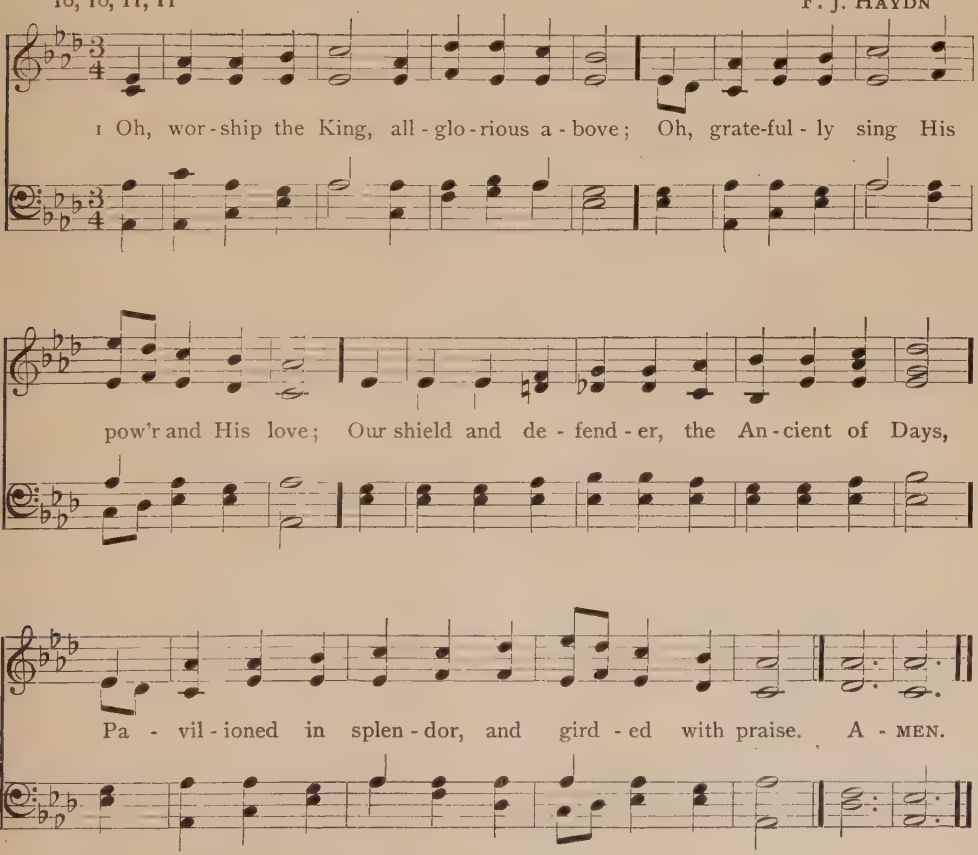
4

Lyons

(*Second Tune*)

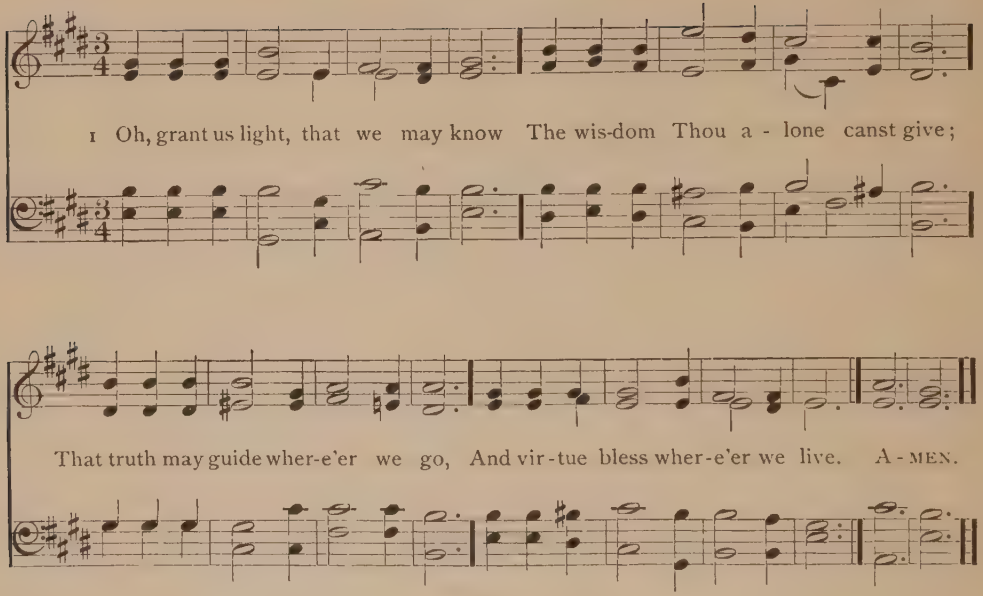
10, 10, 11, 11

F. J. HAYDN


1 Oh, wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove; Oh, grate-ful-ly sing His
pow'r and His love; Our shield and de-fend-er, the An-cient of Days,
Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-MEN.

5 St. Crispin

L. M. G. J. Elvey


1 Oh, grant us light, that we may know The wis-dom Thou a - lone canst give;
That truth may guide wher-e'er we go, And vir-tue bless wher-e'er we live. A - men.

2 Oh, grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 Oh, grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 Oh, grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Oh, grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Lawrence Tuttiett

6

1 O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

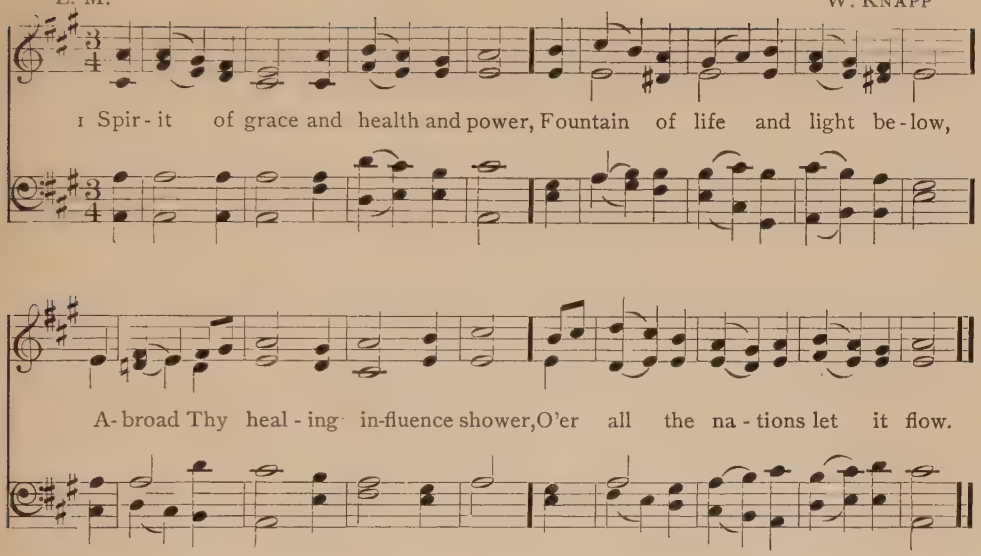
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

7 Wareham

L. M. W. KNAPP


1 Spir - it of grace and health and power, Fountain of life and light be - low,
A - broad Thy heal - ing in-fluence shower, O'er all the na - tions let it flow.

2 Inspire our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's hosts shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

3 On Thee we cast our care; we live [need,
Through Thee, who know'st our every
Oh, feed us with Thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.

4 Thine, Lord, we are, and ours Thou art;
In us be all Thy goodness showed;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart,
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

JOHN WESLEY

8

1 Come, O Creator, Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up Thy rest!
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O Fount of Life, O Fire of Love,
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm and virtue high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

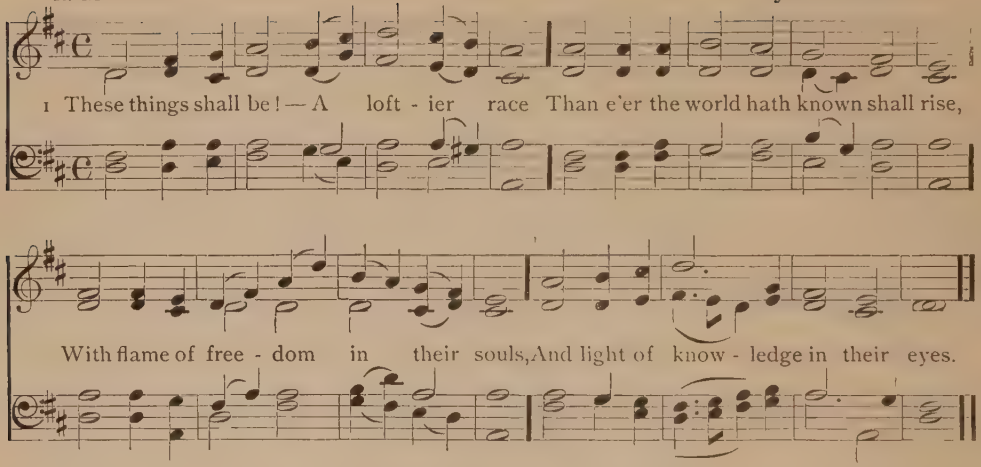
4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not with Thee for guide
Turn from the path of life aside.

Translated from Eighth Century Latin by
EDWARD CASWALL

9 Duke Street

L. M

JOHN HATTON


1 These things shall be! — A loft - ier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of free - dom in their souls, And light of know - ledge in their eyes.

2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4 New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

5 There shall be no more sin nor shame,
And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie:
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

10

1 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer —
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams;
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

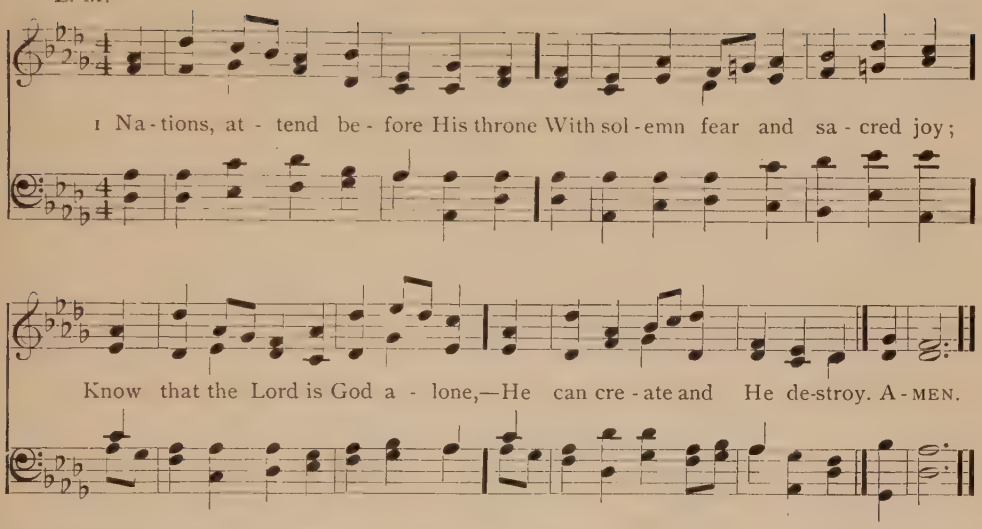
4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

LEONARD BACON

11 Festus [1]

L. M.


1 Na - tions, at - tend be - fore His throne With sol - emn fear and sa - cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone,—He can cre - ate and He de-stroy. A - MEN.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS

12

1 O, blest the souls that see and hear
The things of God to-day revealed,
Of old to longing saint and seer
Within the future closely sealed:

2 The stir of nations near and far,
The wakened hearts that beat as one,
The flow of peace, the ebb of war,
The passing night, the risen sun!

3 Be ours the vision, ours the will
To follow, though the faithless ban;
The love that triumphs over ill,
The trust in God and hope for man.

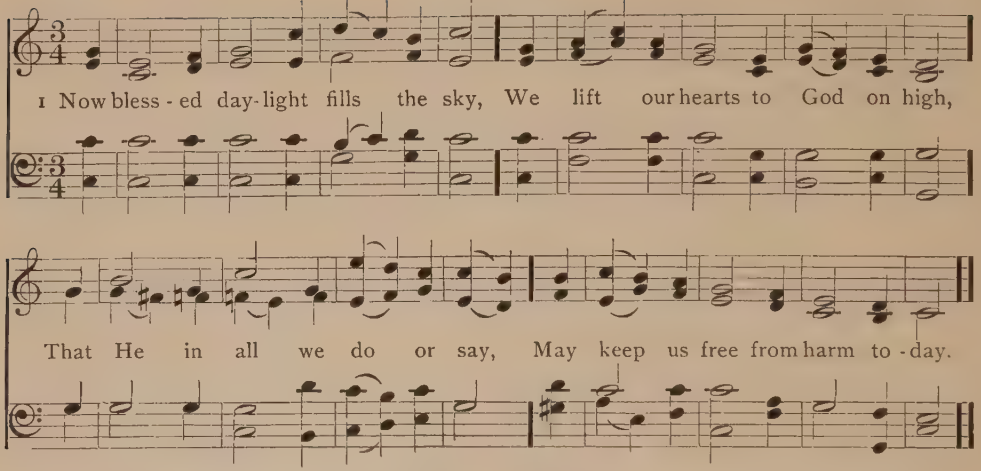
4 And Thou whose tides of purpose bear
These mortal lives that come and go,
Give us to feel through toil and prayer
Thy deep eternal underflow!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

[1] These words may also be sung to "Hamburg."

13 Daylight

L. M. D. S. Bortniansky


1 Now bless - ed day-light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He in all we do or say, May keep us free from harm to - day.

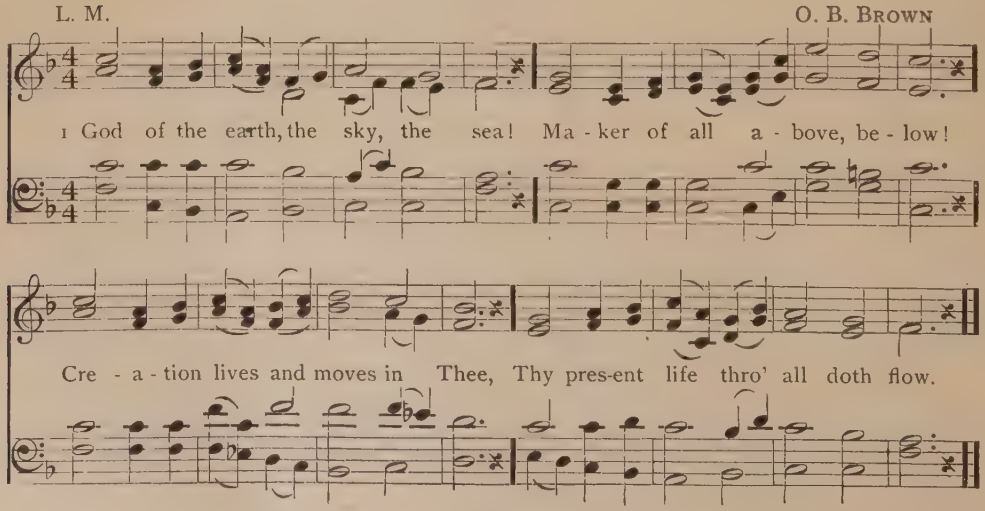
2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3 Oh, may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure,
The pride of sinful hearts subdued,
The bread of Life our daily food.

4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our daily path in safety trod,
Pay loving tribute unto God.

14 Holmes

L. M. O. B. Brown


1 God of the earth, the sky, the sea! Ma - ker of all a - bove, be - low!
Cre - a - tion lives and moves in Thee, Thy pres-ent life thro' all doth flow.

14 Holmes (Continued)

2 Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And even the still rock's mossy stains.

3 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is Thy power; Thy law is there.

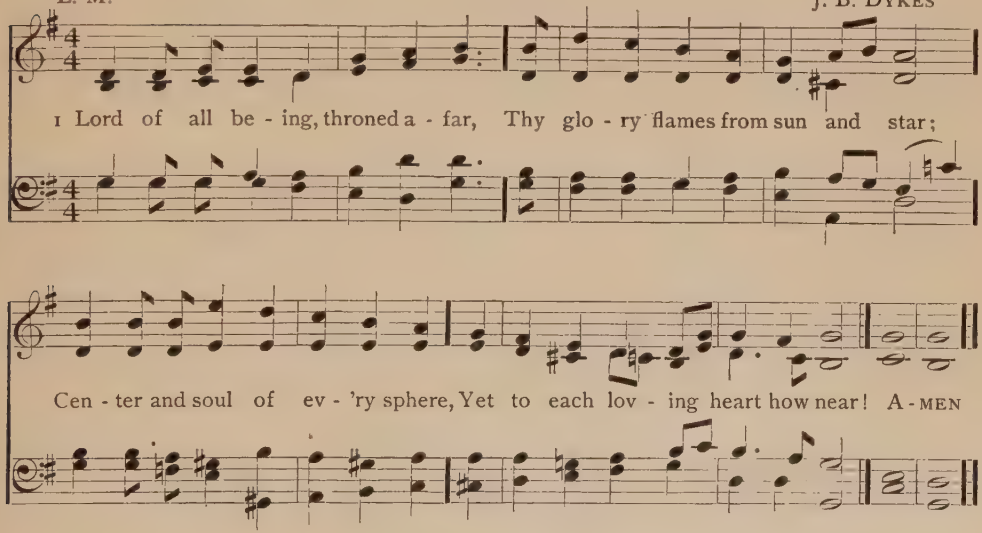
4 We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when Thy morning breaks in power,
We hear Thy word, Let there be light.

5 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and Thyself are there,
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW
JOHN R. WREFORD

15 Keble

L. M. J. B. DYKES


1 Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - MEN

2 Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

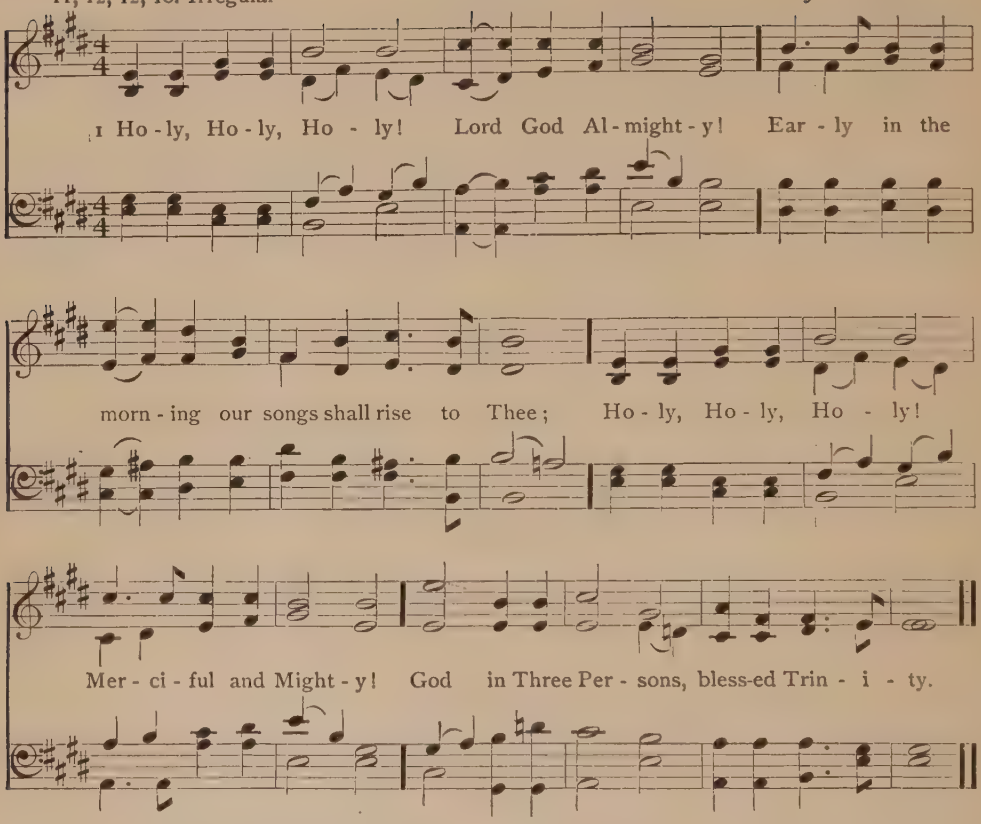
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

16 Nicaea

11, 12, 12, 10. Irregular

J. B. DYKES


1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER

17 *Who Evermore Shalt Be*

1 Bring, O Morn, thy music! Bring, O Night, thy silence![1]
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Sun and stars are singing, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

2 Life and Death, Thy creatures, praise Thee, Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in Thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at Thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

3 Light us! lead us! love us! cry Thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only Thee,
Weaving blindly out Thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

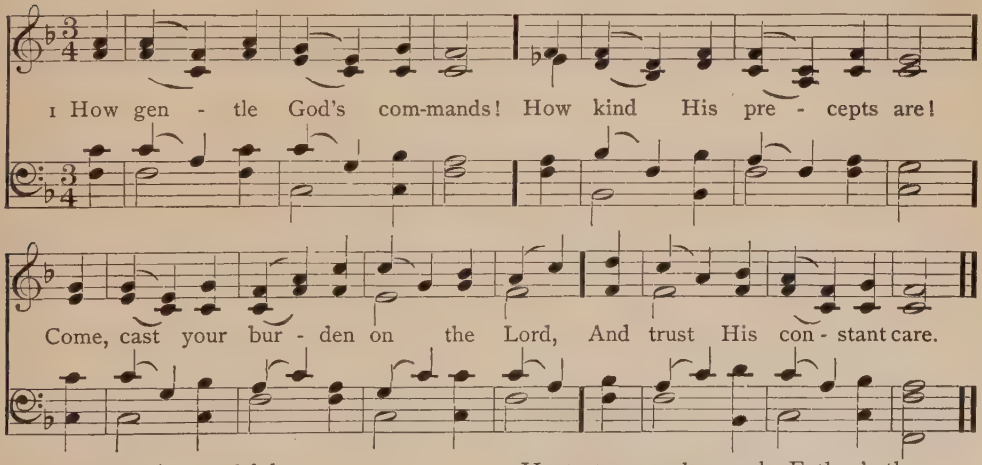
4 Life nor Death can part us, O Thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

[1] In the original, "hushes." Dr. Gannett now writes the last half of this line thus: "Night, thy starlit silence!" and in the first half of the third line reads, "Suns and planets chorus," etc.

18 Dennis

S. M. H. G. NÄGELI



2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell!
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

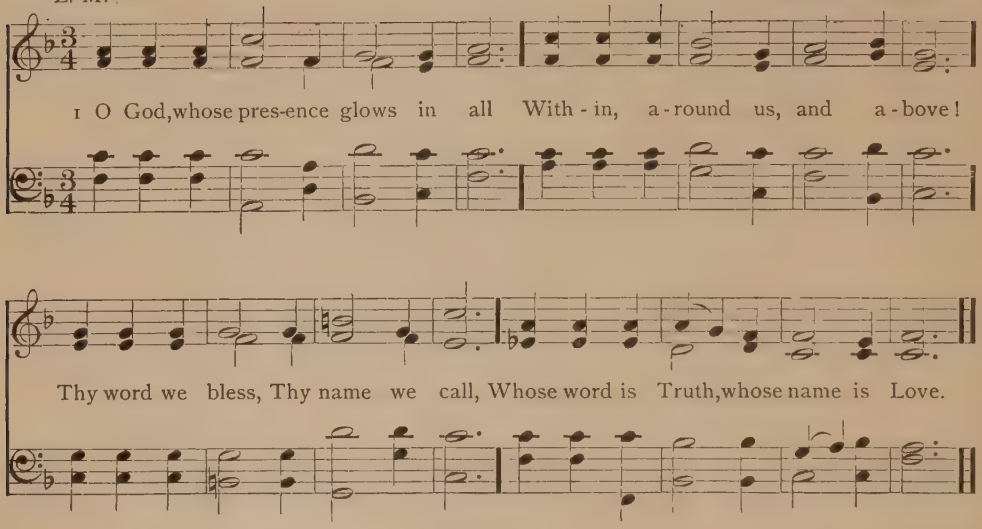
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

19 Hesperus

L. M. HENRY BAKER


1 O God, whose pres-ence glows in all With-in, a-round us, and a-bove!
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2 That truth be with the heart believed
By all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, Thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM

20

1 We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

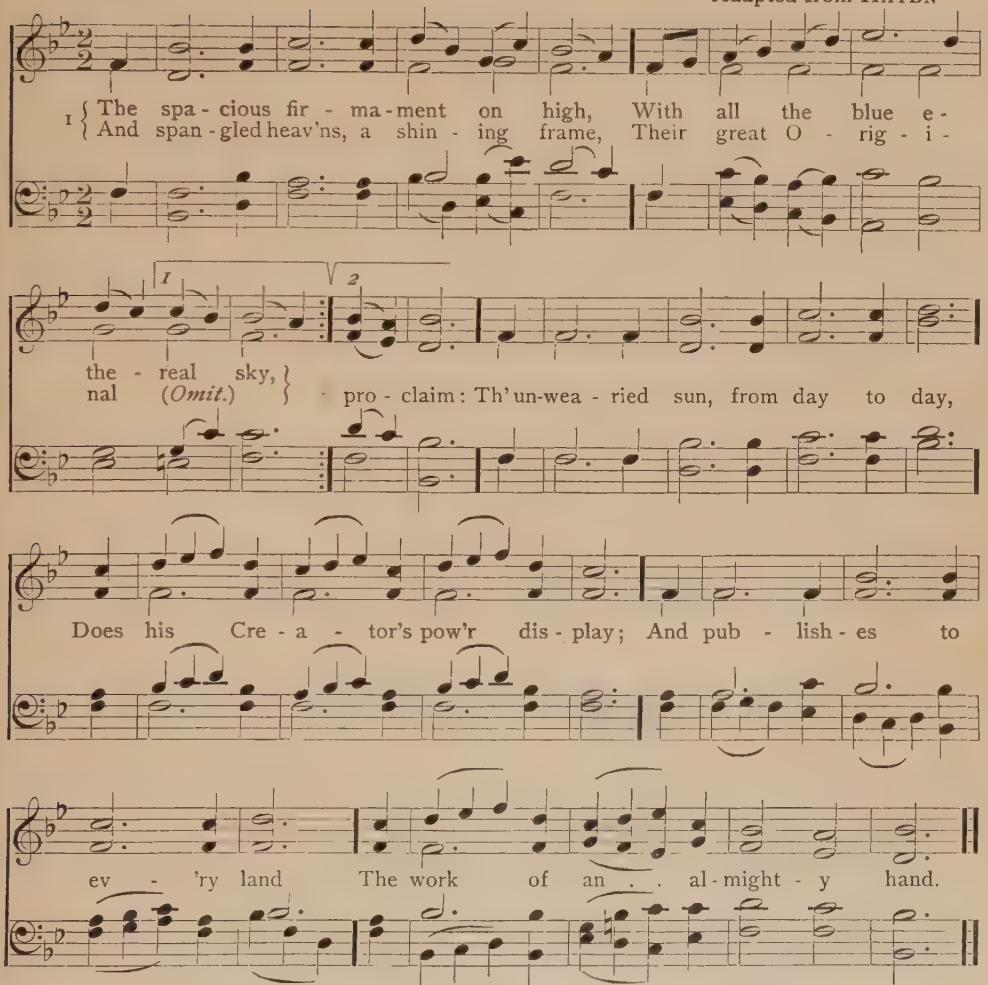
2 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that holds Thy Spirit's might.

3 So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

GEORGE E. L. COTTON

21 Creation

L. M. D.

Adapted from HAYDN

1 The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i -
the - real sky,
nal (Omit.)
pro - claim: Th' un-wea - ried sun, from day to day,
Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play; And pub - lish - es to
ev - 'ry land The work of an . . al - might - y hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale:
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

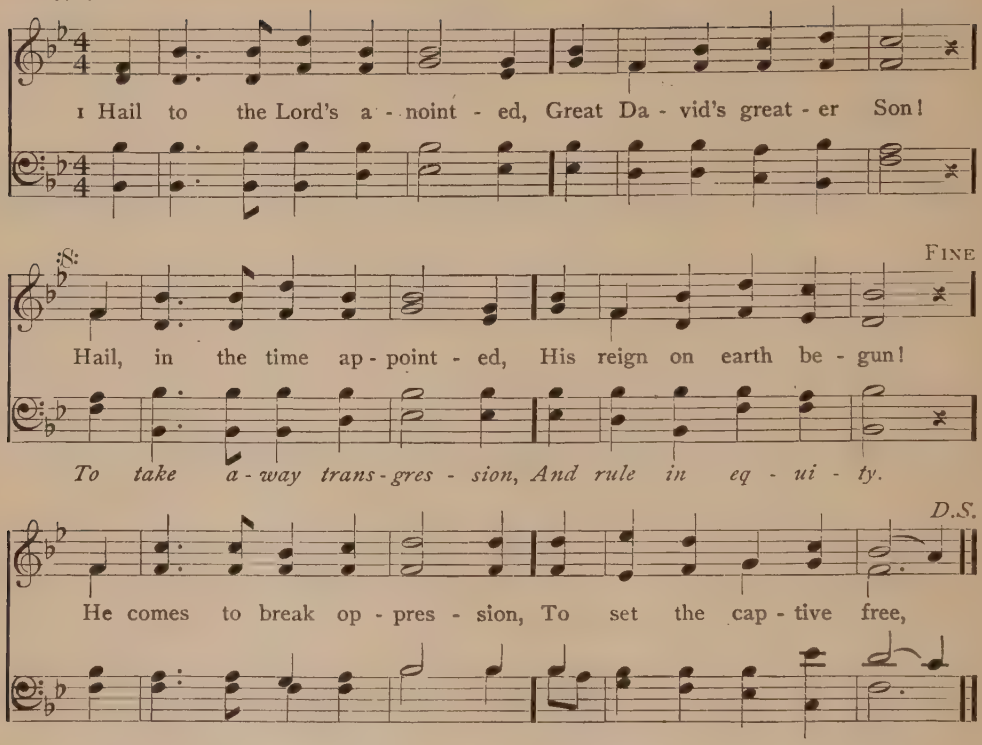
3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON

Webb

7, 6, D.

G. J. Webb


1 Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
Fine
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
D.S.
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth.
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His new, best name of Love!

James Montgomery

23

Webb

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

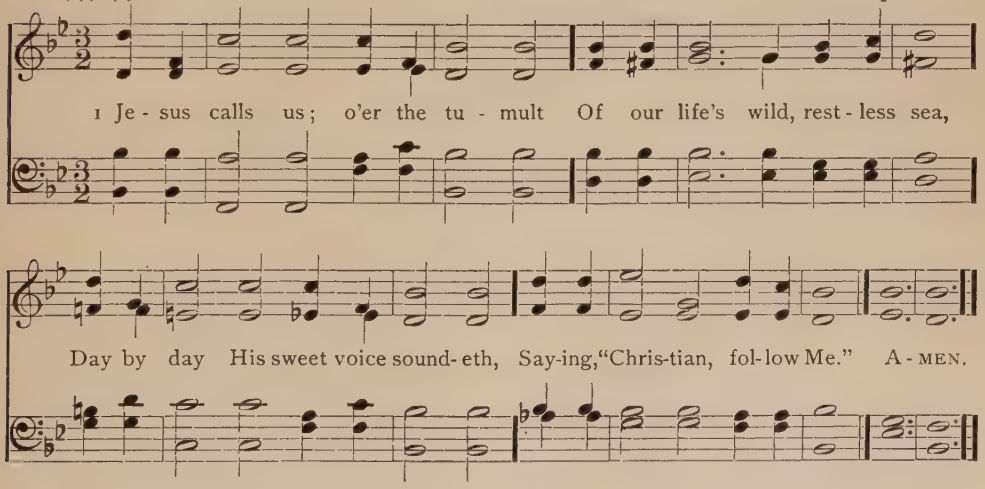
GEORGE DUFFIELD

24

Galilee

8, 7, 8, 7

W. H. JUDE


1 Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me." A - MEN.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

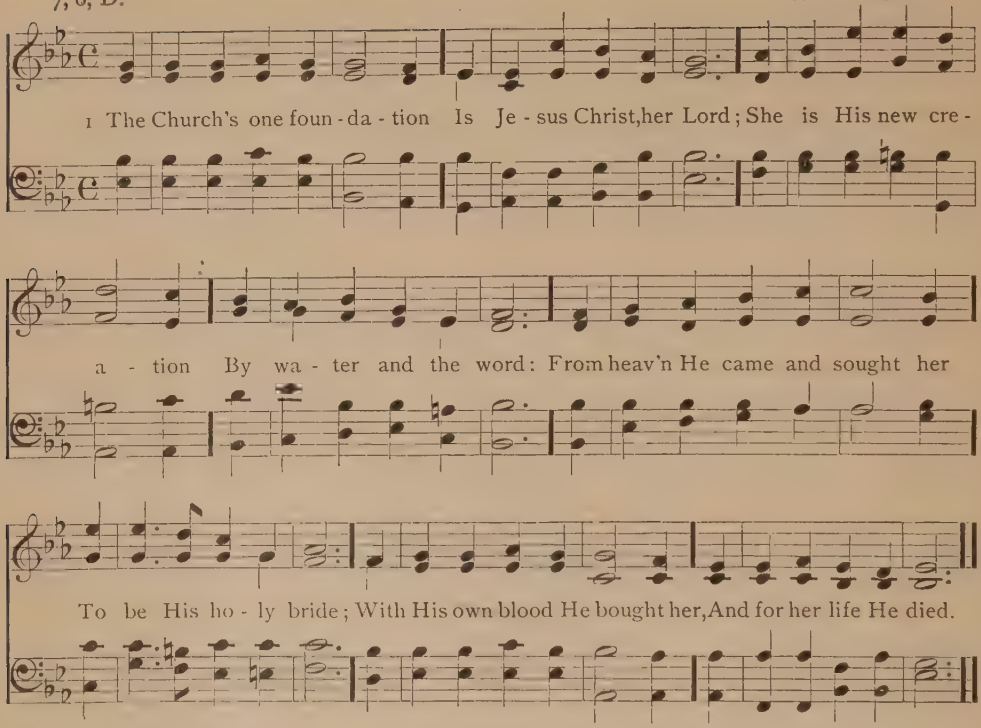
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

25 Aurelia

7, 6, D.

S. S. Wesley


1 The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord; She is His new cre -
a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone

26 Aurelia

1 O beautiful, my Country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair Freedom's open door!

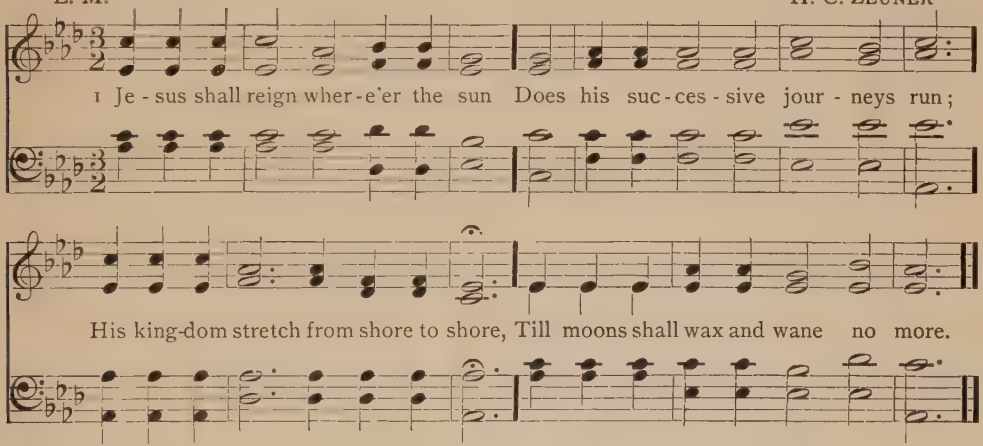
2 For thee our fathers suffered;
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

3 O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

27 Missionary Chant

L. M. H. C. ZEUNER


1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

ISAAC WATTS

28 "*Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord*"

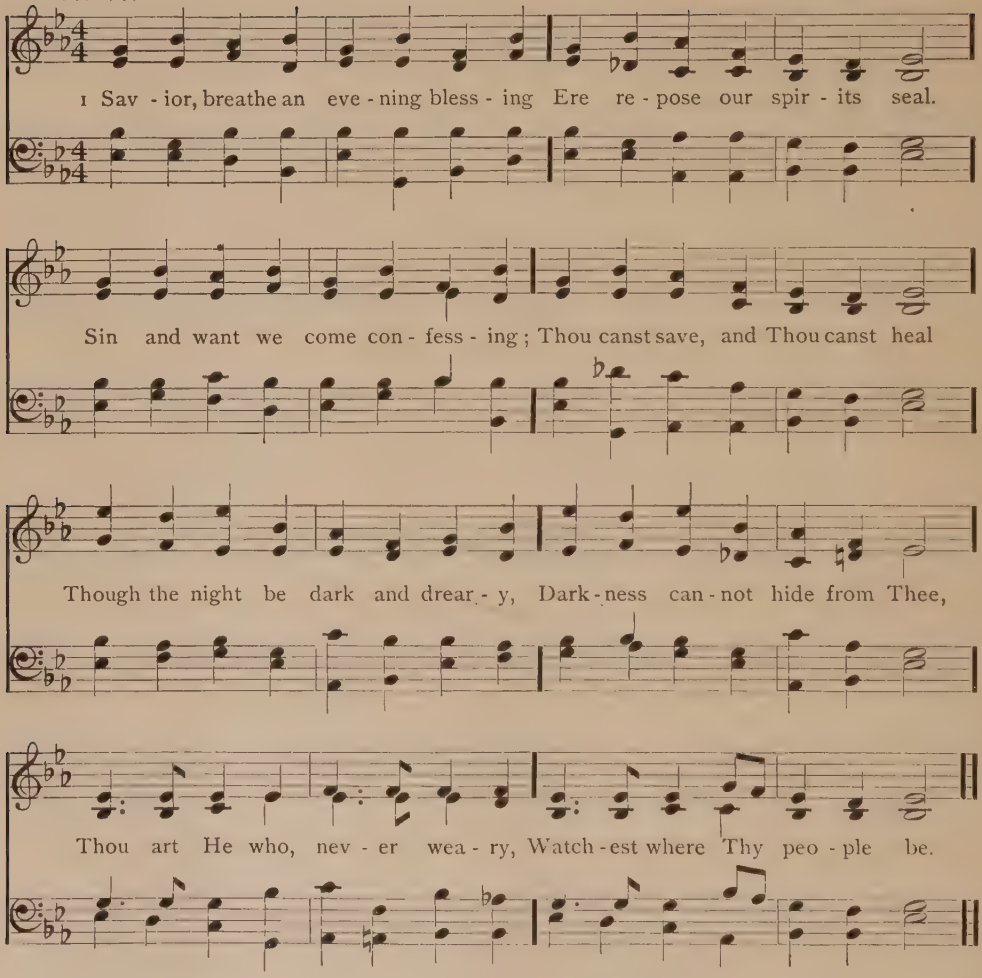
1 Oh, for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work, Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST

29 Vesper Hymn

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

D. S. Bortniansky

1 Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal
Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee,
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.

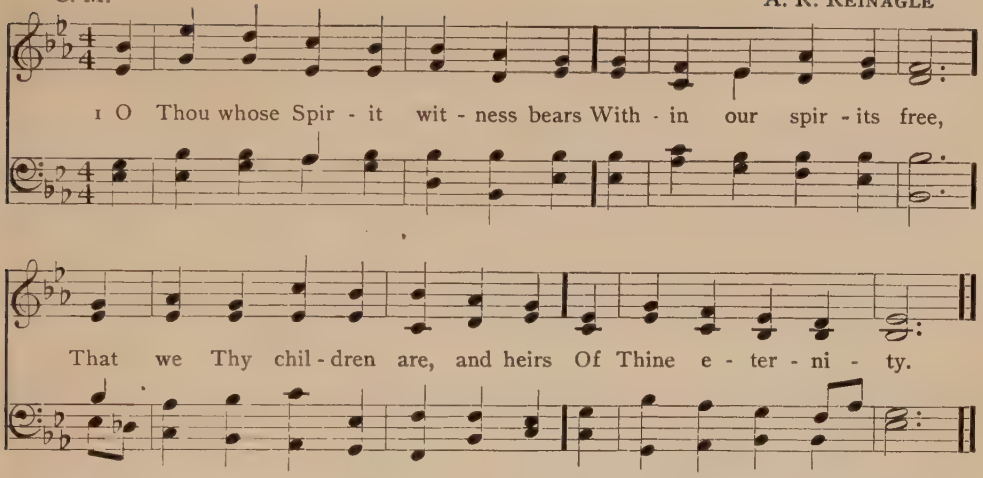
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

J. Edmeston. V. 3 added by E. H. Bickersteth

30 St. Peter

C. M. A. R. REINAGLE



2 Here may this simple faith sublime
O'erarch us like the sky;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

3 Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
Our creeds arise and fall;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

4 Here may that witness clearer grow,
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

5 Here be life's sorrows sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour;
While hope and faith and love abide
Forever more and more!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

31 *From Generation to Generation*

1 O Light, from age to age the same,
Forever-living Word,—
Here have we felt Thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.

2 Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's pow'rs,
And made these walls divinely fair,—
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

3 What visions rise above the years,
What tender mem'ries throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song!

4 Vanish the mists of time and sense;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
Holds all for evermore.

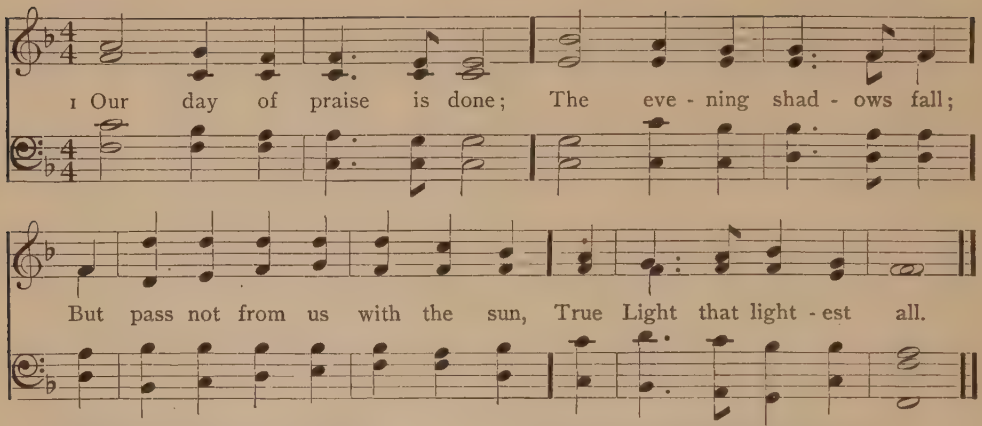
5 Oh, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine,—
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

6 Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide!
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

32 Rathfarnham

S. M. J. B. CALKIN



2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

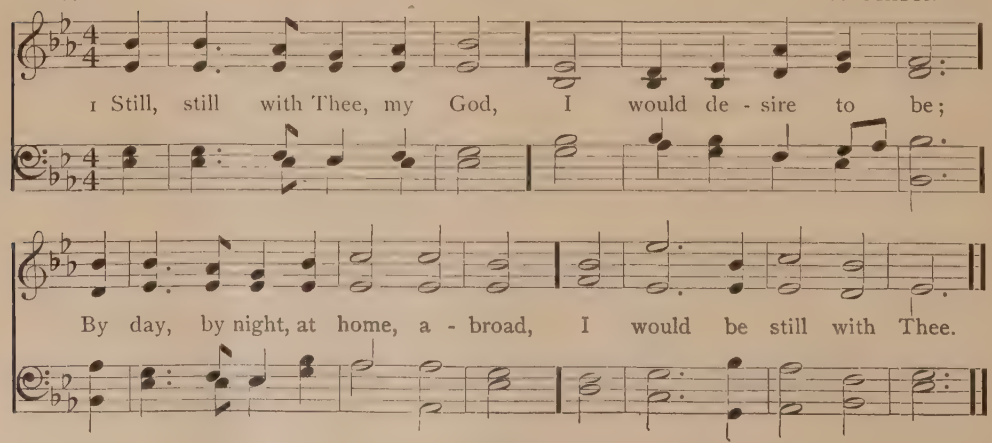
5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name;

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

JOHN ELLERTON

33 Olney

S. M. L. MASON



33 Olney (Continued)

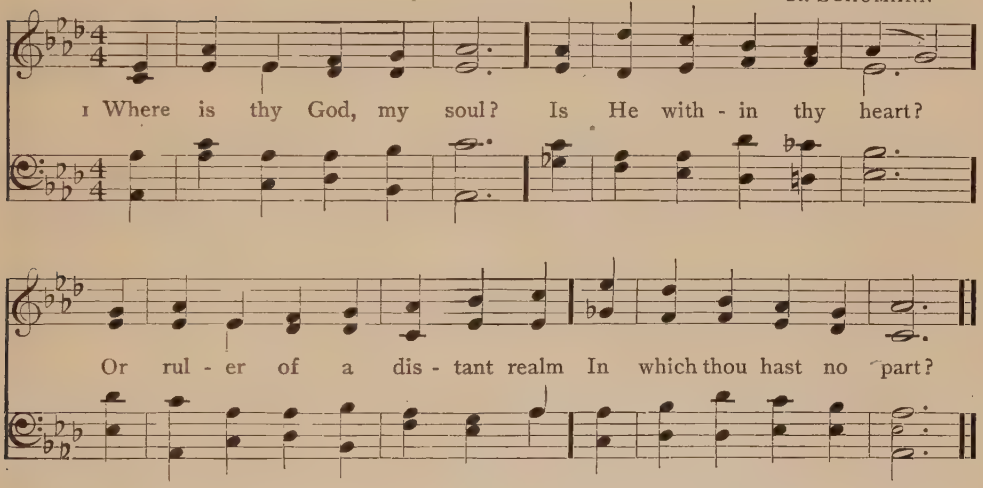
2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning I begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.

JAMES D. BURNS

34 Schumann

S. M. R. SCHUMANN



2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun?
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

3 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to scripture's page?
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

4 O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart!
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

THOS. T. LYNCH

35

1 O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fullness from above
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

2 O everlasting Health,
From whence all healing springs,
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings.

3 O everlasting Truth,
The soul of all that's true,
Sure guide alike of age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

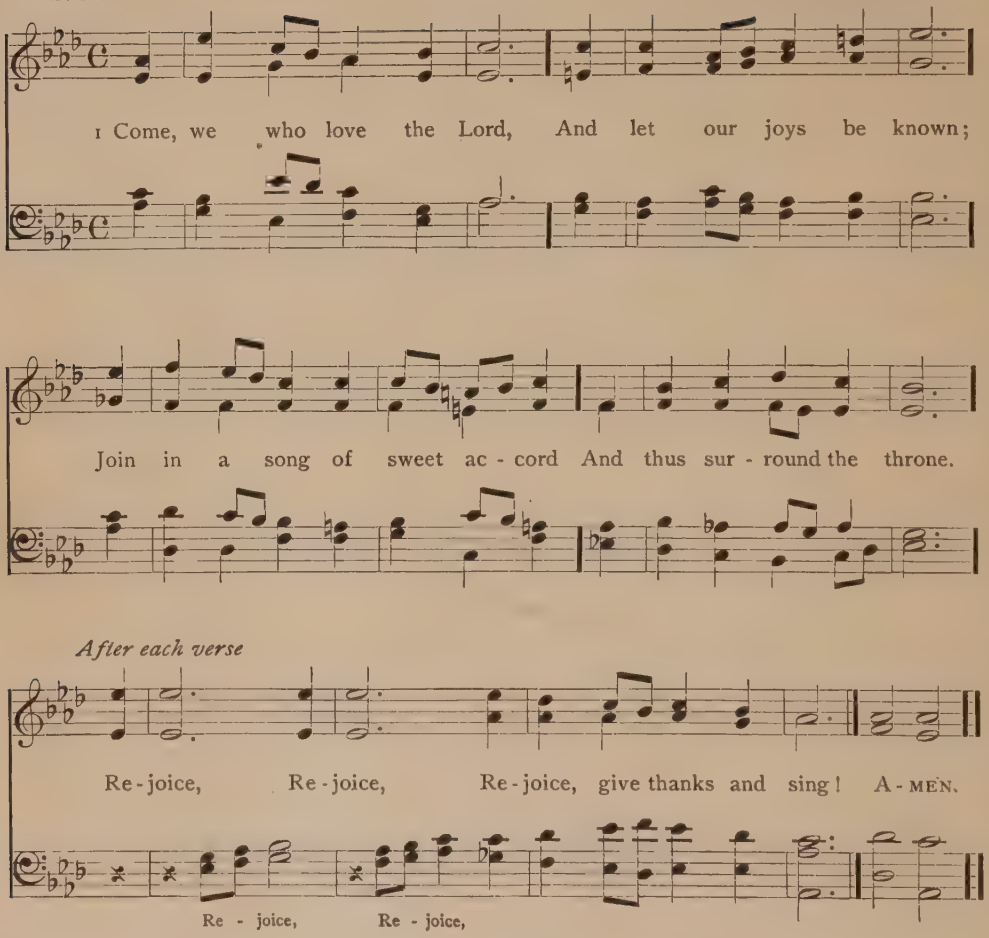
4 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way,
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

HORATIUS BONAR

Marion

S. M.

A. H. MESSITER


1 Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet ac - cord And thus sur - round the throne.
After each verse
Re - joice, Re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing! A - MEN.
Re - joice, Re - joice,

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

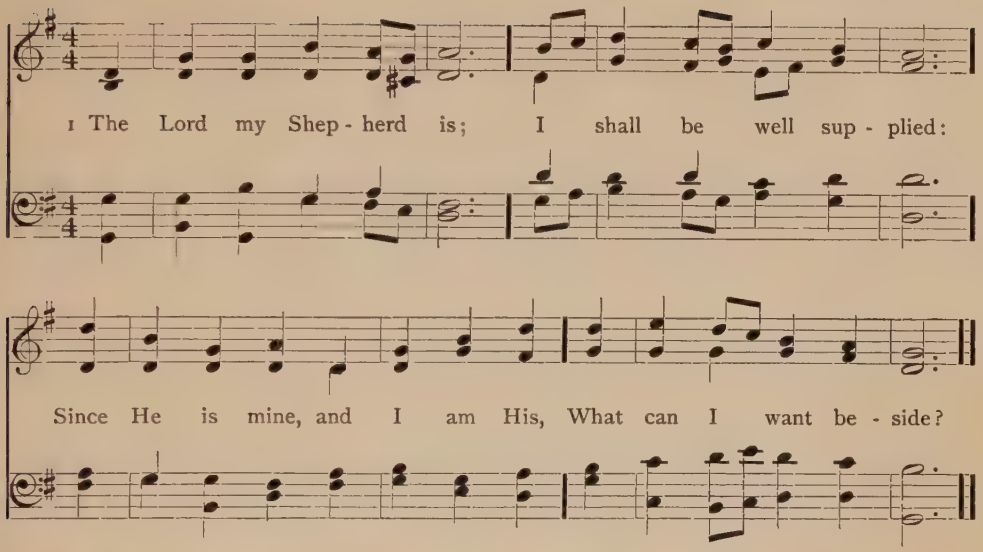
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's [ground
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS

37 St. Thomas

S. M. A. WILLIAMS



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS

38

"O, send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me"

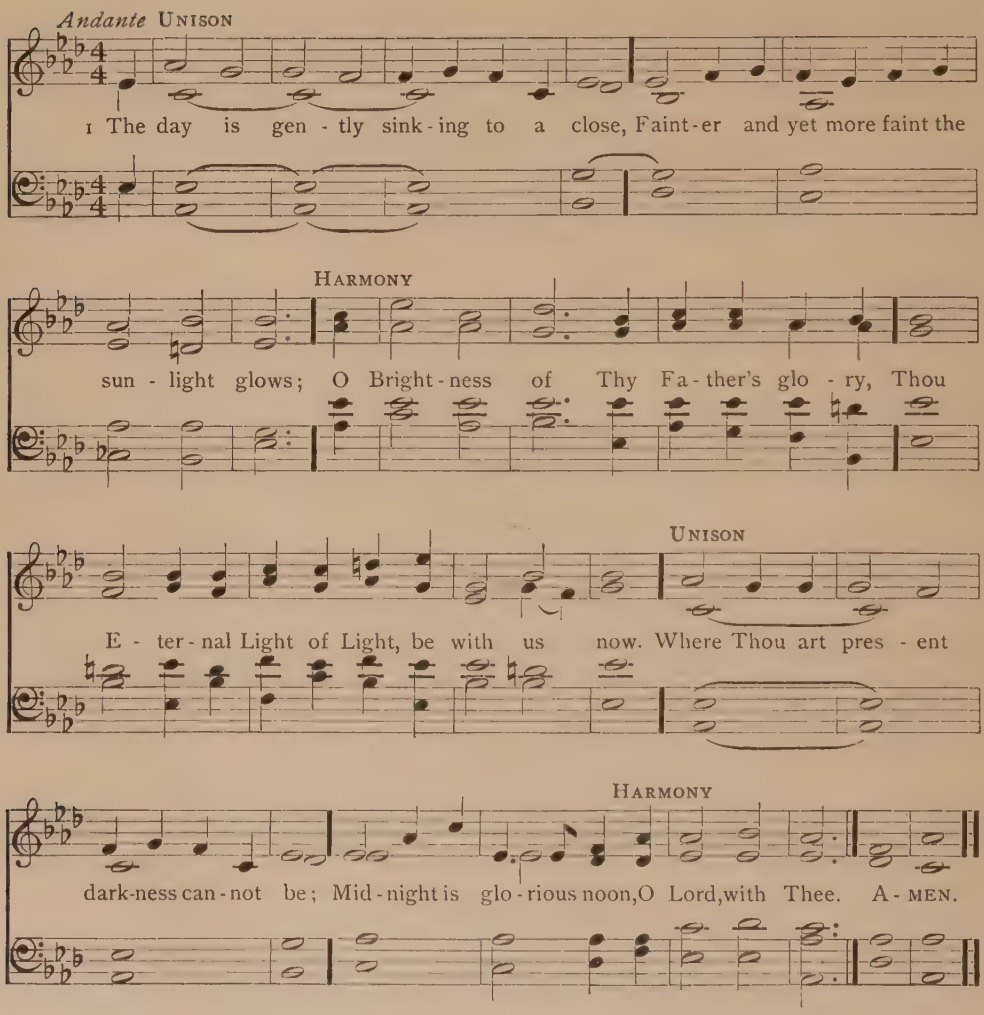
1 Send down Thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord! send down.

2 Send down Thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for Thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, oh, send down!

3 Send down Thy love, Thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down.

4 Send down Thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God! send down.

EDWARD R. SILL

105. J. H. GOWER

Andante UNISON
1 The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the
HARMONY
sun - light glows; O Bright - ness of Thy Fa - ther's glo - ry, Thou
UNISON
E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now. Where Thou art pres - ent
HARMONY
dark-ness can - not be; Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

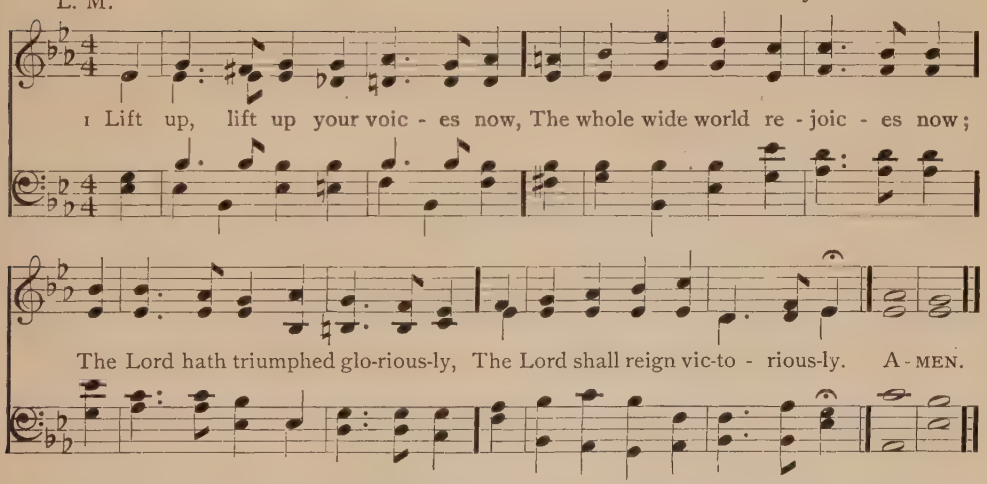
3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is moldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

40 Waltham

L. M. J. B. CALKIN


1 Lift up, lift up your voic - es now, The whole wide world re - joic - es now;
The Lord hath triumphed glo-rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic-to - rious-ly. A - MEN.

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred,
In vain the watch kept watch and guard;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe;
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

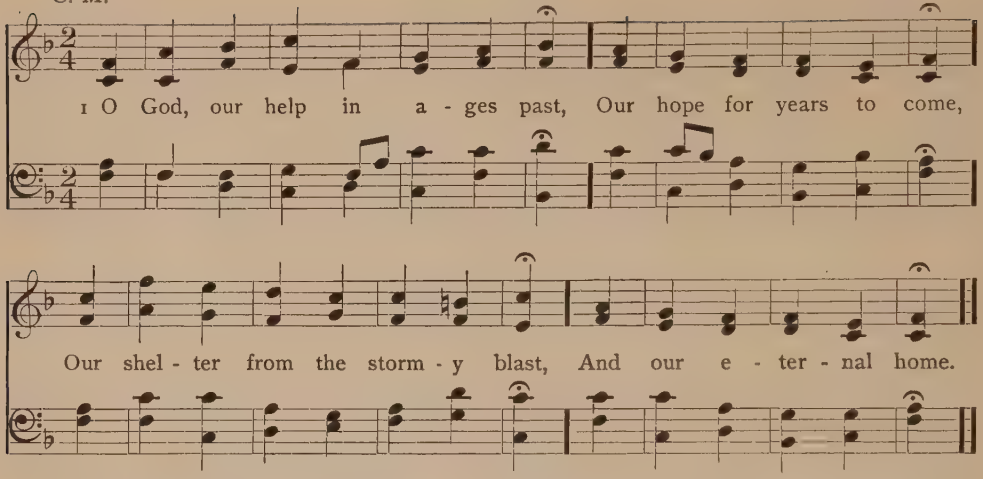
5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad alleluias raise to Thèe;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Author Unknown

41 Dundee

C. M. G. FRANC



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS

42

(*May be sung to tune Manoah*)

1 Thou Grace Divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O love of God most free!

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from Thy face
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind!

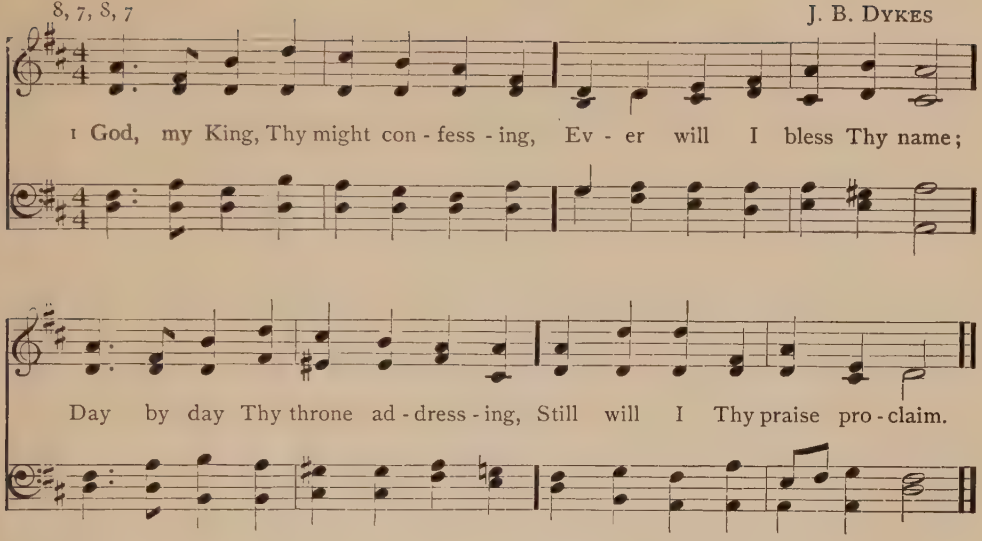
5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!

6 And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to Thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER

43 St. Oswald

8, 7, 8, 7 J. B. Dykes


1 God, my King, Thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne ad - dress - ing, Still will I Thy praise pro - claim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought —
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Richard Mant

44

1 Dost thou hear the bugle sounding,
Calling thee to take the field?
'Tis a battle all are waging;
Thou must fight or thou must yield.

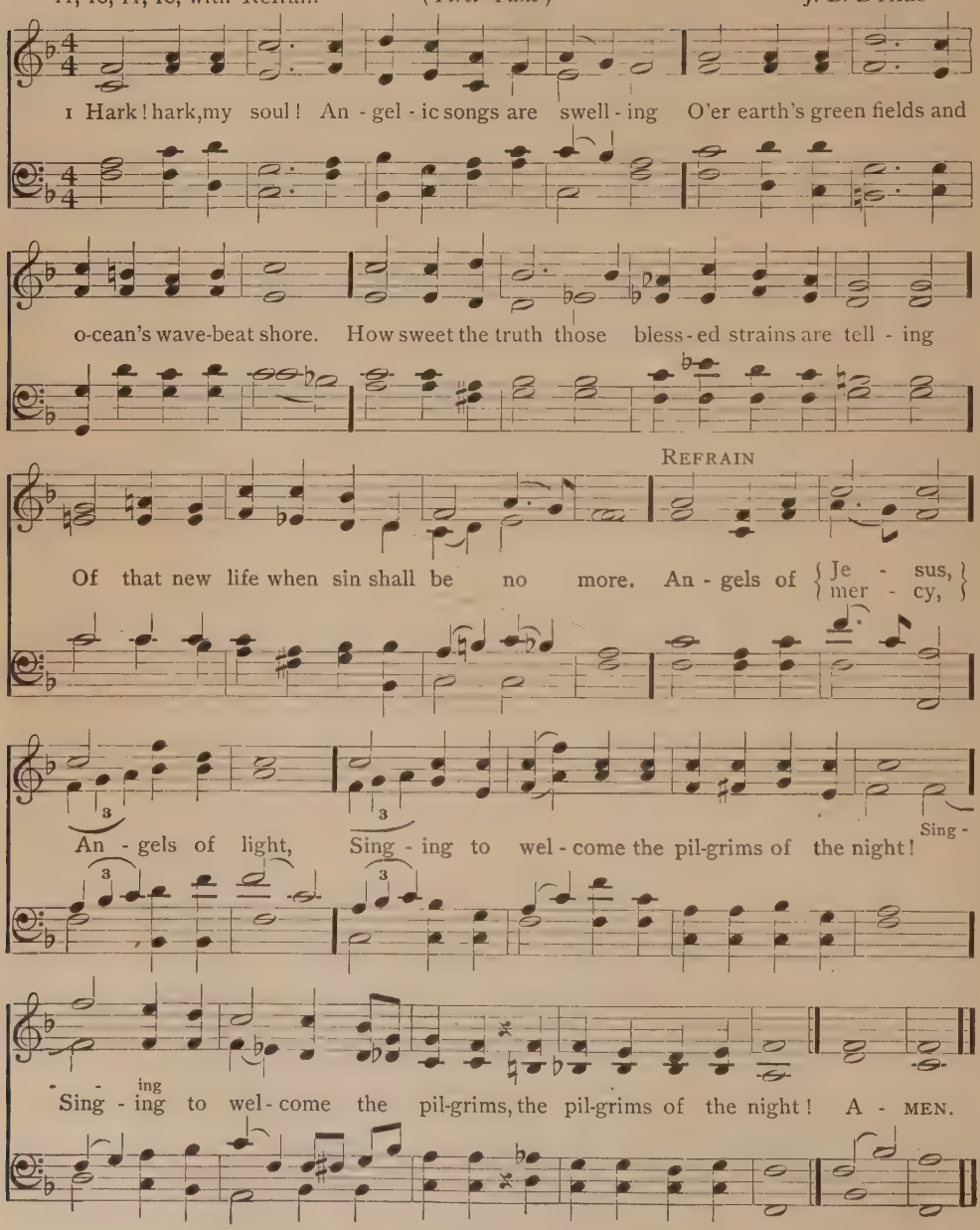
2 'Tis the battle of the ages;
No man may the gage refuse,
Fight on one side or the other,
No man can decline to choose.

3 If from off the field thou fliest,
Even thus thou art a foe;
Who for truth no sword uplifteth,
He for error strikes a blow.

4 He who bravely fights must conquer;
None can e'er defeated be;
For to soldiers in God's battles
Death itself is victory.

Minot J. Savage

Vox Angelica

11, 10, 11, 10, with Refrain (*First Tune*) J. B. DYKES

1 Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore. How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
REFRAIN
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of { Je - sus, / mer - cy, }
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night! Sing -
- ing
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night! A - MEN.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.—REFRAIN

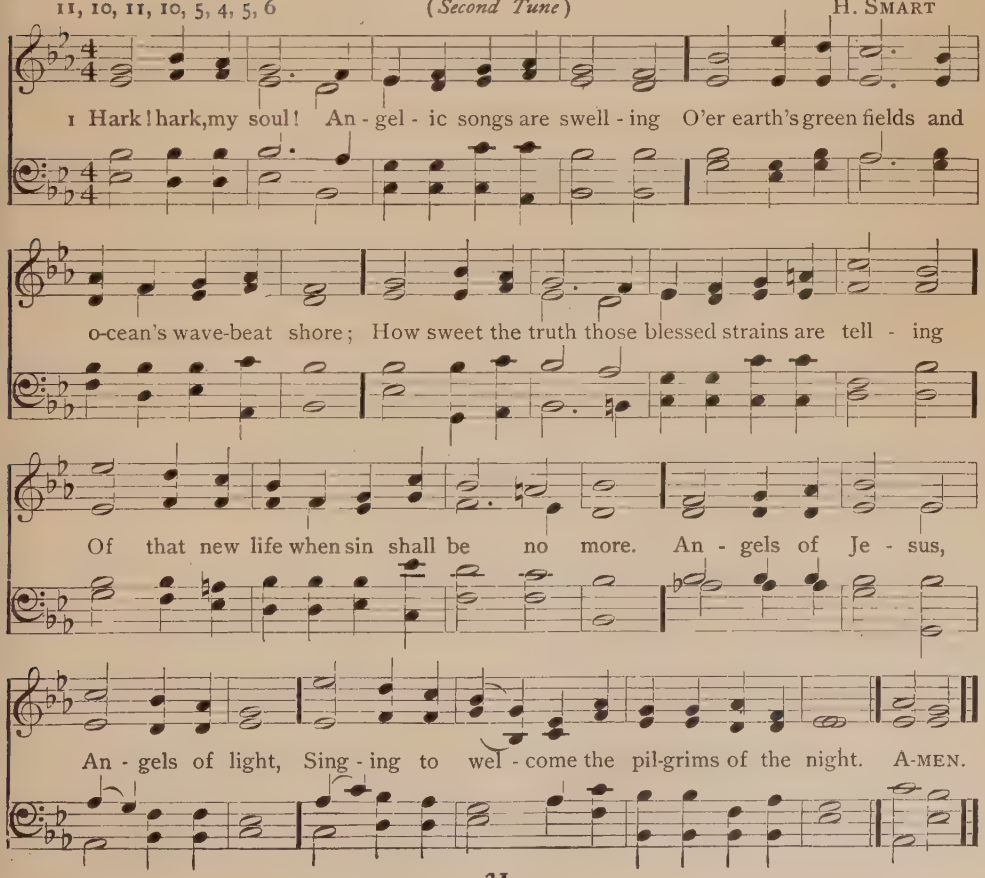
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—REFRAIN

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REFRAIN

FREDERICK W. FABER

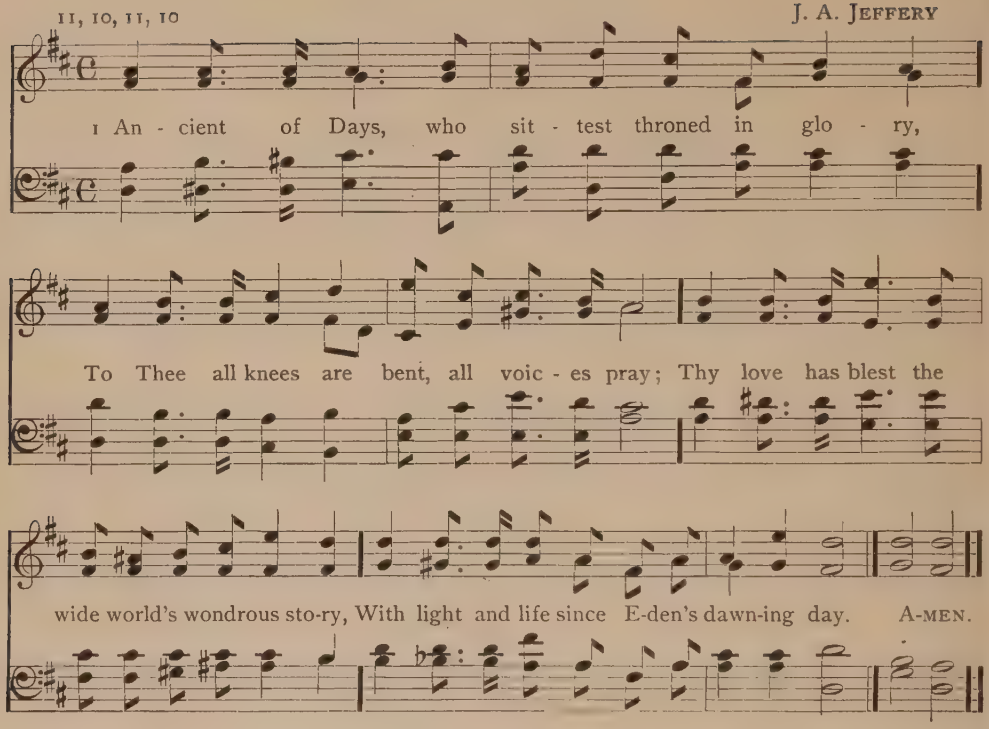
45 Vox Angelica

11, 10, 11, 10, 5, 4, 5, 6 (*Second Tune*) H. SMART


1 Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night. A-MEN.

46 Ancient of Days

11, 10, 11, 10 J. A. JEFFERY


1 An - cient of Days, who sit - test throned in glo - ry,
To Thee all knees are bent, all voic - es pray; Thy love has blest the
wide world's wondrous sto-ry, With light and life since E-den's dawn-ing day. A-MEN.

2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes bewildering,
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Savior,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

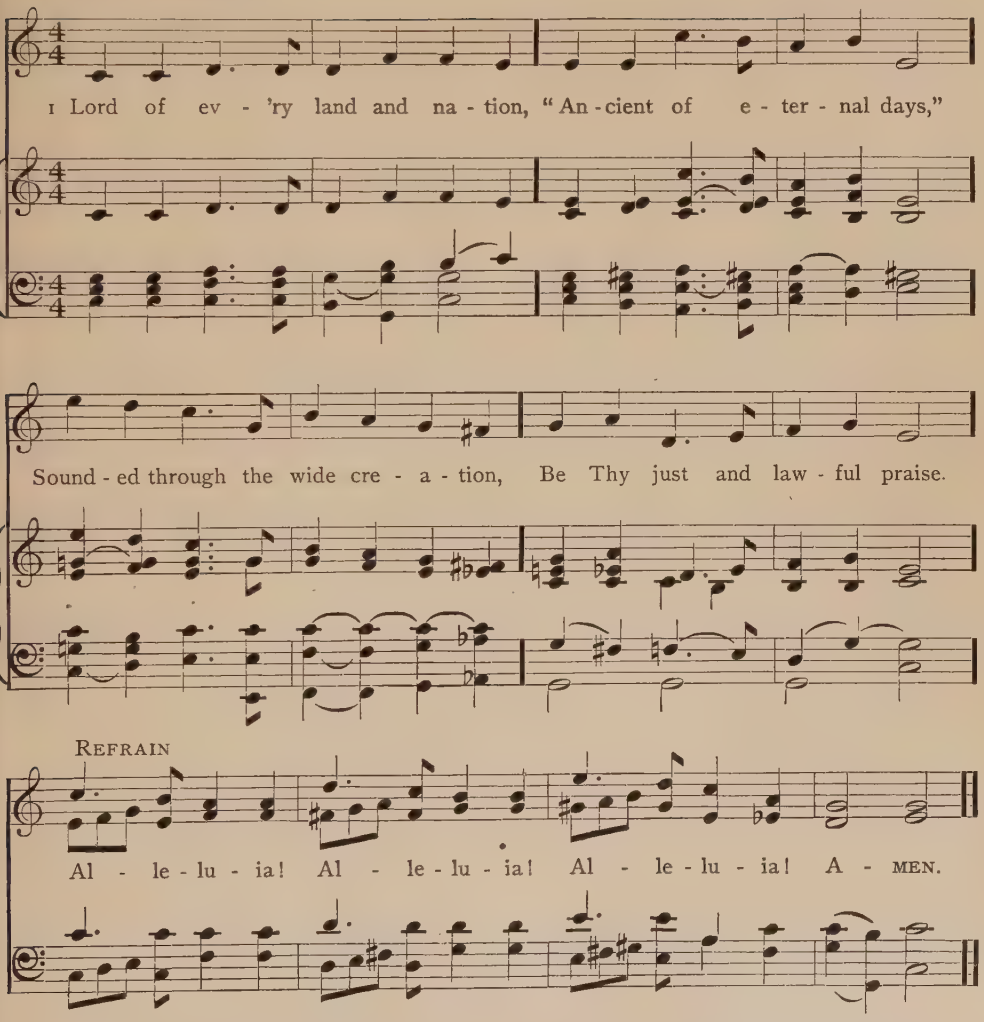
5 O Lord our God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

WILLIAM C. DOANE

47 Alleluia

8, 7, 8, 7, with Refrain

ALBERT LÖWE


1 Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, "An - cient of e - ter - nal days,"
Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion, Be Thy just and law - ful praise.
REFRAIN
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Name beyond a seraph's thought,
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.

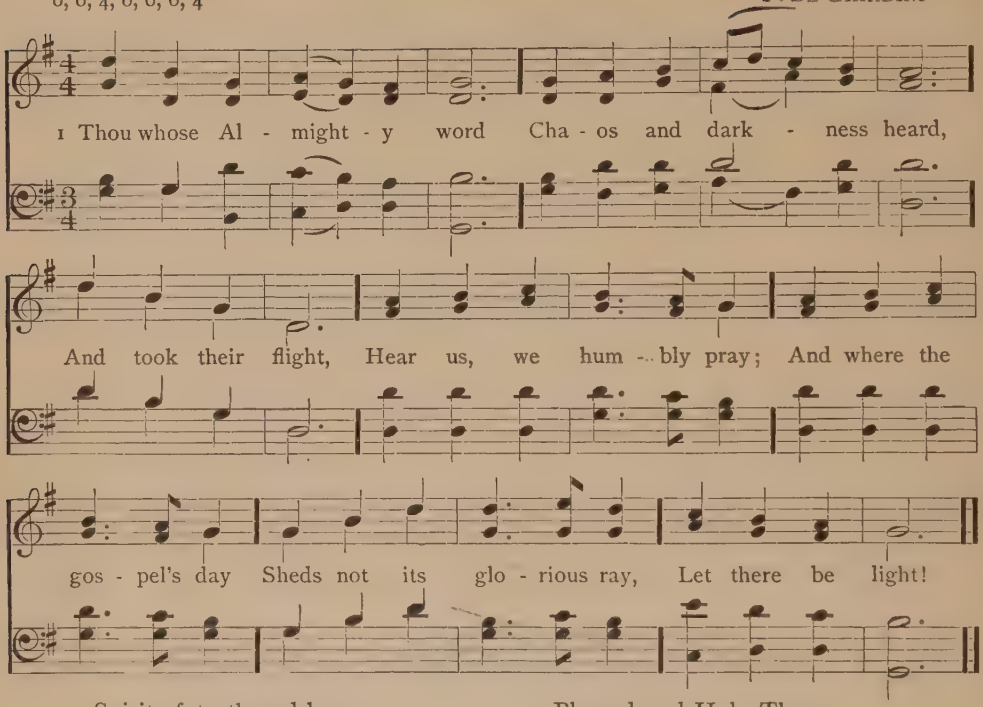
3 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Shun, my tongue, the guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 Go, return, immortal Savior,
Leave Thy foot-stool, take Thy throne,
Thence return and reign forever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

48 Italian Hymn

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. DE GIARDINI


1 Thou whose Al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And where the
gos - pel's day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!

2 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

3 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

JOHN MARRIOTT

49

1 Come, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Make Thine own holiness
On us descend.

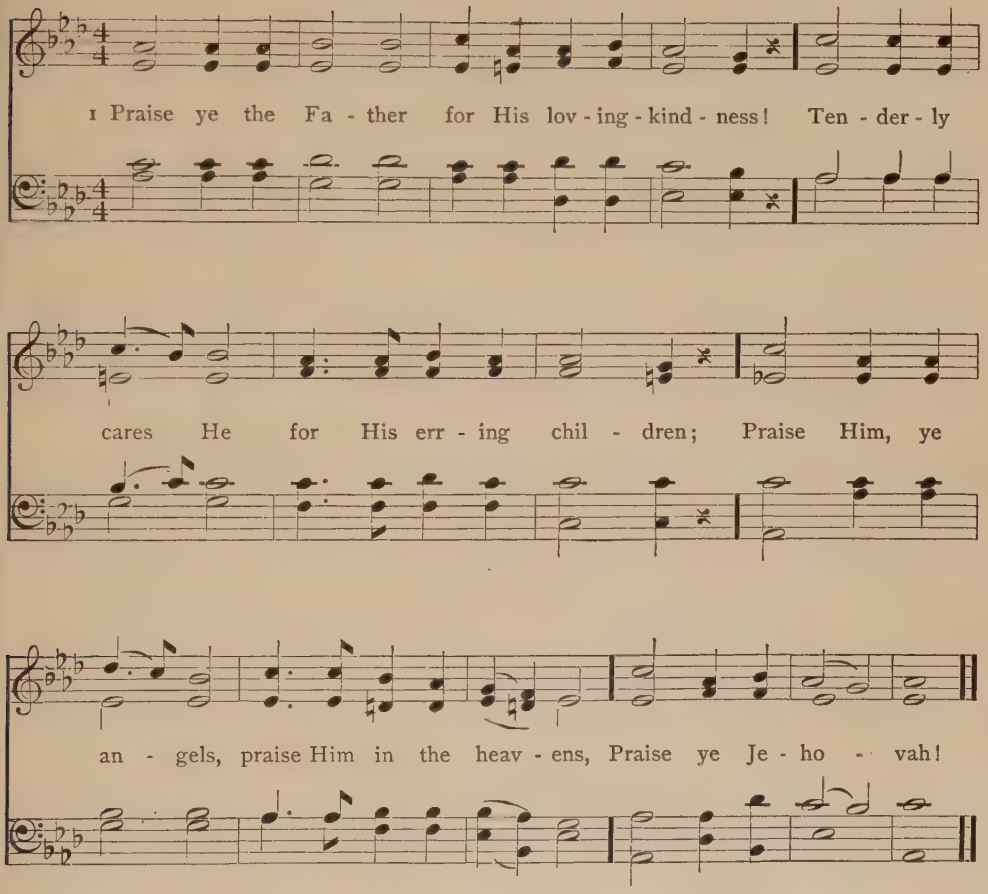
3 Never from us depart,
Rule Thou in every heart,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY

Flemming

11, 11, 11, 5

F. F. Flemming


1 Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing - kind - ness! Ten - der - ly
cares He for His err - ing chil - dren; Praise Him, ye
an - gels, praise Him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!

2 Praise ye the Savior! great is His compassion,
Graciously cares He for His chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Savior!

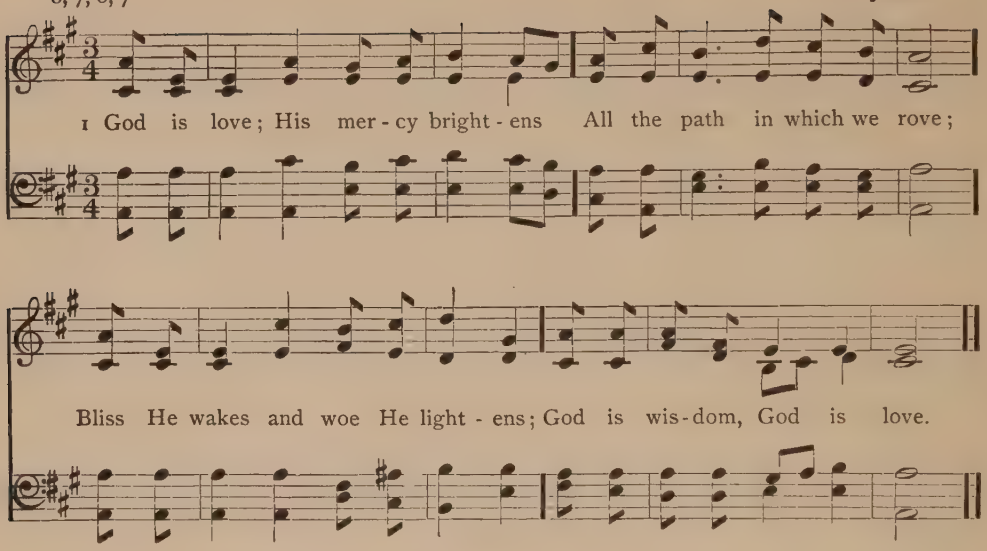
3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God!

Elizabeth Charles

51 Stockwell

8, 7, 8, 7

D. E. JONES



2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING

52

"The Lord is my strength and my salvation"

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

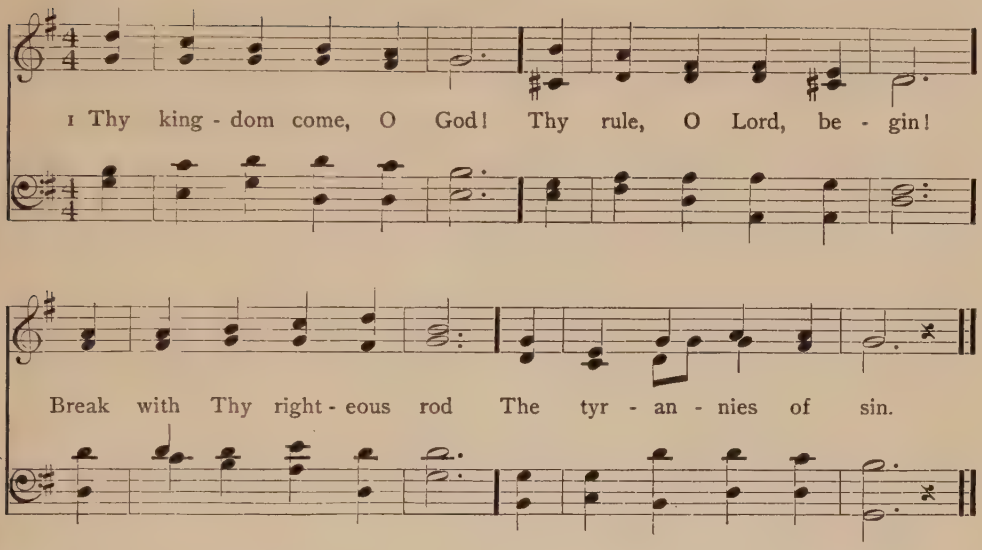
2 Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side!

53 St. Cecilia

6, 6, 6, 6

L. G. Hayne

2 Oh, let all hatred cease,
As in the realms above,
And bring Thy rule of peace
And purity and love!

3 Oh, bring the promised time
When war shall be no more;
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before!

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for the sight.

5 O'er nations near and far
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning star—
Arise, and never set!

Lewis Hensley

54

"The unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace"

1 Thy kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide-circling as the sun;
Fulfil of old Thy word
And make the nations one:

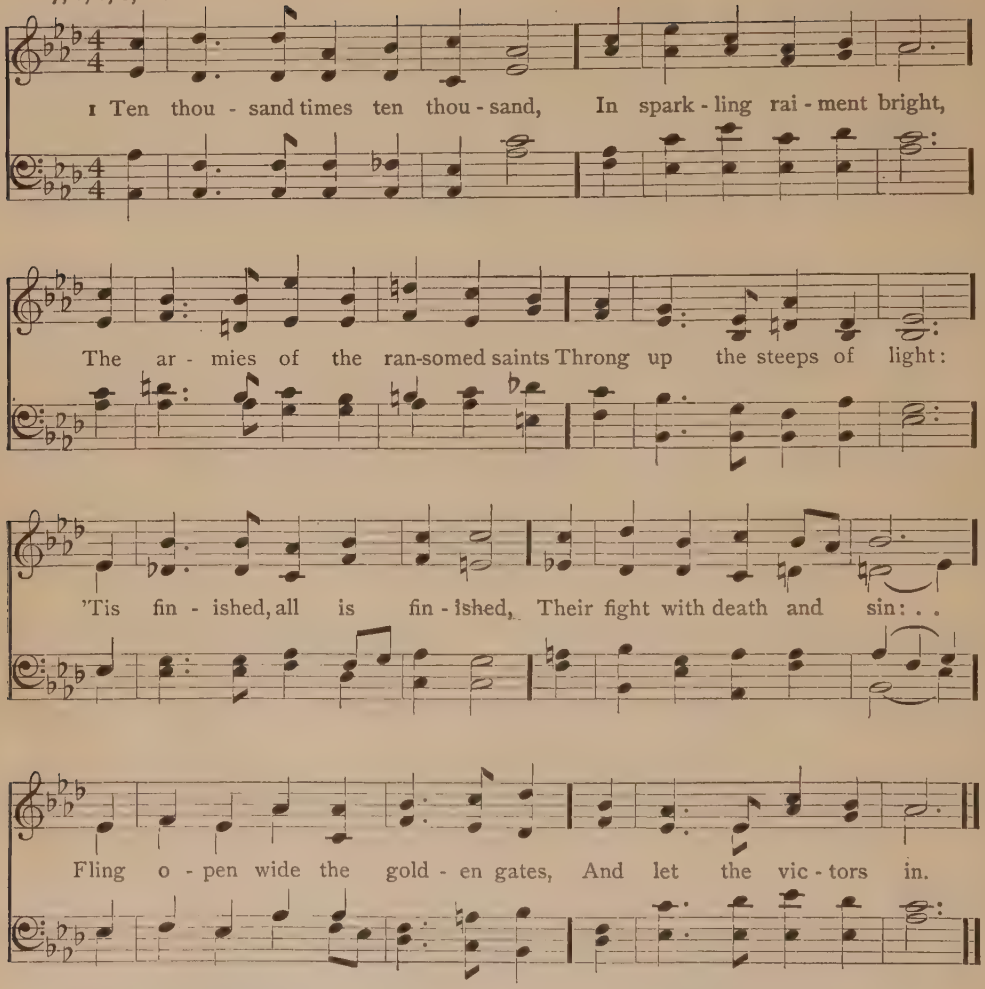
2 One in the bond of peace,
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.

3 Speed, speed the coming time
Proclaimed by raptured seers—
The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years:

4 Until at last shall rise
On firm foundations broad
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God.

Frederick L. Hosmer

55 Alford

7, 6, 8, 6, D. J. B. Dykes

1 Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin: . .
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.

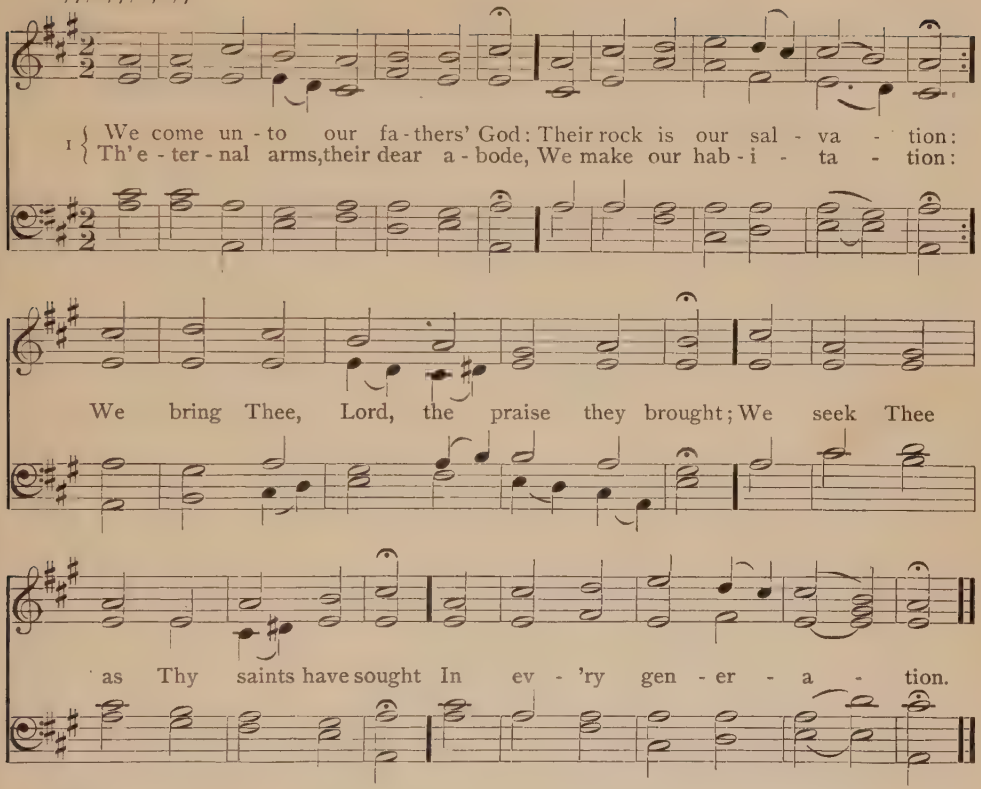
2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford

Judgment

8, 7, 8, 7. 8, 8, 7


1 We come un - to our fa - thers' God: Their rock is our sal - va - tion:
Th' e - ter - nal arms, their dear a - bode, We make our hab - i - ta - tion:
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought; We seek Thee
as Thy saints have sought In ev - 'ry gen - er - a - tion.

2 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth:
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth!

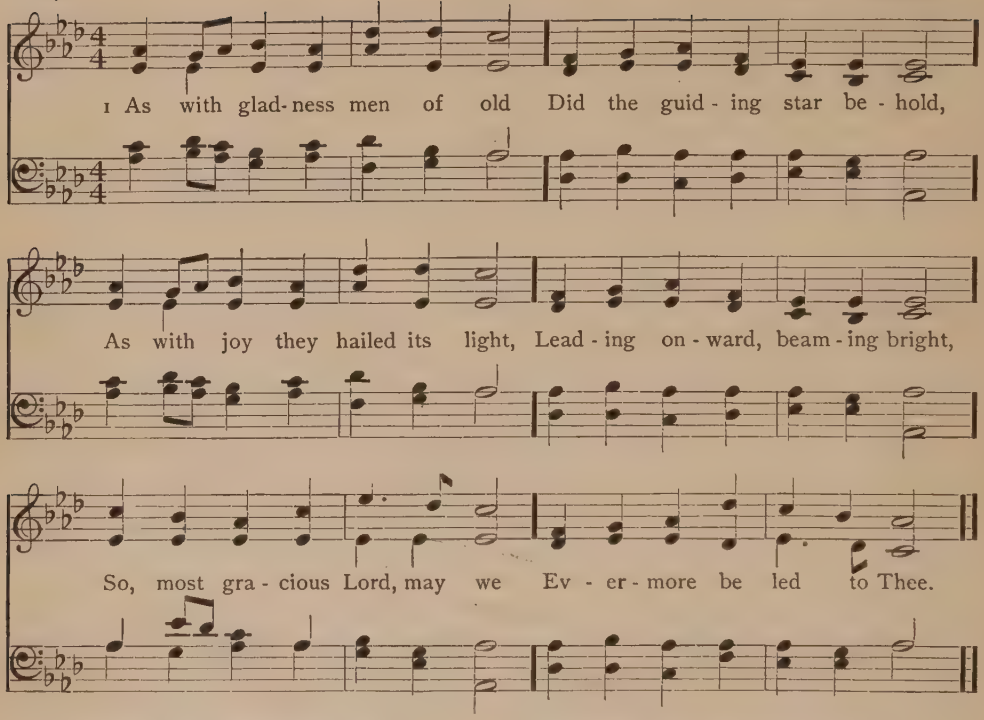
4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavor!
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

THOMAS H. GILL

57 Dix

7s

CONRAD KOCHER


1 As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Savior, to Thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

WILLIAM C. DIX

58

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord"

1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

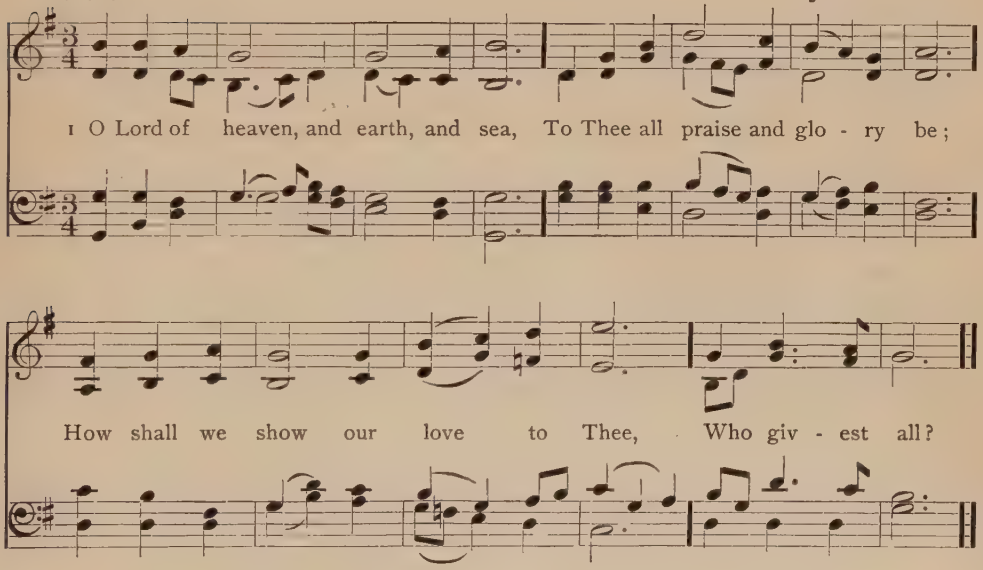
3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
Unto us so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT

59 Almsgiving

8, 8, 8, 4 J. B. DYKES



2 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His seven-fold graces shower
Upon us all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasures without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

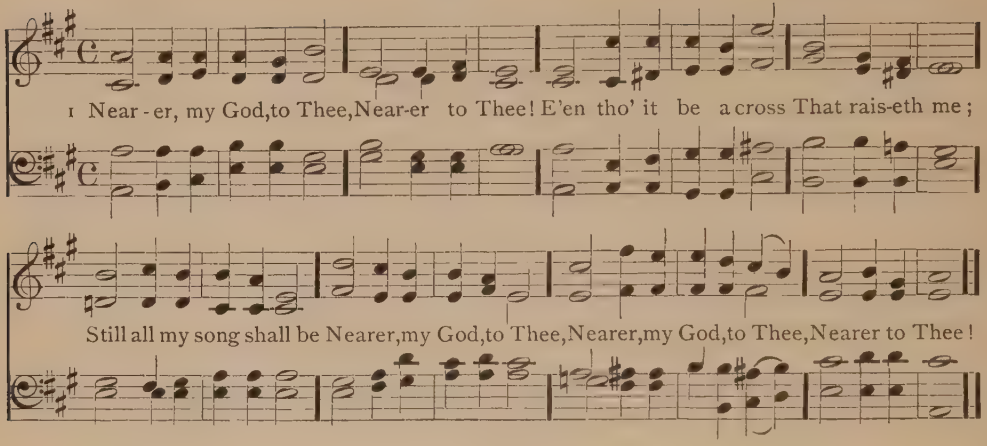
5 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

This hymn may be sung to the music of Resignation, No. 214

60 Nearer, my God, to Thee

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (*First Tune*) A. S. SULLIVAN


1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n.
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

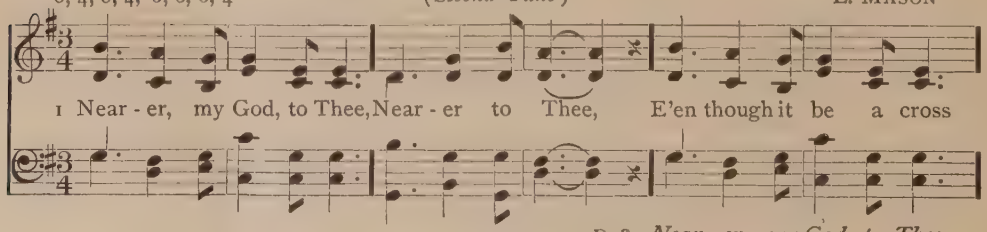
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS

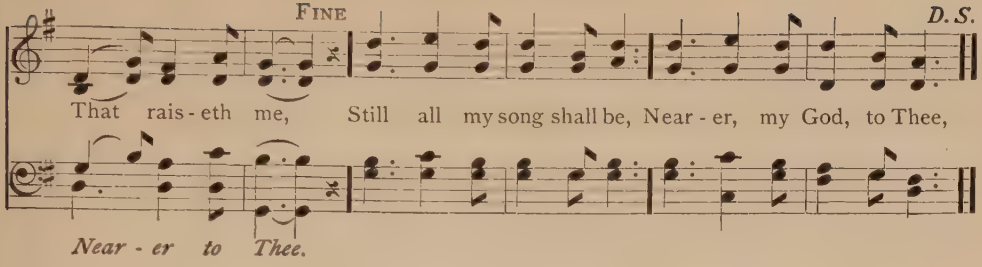
60 Bethany

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (*Second Tune*) L. MASON



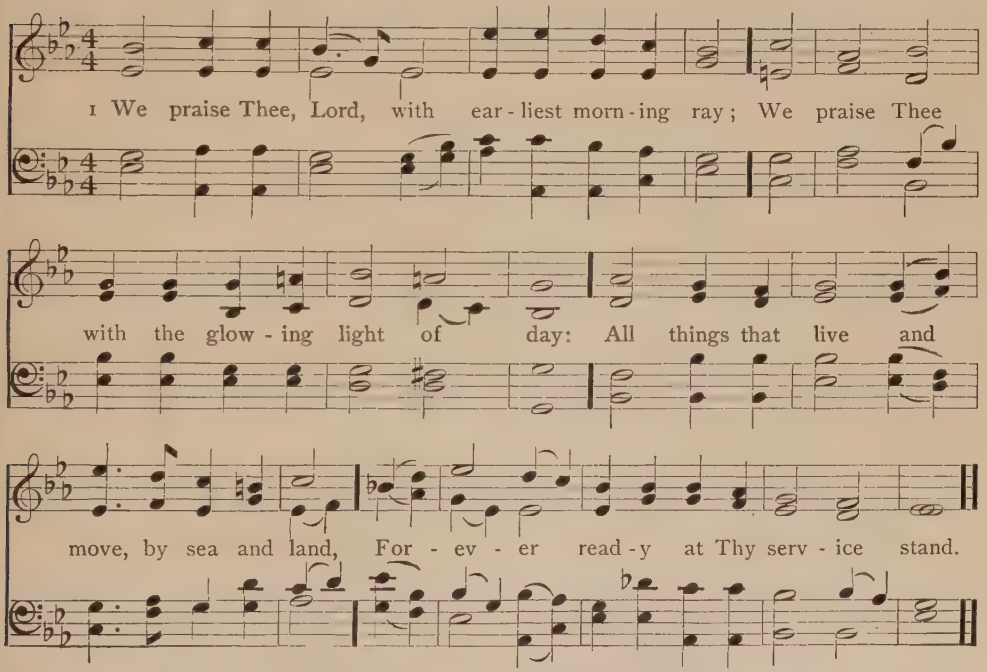
D. S. *Near - er, my God, to Thee,*

60 Bethany (Continued)



61 Russian Hymn

10, 10, 10, 10 — A. T. LWOFF


1 We praise Thee, Lord, with ear - liest morn - ing ray; We praise Thee
with the glow - ing light of day: All things that live and
move, by sea and land, For - ev - er read - y at Thy serv - ice stand.

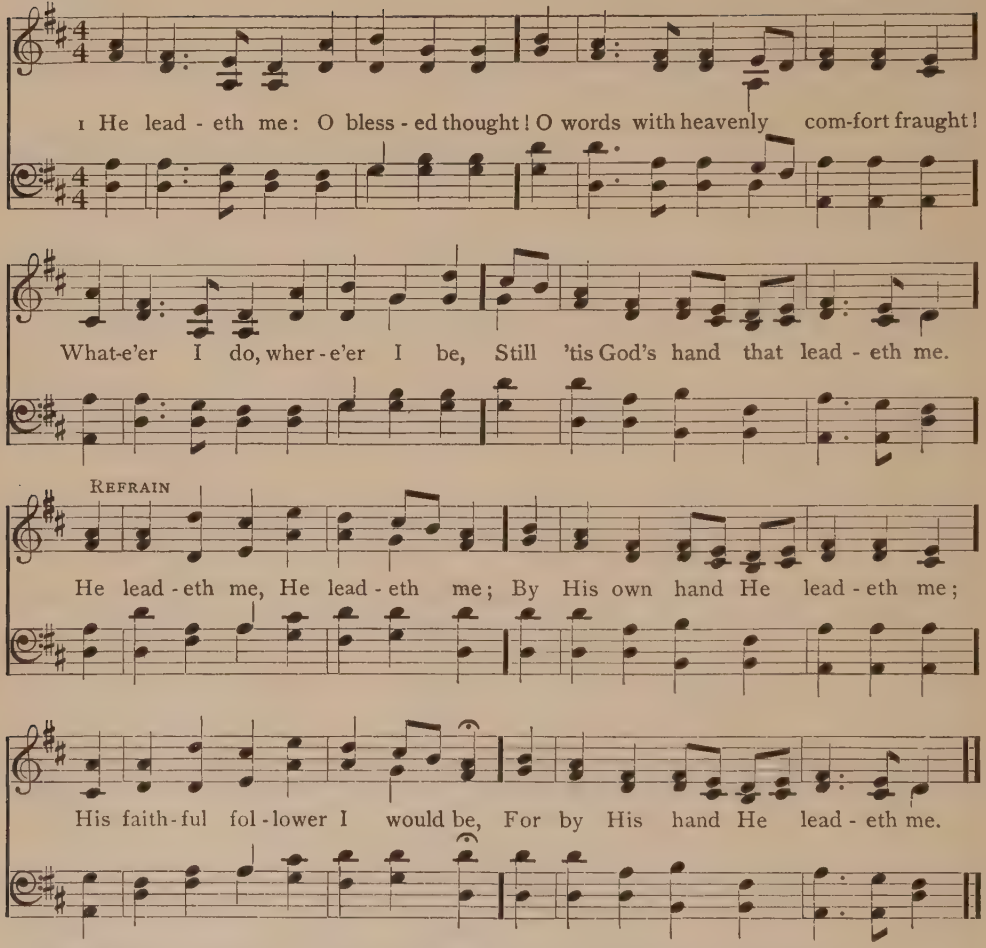
2 Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
"Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,
By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are!"
Grant us to echo on the song afar.

3 Thy name supreme, Thy kingdom, in us dwell,
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well:
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour;
For Thine the glory, Lord, and Thine the power!

JOHANN FRANCK

62 He Leadeth Me

L. M. D. W. B. BRADBURY


1 He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O words with heavenly com-fort fraught!
What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
REFRAIN
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—
REFRAIN

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—
REFRAIN

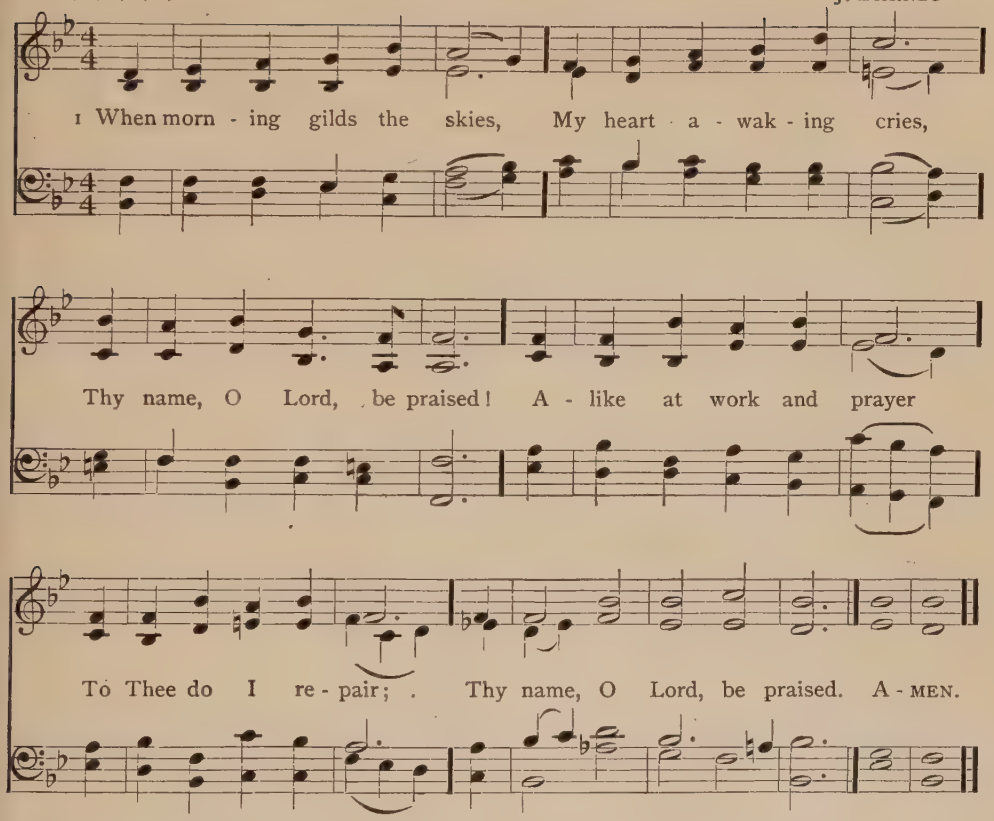
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—
REFRAIN

JOSEPH H. GILMORE

63 Laudes Domini

6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. BARNBY


1 When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised! A - like at work and prayer
To Thee do I re - pair; . Thy name, O Lord, be praised. A - MEN.

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!
Let earth and sea and sky,
From depth to height reply,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!

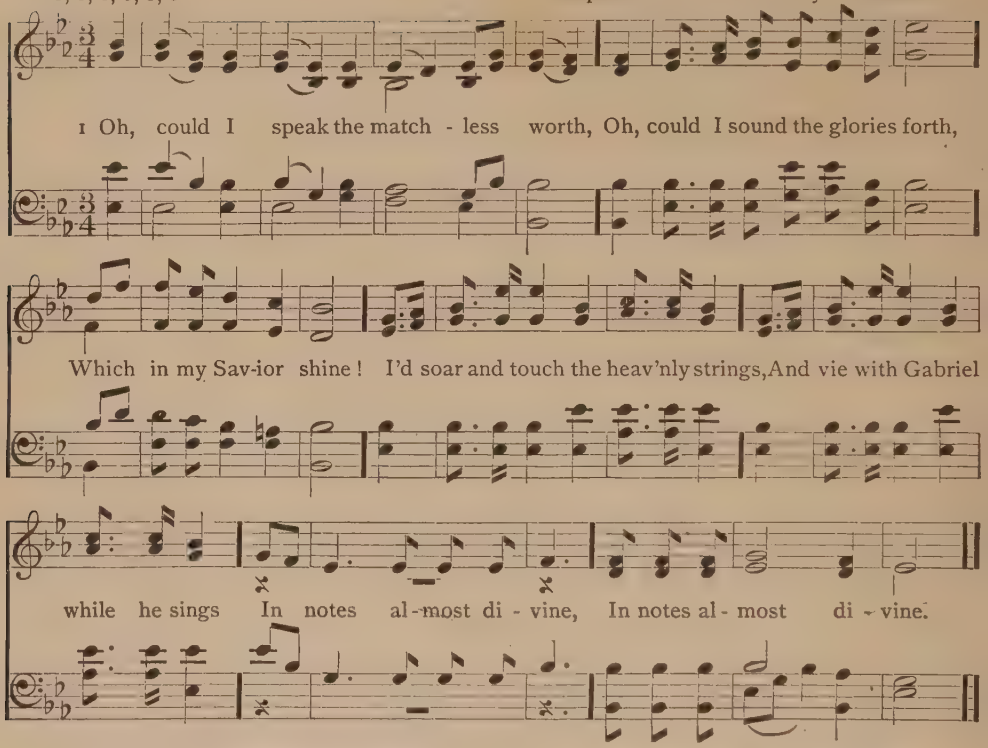
5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised!

Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL

64 Ariel

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

Adapted from MOZART by L. MASON


1 Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Sav-ior shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

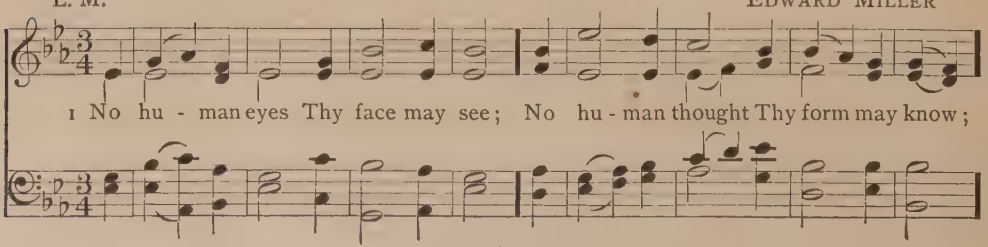
3 Well — the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY

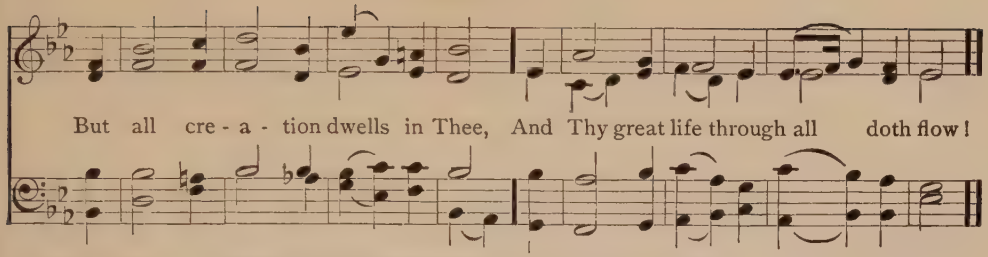
65 Rockingham

L. M.

EDWARD MILLER



65 Rockingham (Continued)



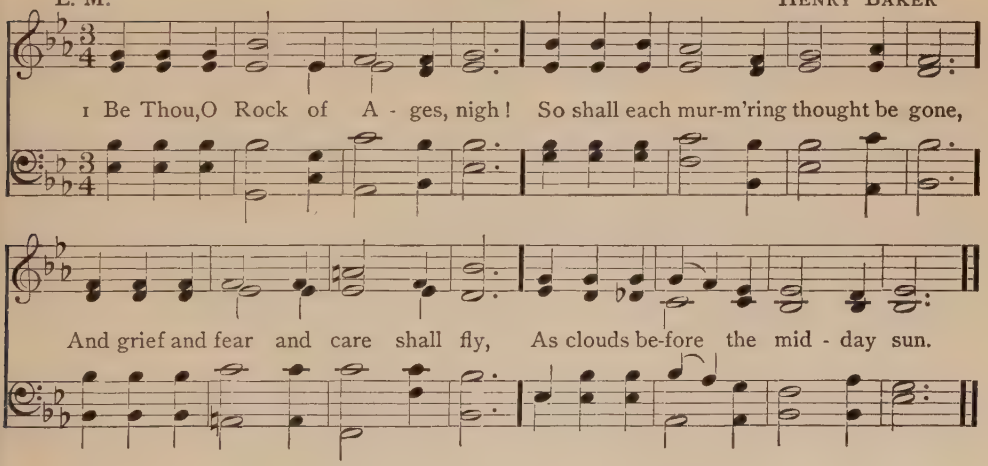
2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare. —

3 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee!

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

66 Quebec

L. M. HENRY BAKER


1 Be Thou, O Rock of A - ges, nigh! So shall each mur-m'ring thought be gone,
And grief and fear and care shall fly, As clouds be-fore the mid - day sun.

2 Speak to my warring passions peace;
Say to my trembling heart "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

CHARLES WESLEY

67

"And the Life was the Light of men"

1 O Thou true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day,—

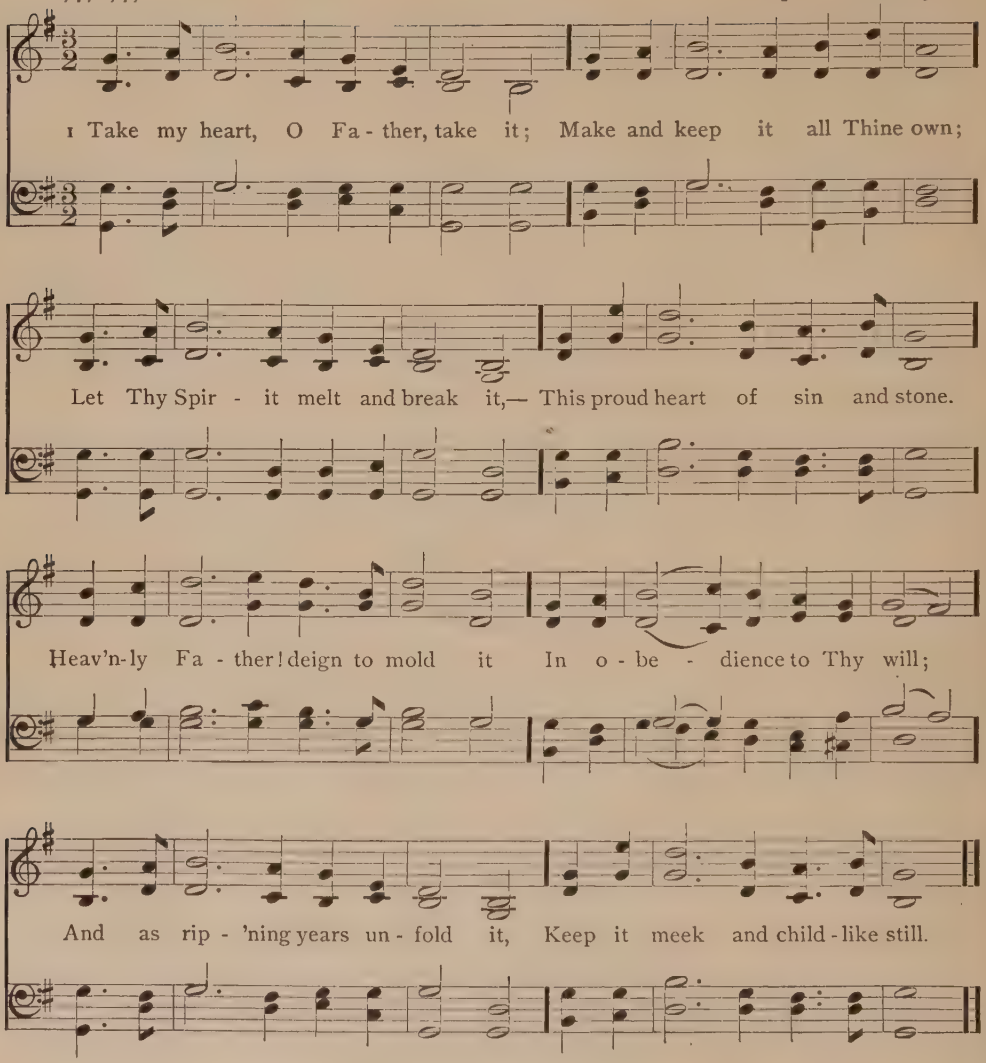
2 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

Tr. from the Breviary by EDWARD CASWALL

Autumn

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

Spanish Melody


1 Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it,— This proud heart of sin and stone.
Heav'n-ly Fa - ther! deign to mold it In o - be - dience to Thy will;
And as rip - 'ning years un - fold it, Keep it meek and child - like still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain and sinful life.

Ever let Thy grace surround it,
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound it;
Make it to be wholly Thine.

Anon.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
‖: Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more. :‖

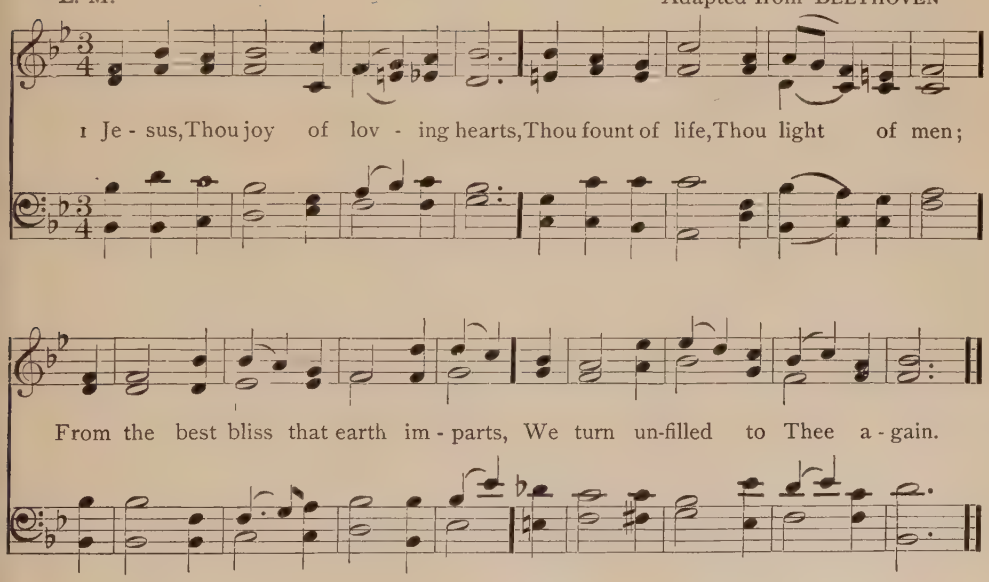
2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
‖: Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield. :‖

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Cleave the flood and stay the waters,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
‖: Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee. :‖

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

70 Walton

L. M. Adapted from BEETHOVEN

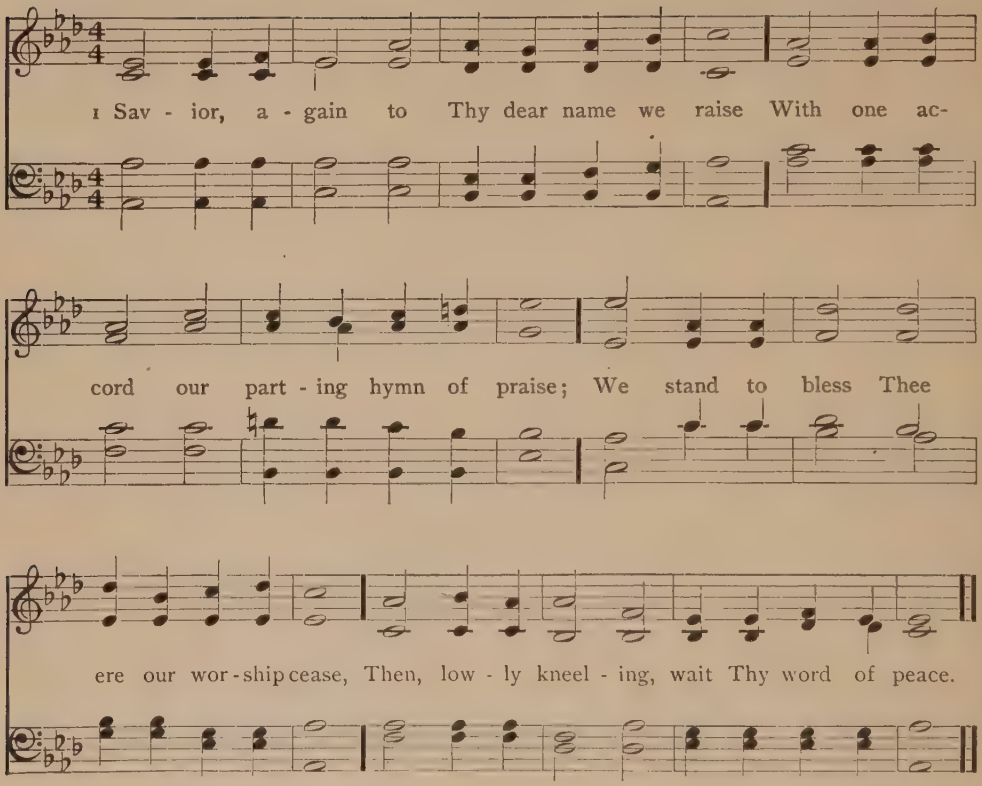

1 Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men;
From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un-filled to Thee a - gain.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee all in all.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

71 Ellers

10, 10, D. E. J. HOPKINS


1 Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

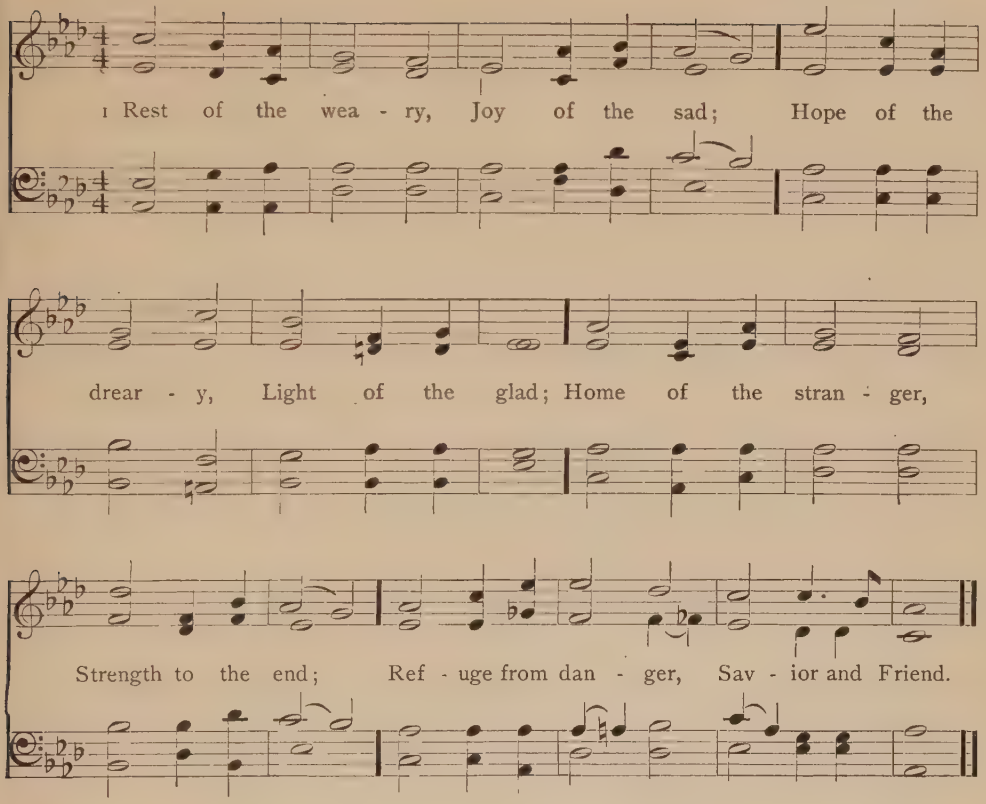
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON

Melford

5, 4, 5, 4, D.

M. A. PALMER


1 Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad; Hope of the
drear - y, Light of the glad; Home of the stran - ger,
Strength to the end; Ref - uge from dan - ger, Sav - ior and Friend.

2 Pillow where lying, Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Savior and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble, Cross of the high;
When my steps wander, Over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Savior and Friend!

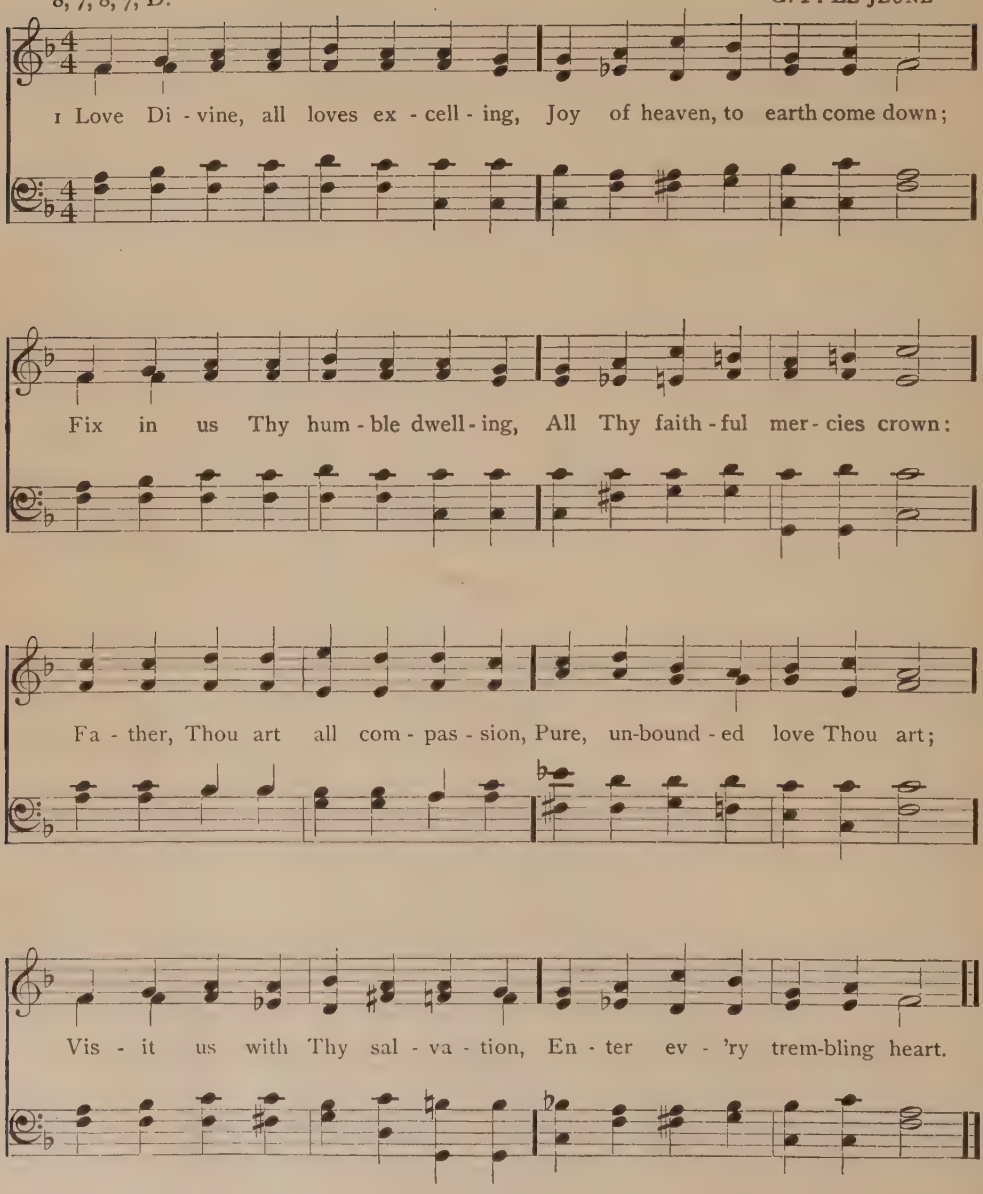
4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, Glory, and praise;
All my endeavor, World without end,
Thine to be ever, Savior and Friend!

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL

73 Love Divine

(*First Tune*)

8, 7, 8, 7, D. G. F. Le Jeune


1 Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:
Fa - ther, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

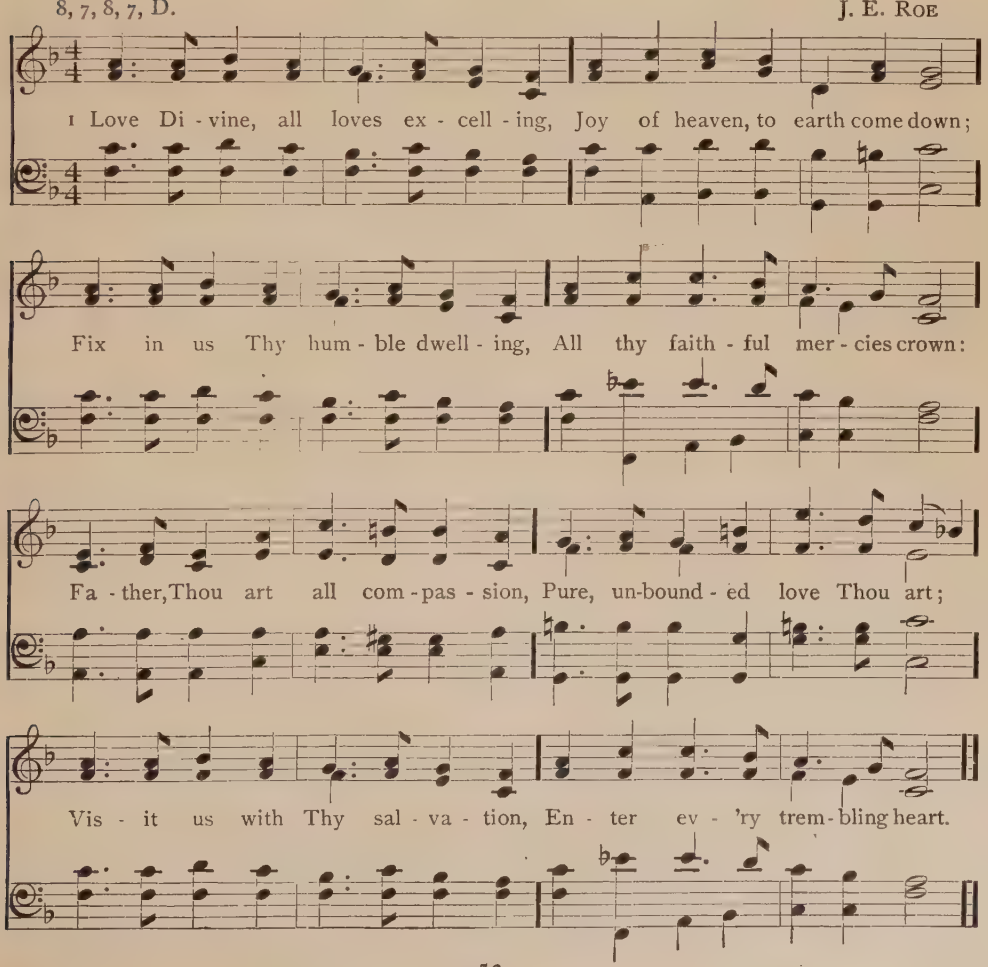
3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY

73 Weston

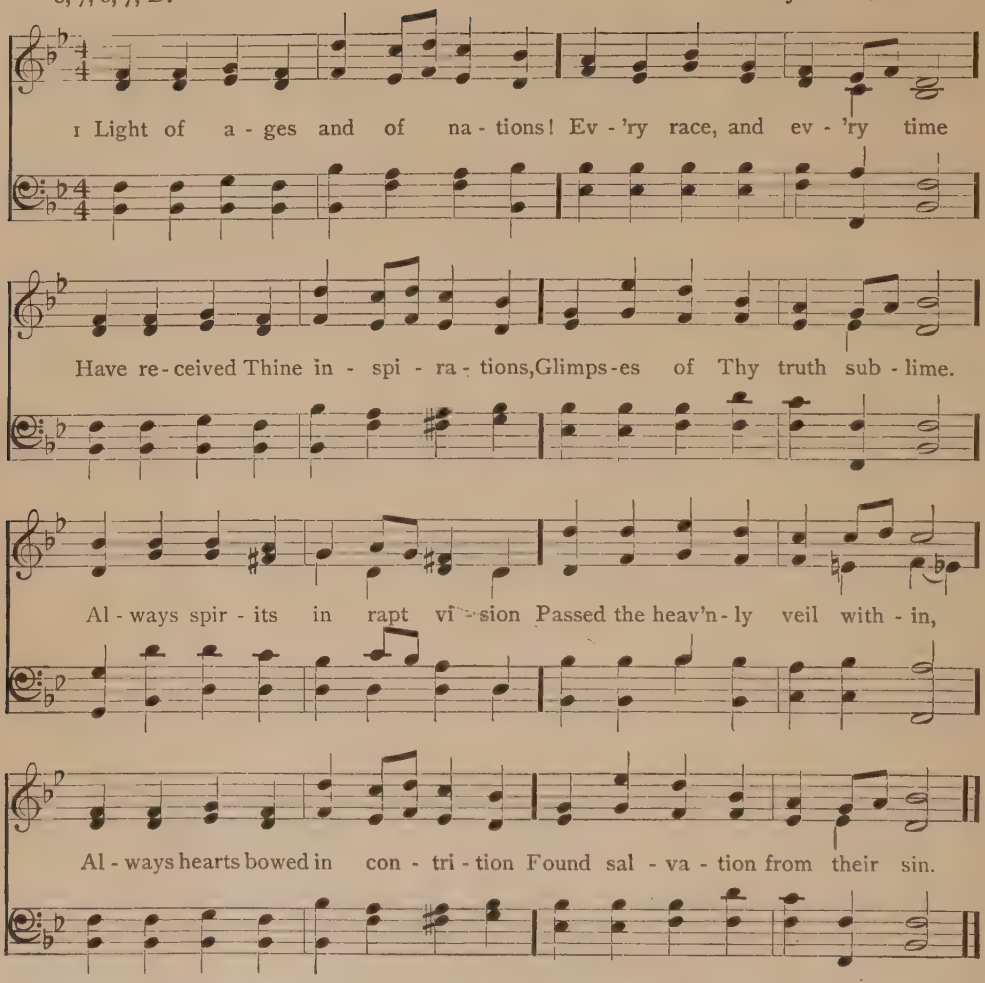
(*Second Tune*)

8, 7, 8, 7, D. J. E. ROE


1 Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:
Fa - ther, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.

74 Beecher

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

JOHN ZUNDEL

1 Light of a - ges and of na - tions! Ev - 'ry race, and ev - 'ry time
Have re - ceived Thine in - spi - ra - tions, Glimps - es of Thy truth sub - lime.
Al - ways spir - its in rapt vi - sion Passed the heav'n - ly veil with - in,
Al - ways hearts bowed in con - tri - tion Found sal - va - tion from their sin.

2 Reason's noble aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal law.
While Thine inward revelations [heard,
Told Thy saints their prayers were
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke Thine everlasting word.

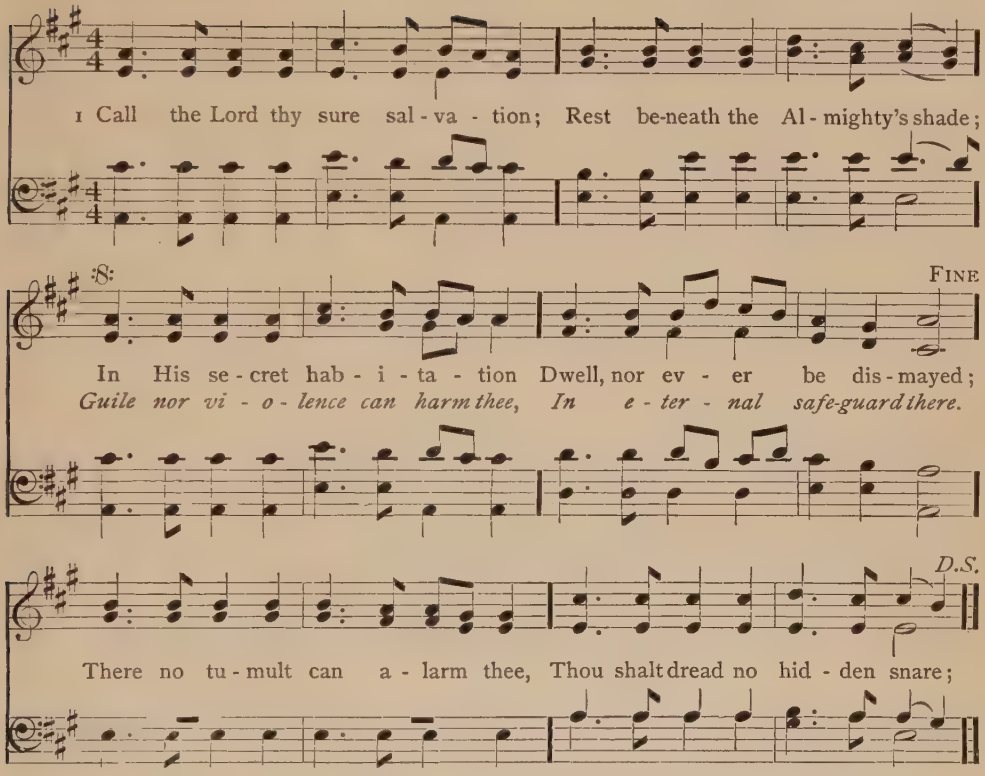
3 Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering now to our endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the soul's deep pages,
Shines to-day, forever new!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

75 Ellesdie

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

Adapted from MOZART
by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK


1 Call the Lord thy sure sal - va - tion; Rest be-neath the Al - mighty's shade;
:S:
FINE
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dis - mayed;
Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe-guard there.
D.S.
There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare;

2 He shall charge His angel-legions
Watch and ward o'er Thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

76

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

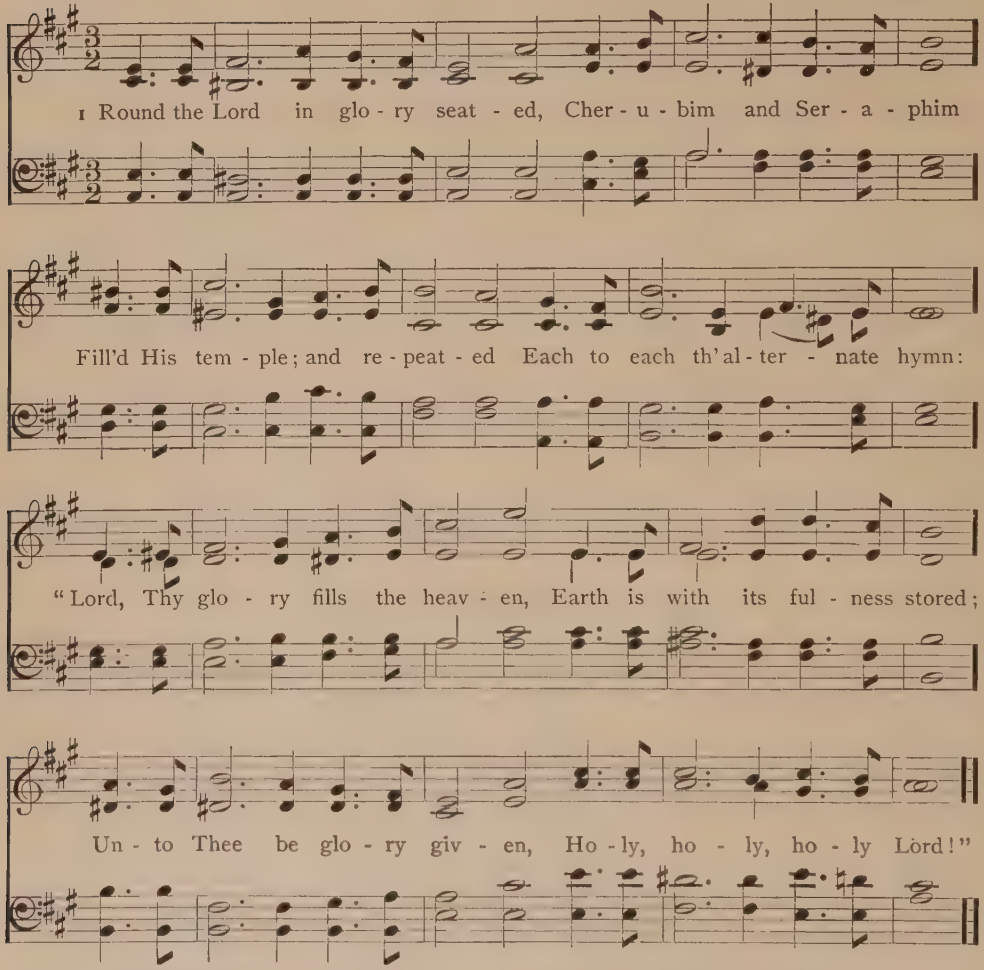
2 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER

77 Round the Lord in Glory Seated

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

G. E. Oliver


1 Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
Fill'd His tem - ple; and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

2 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

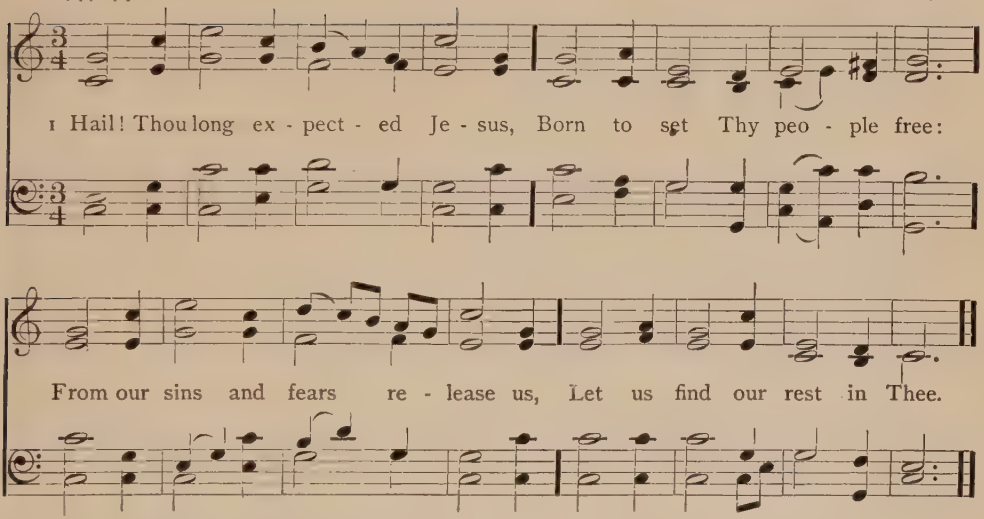
Richard Mant

SALVATION

78 Rathbun

8, 7, 8, 7

ITHAMAR CONKEY



2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Long desired of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY

79

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the waves of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

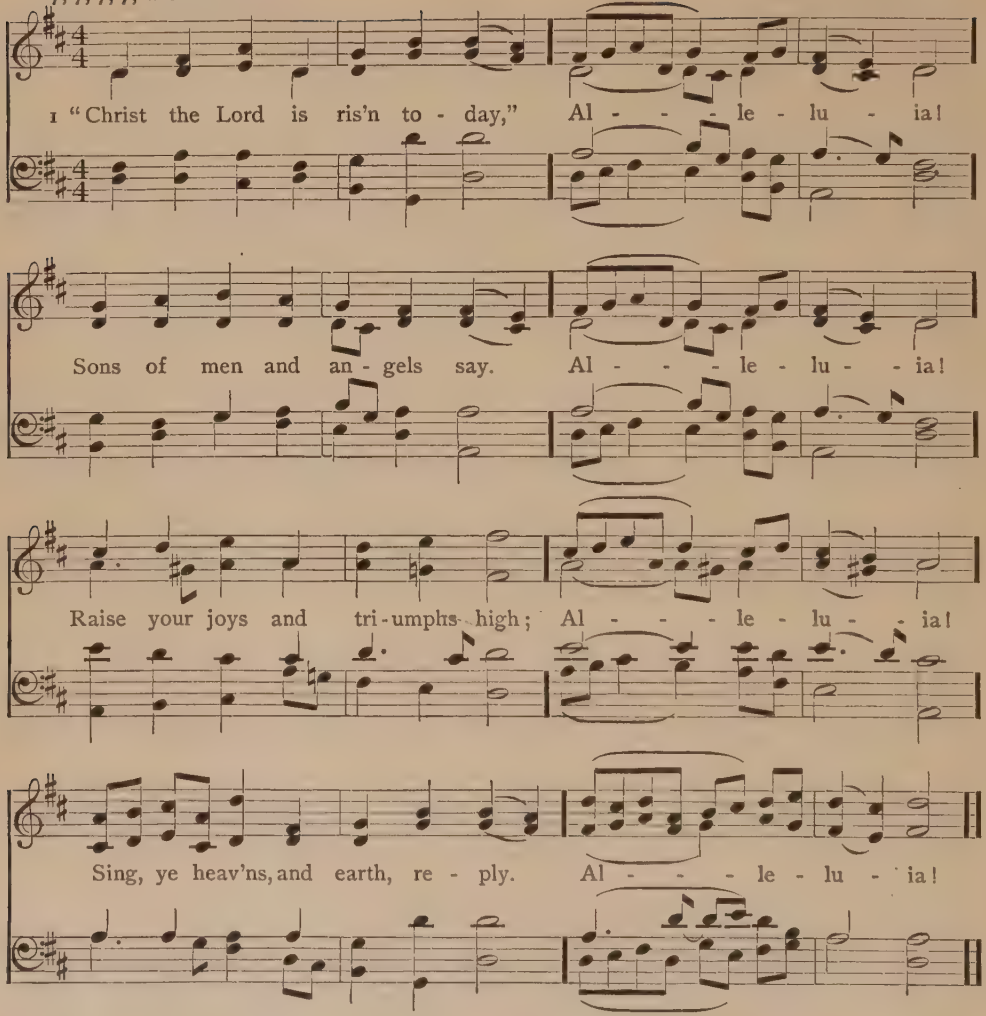
5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

JOHN BOWRING

Easter Hymn

7, 7, 7, 7, with Alleluia

LYRA DAVIDICA


1 "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day," Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say. Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

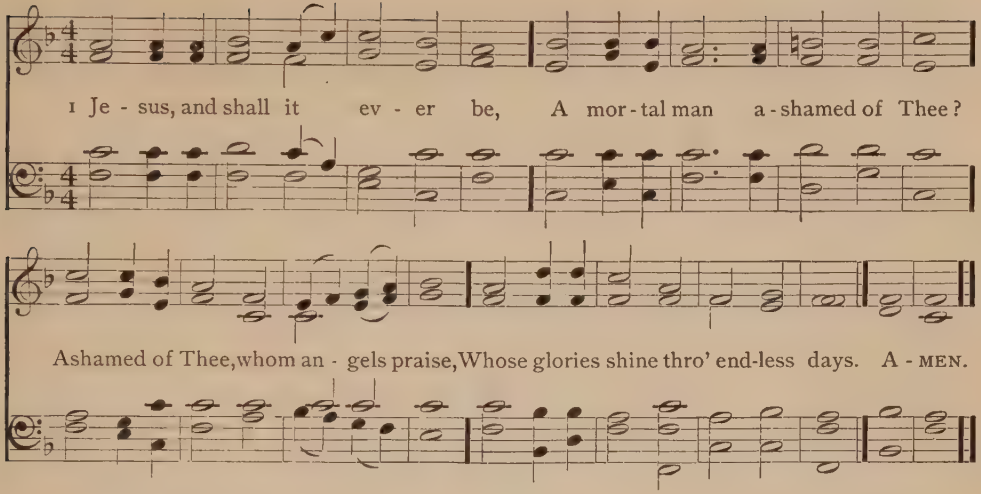
3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting!
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O Grave!

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY

81 Federal Street

L. M. H. K. Oliver


1 Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days. A - MEN.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg

82

"*In Thy light shall we see light*"

1 Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

2 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

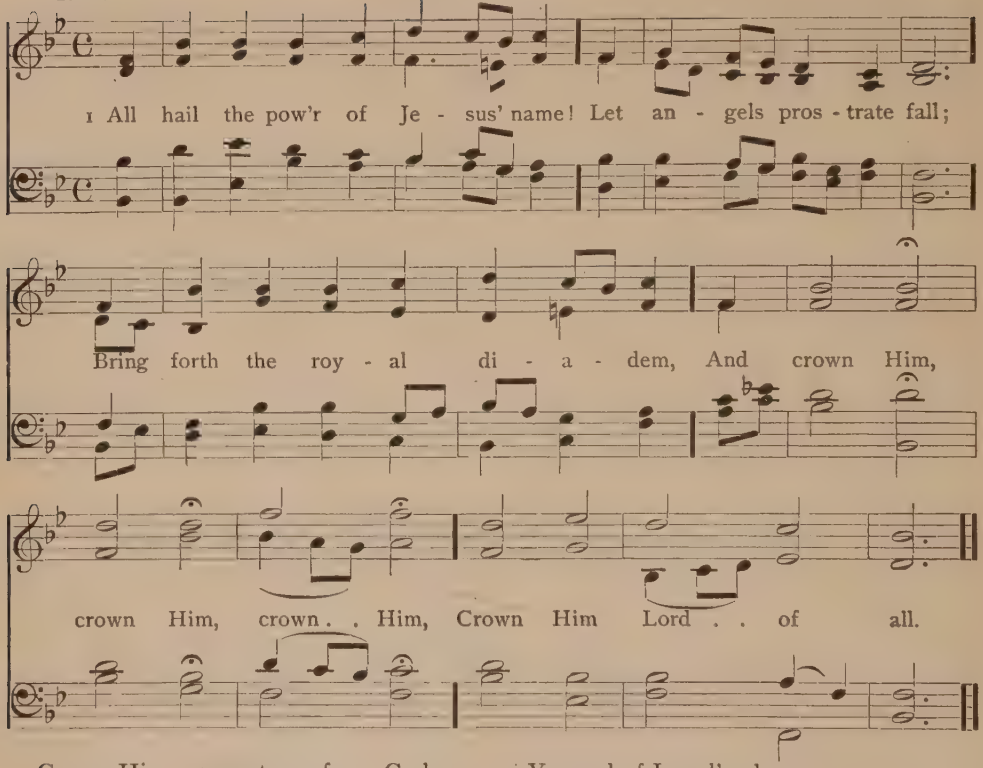
3 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Alfred Tennyson

83 Coronation

(*Miles Lane*)

C. M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE


1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
crown Him, crown . . Him, Crown Him Lord . . of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod, [Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, "Lord," did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine! [Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Crown Him Lord of all. [Him,

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Crown Him Lord of all. [Him

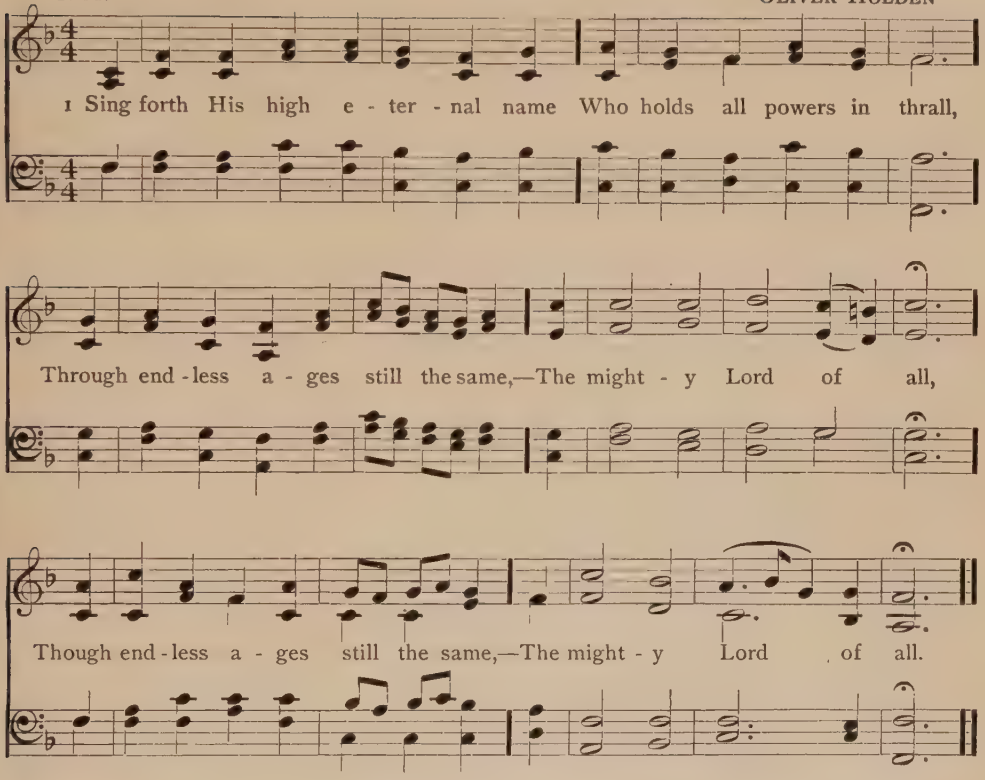
6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET

Coronation

(*Holden*)

C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN


1 Sing forth His high e - ter - nal name Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through end - less a - ges still the same,—The might - y Lord of all,
Though end - less a - ges still the same,—The might - y Lord of all.

2 His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The loving Lord of all.

3 His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
The saving Lord of all.

4 He every thought and every deed
Doth to His judgment call;
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous God of all.

5 When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at His feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.

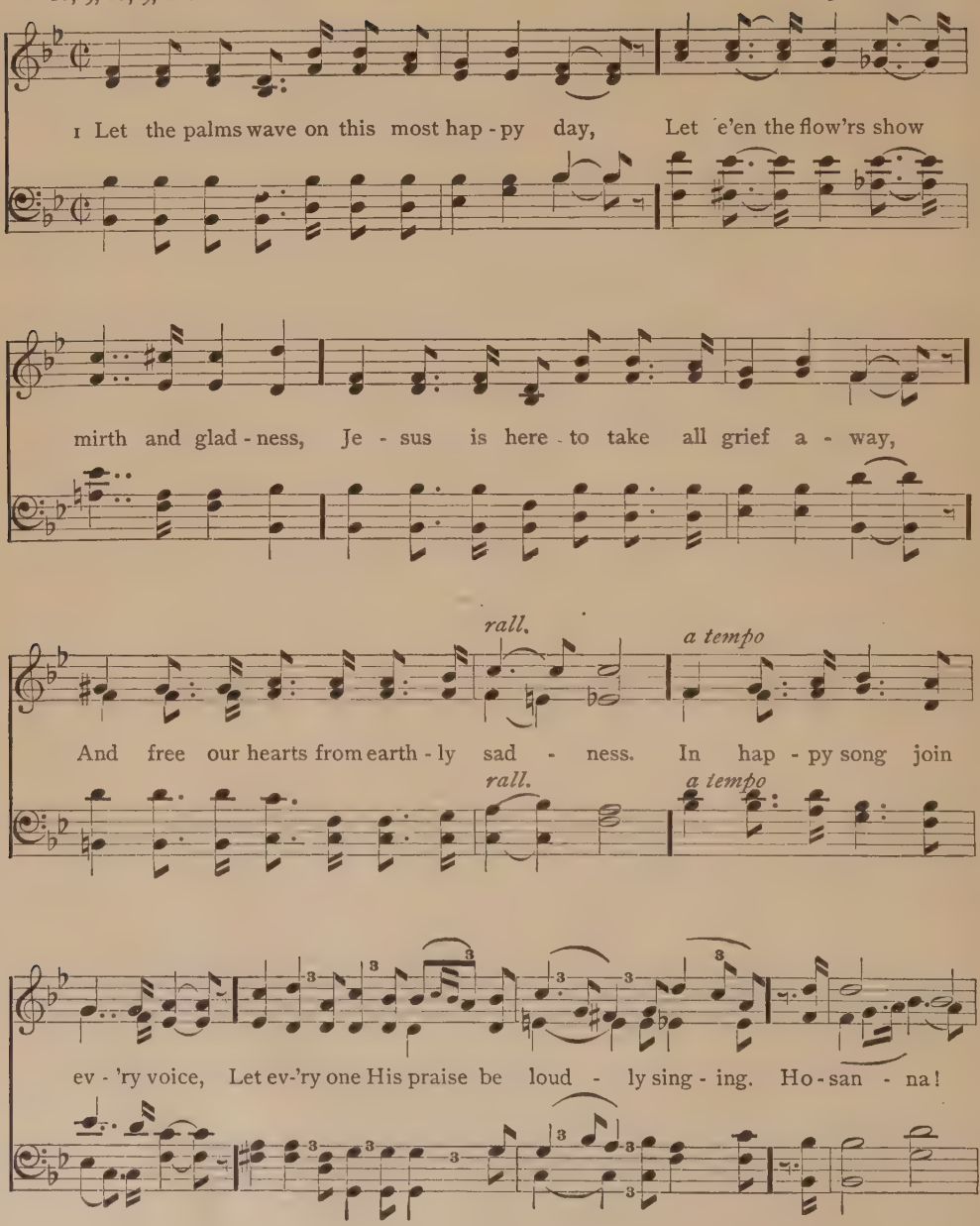
6 Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent His blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

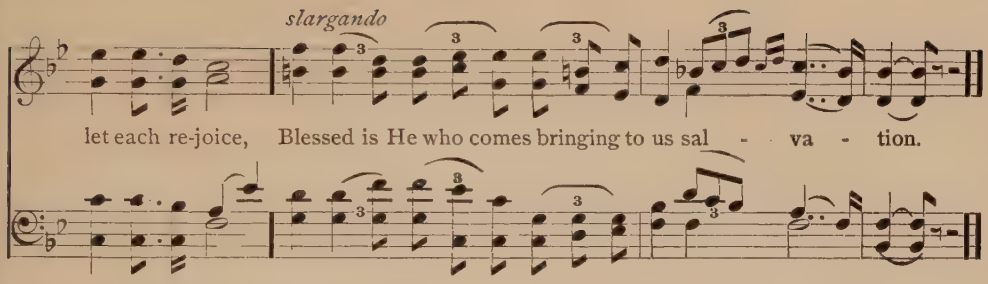
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

The Palms

10, 9, 10, 9, with Refrain

J. FAURE


1 Let the palms wave on this most hap - py day, Let e'en the flow'rs show
mirth and glad - ness, Je - sus is here to take all grief a - way,
rall.
a tempo
And free our hearts from earth - ly sad - ness. In hap - py song join
rall.
a tempo
ev - 'ry voice, Let ev-'ry one His praise be loud - ly sing - ing. Ho - san - na!

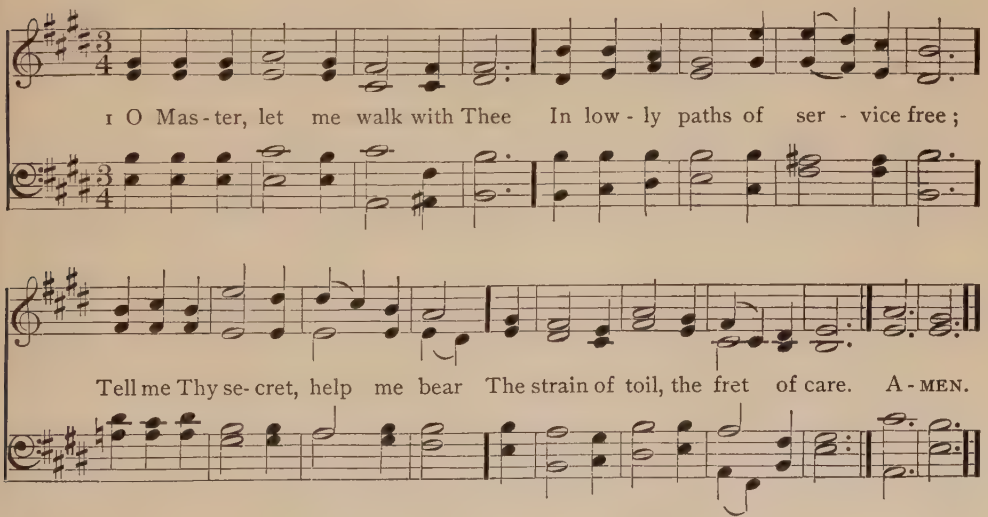


2 Jesus, Thy voice can enter all our hearts,
Singing to us of joy and mercy.
Oh, tender one from whom love ne'er departs,
Gladly we bring our loving souls to Thee.

3 Jerusalem, thou city of our love,
Let us our gratitude be telling.
Jesus of Bethlehem now reigns above;
To Him let songs of praise be swelling.

86 Maryton

L. M. H. P. SMITH


1 O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser - vice free;
Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-MEN.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

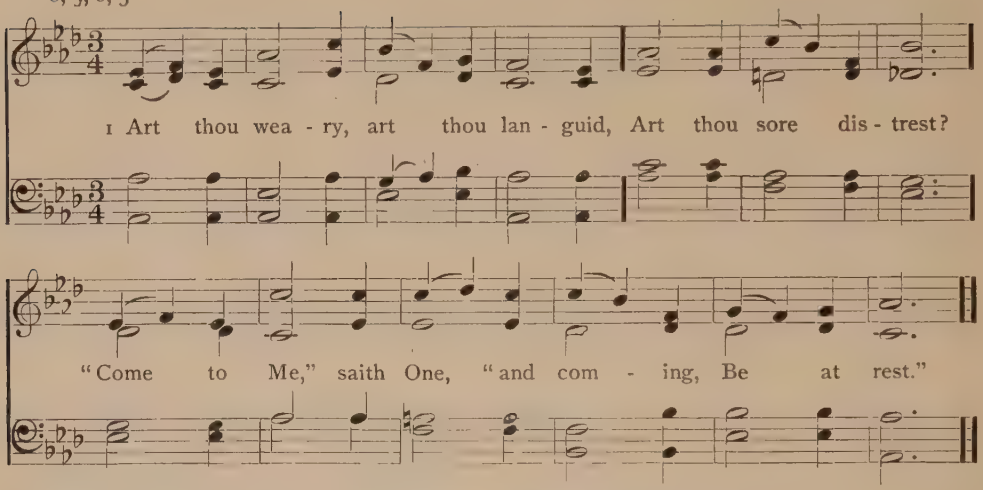
WASHINGTON GLADDEN

87 St. Stephanos

(*First Tune*)

8, 5, 8, 3

E. W. BULLINGER



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

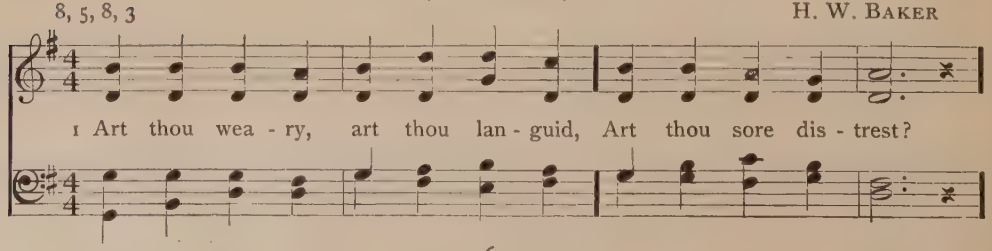
Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE

87 St. Stephanos

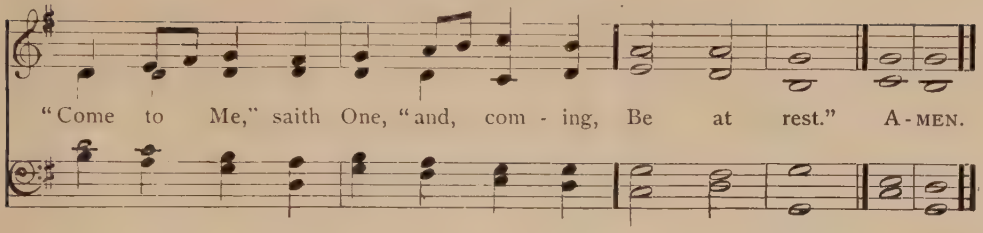
(*Second Tune*)

8, 5, 8, 3

H. W. BAKER



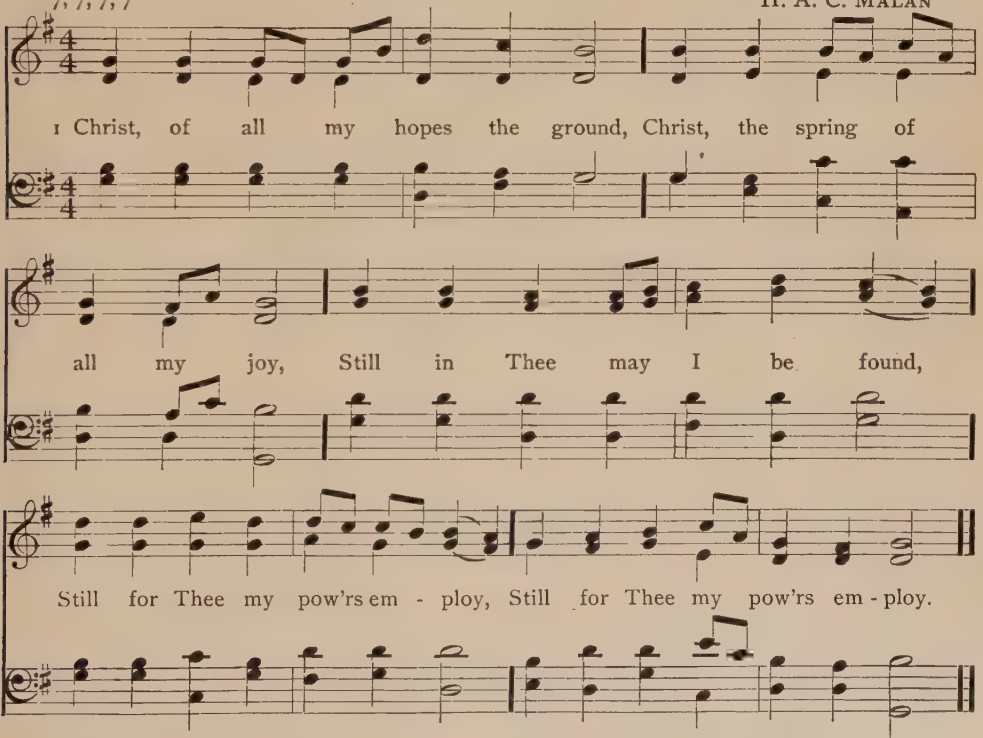
87 St. Stephanos (Continued)



88 Hendon

7, 7, 7, 7

H. A. C. MALAN


1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of
all my joy, Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy, Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

3 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

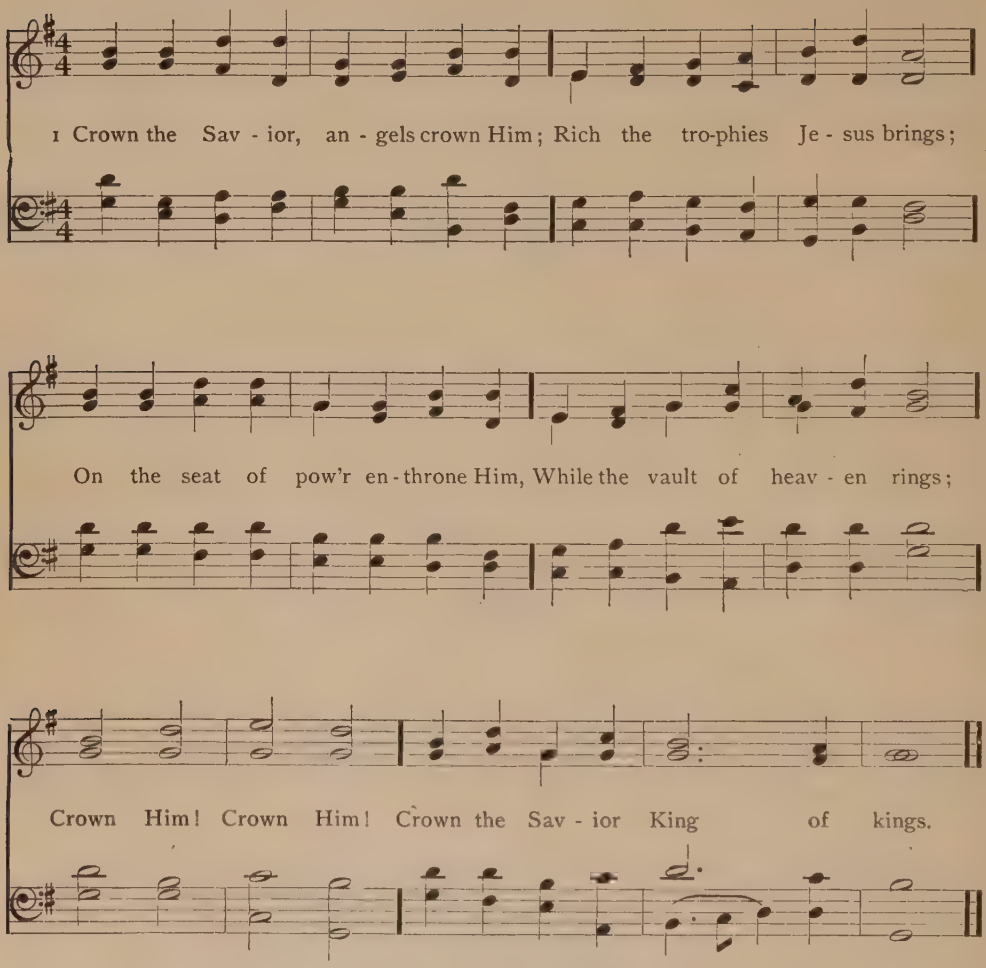
4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

RALPH WARDLAW

Coronae

8, 7, 0, 7, with Refrain

W. H. Monk


1 Crown the Sav - ior, an - gels crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
On the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Sav - ior King of kings.

2 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

3 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

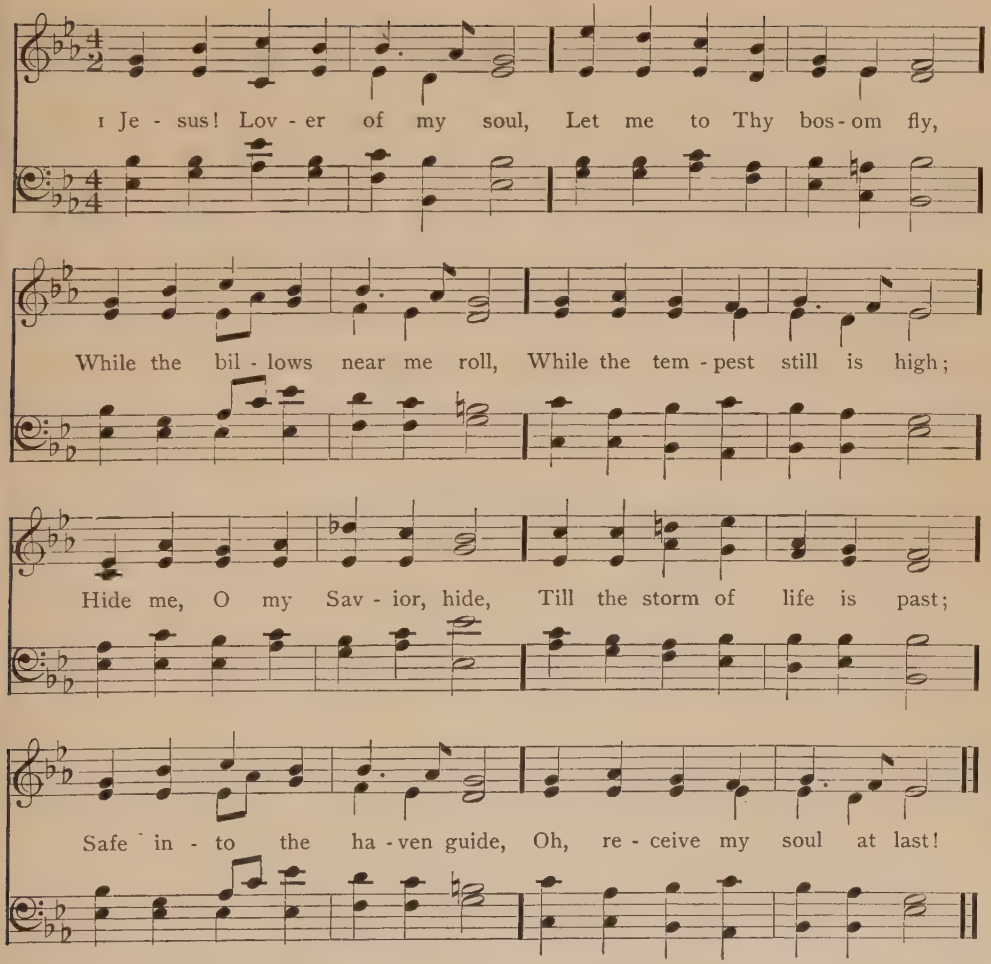
Thomas Kelly

Hollingside

(*First Tune*)

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

J. B. DYKES


1 Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY

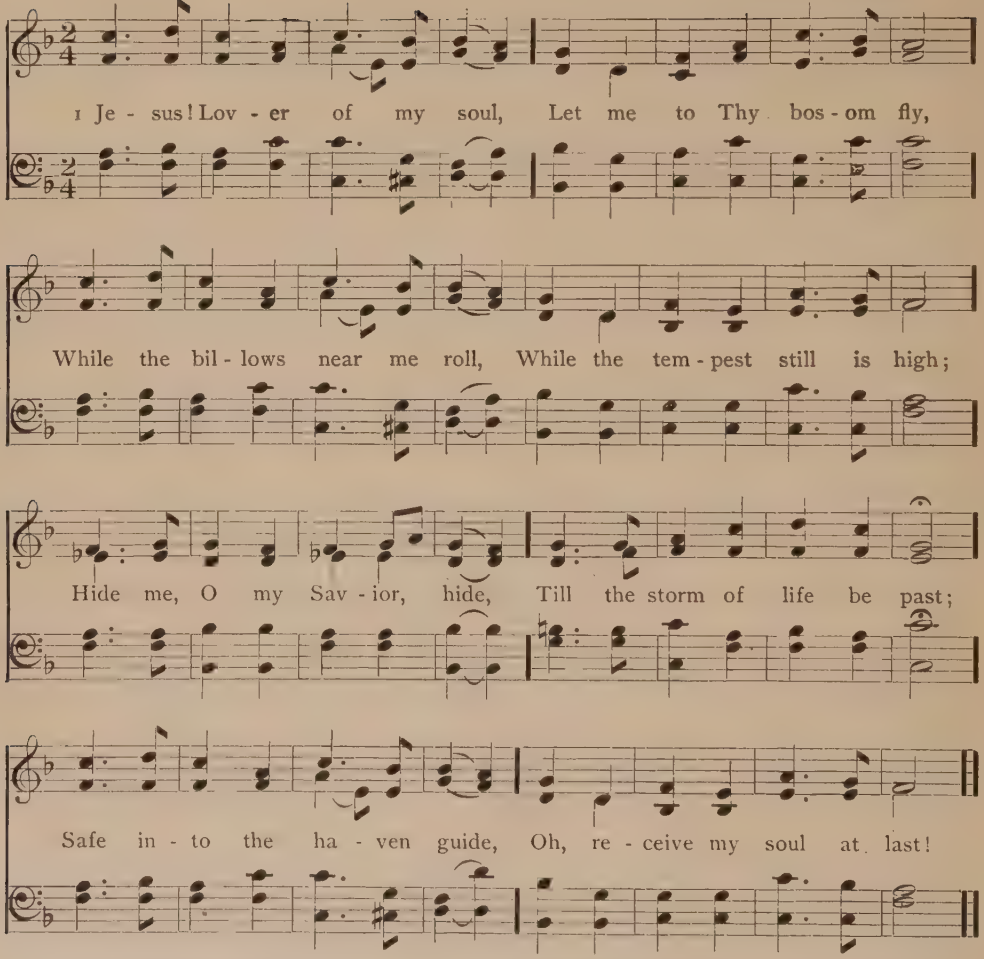
90

Harrison

(*Second Tune*)

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

A. F. HARRISON


1 Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

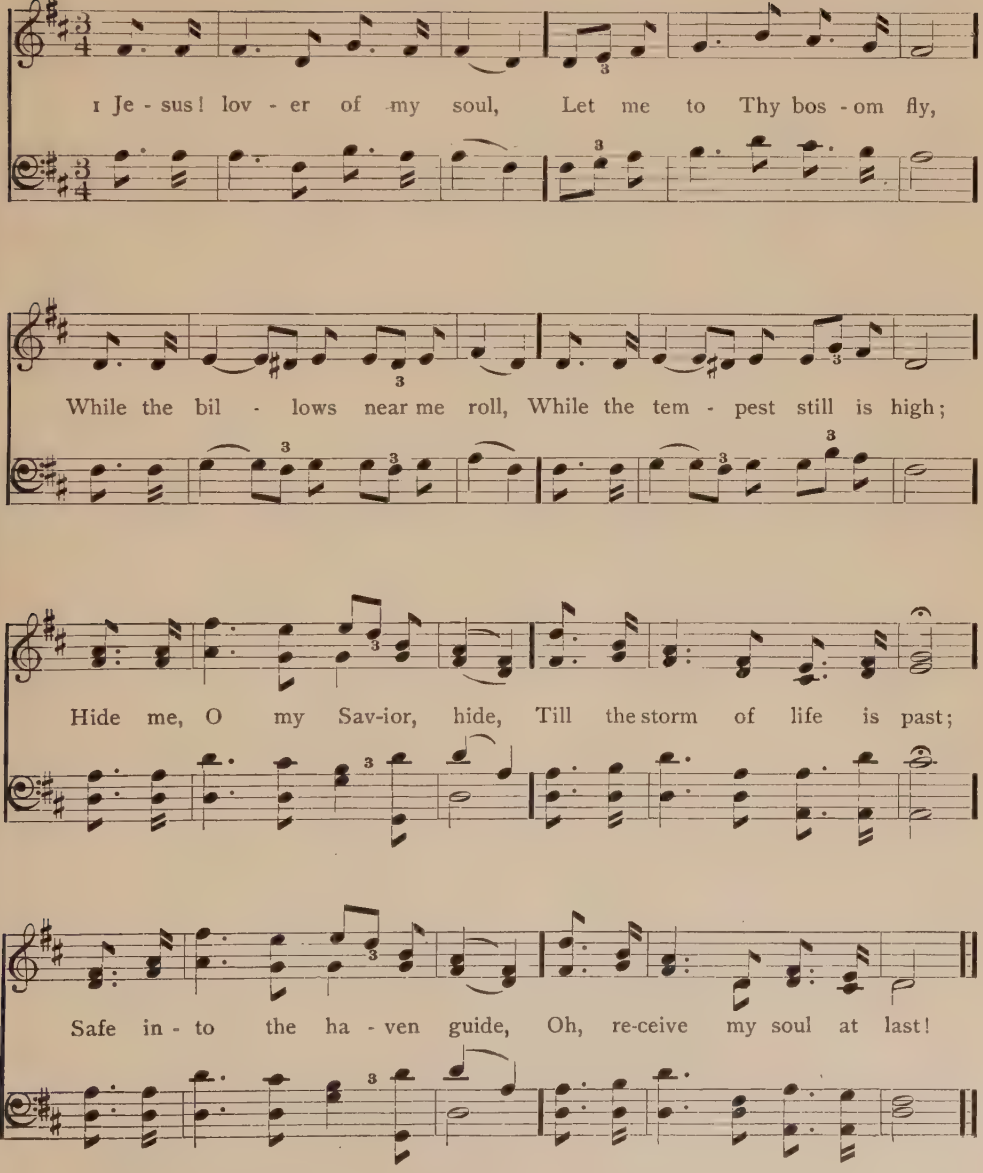
CHARLES WESLEY

Refuge

(*Third Tune*)

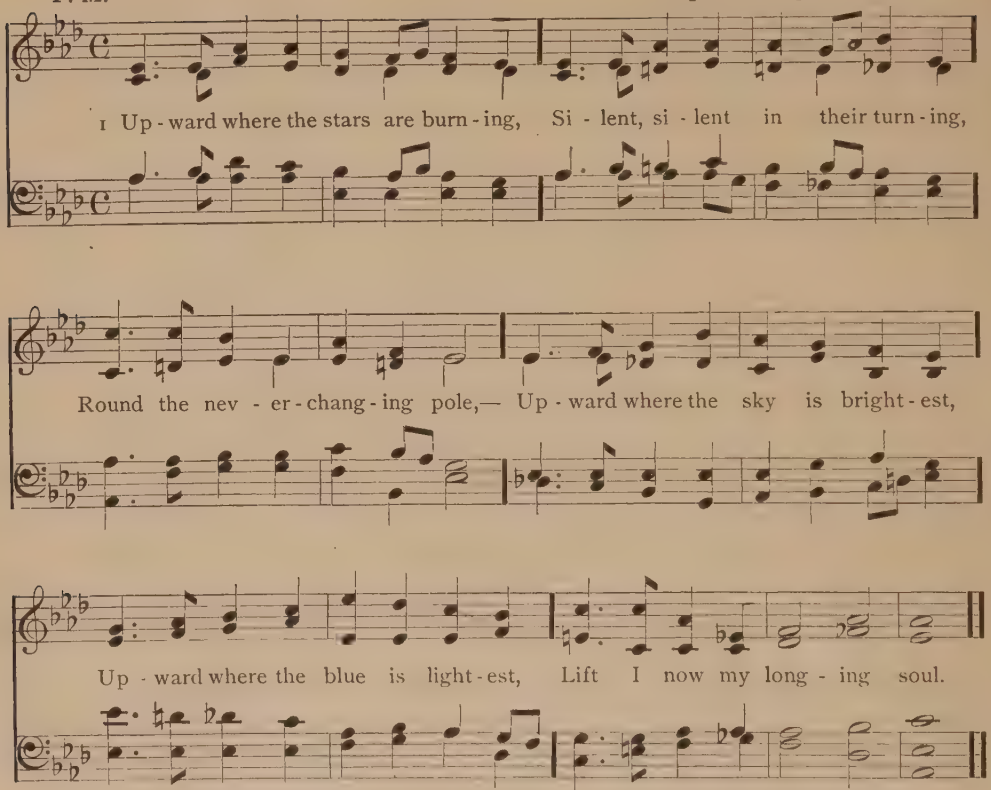
7, 7, 7, 7, D.

J. P. Holbrook


1 Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!

91 Bonar

P. M. Adapted from J. B. CALKIN


1 Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn - ing,
Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole,— Up - ward where the sky is bright - est,
Up - ward where the blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.

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2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,—
That must be the home of homes.

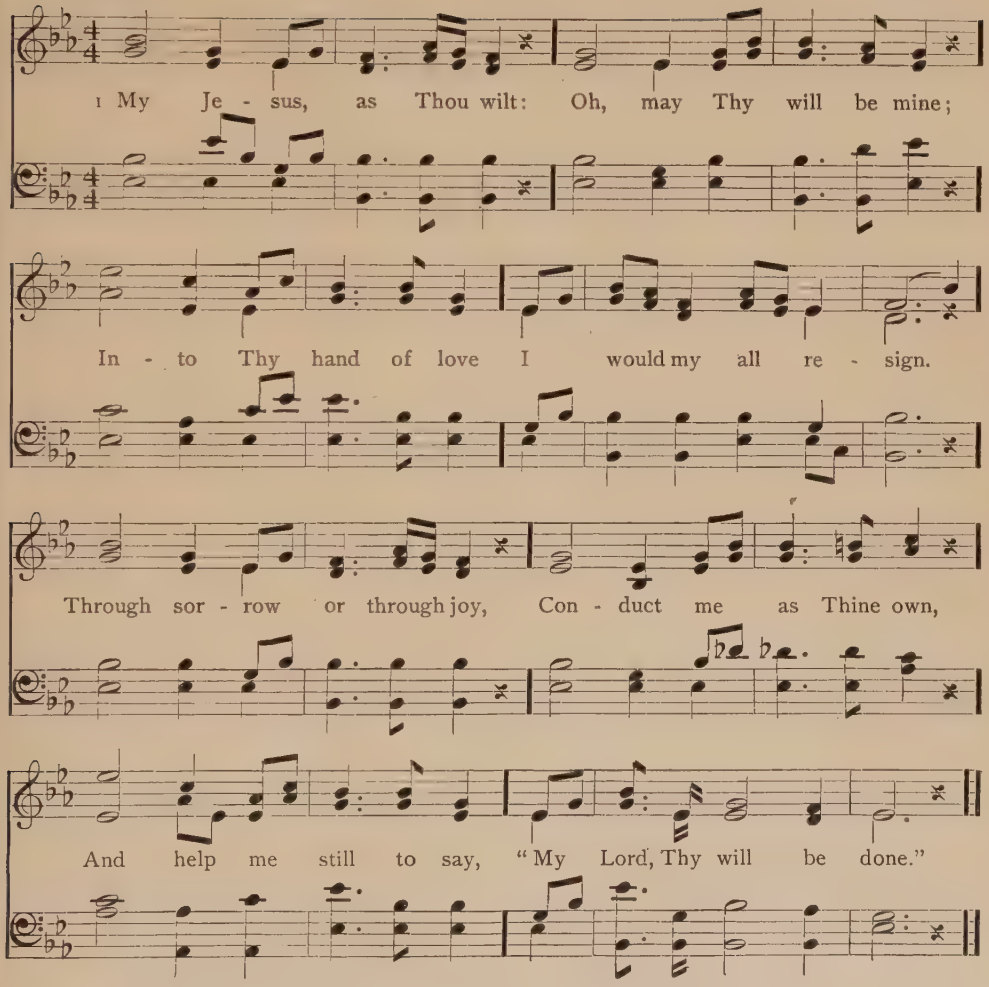
HORATIUS BONAR

92

Jewett

6, 6, 6, 6, D.

C. M. VON WEBER


1 My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Oh, may Thy will be mine;
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
Through sor - row or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

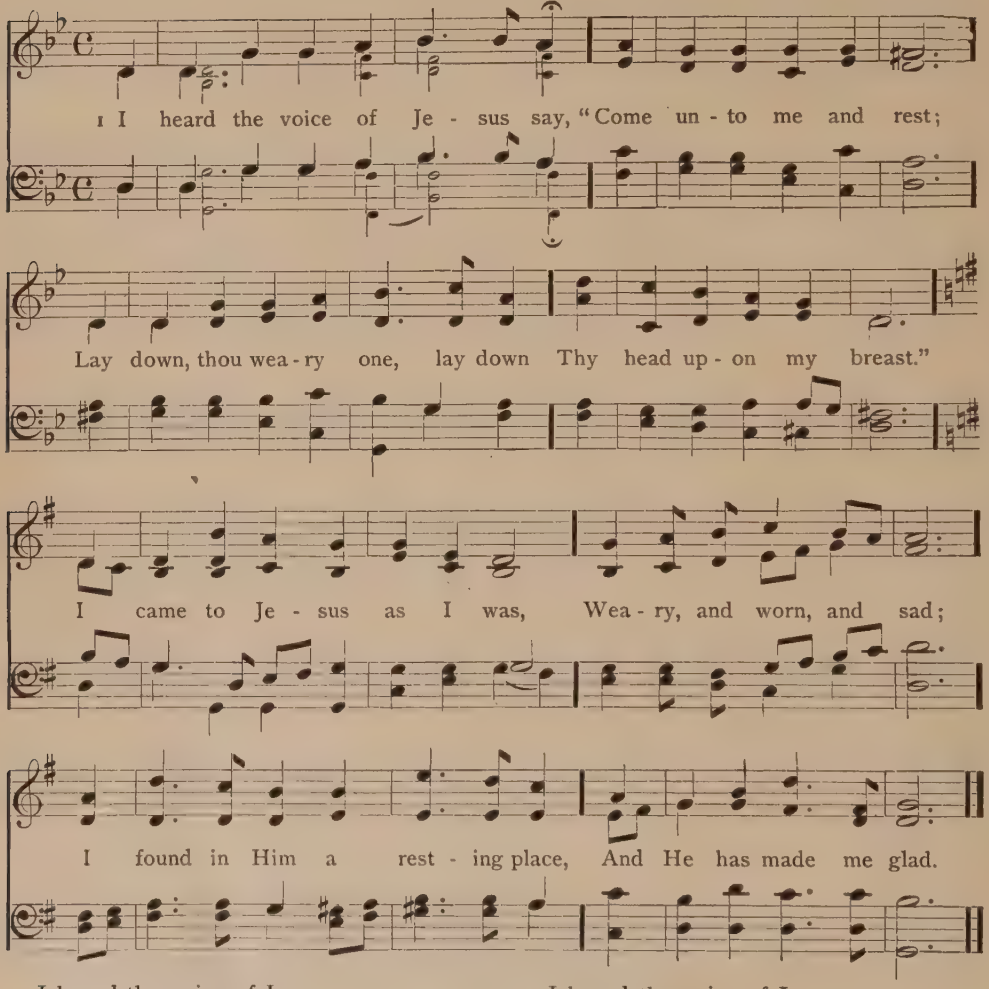
2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE

93 I heard the Voice of Jesus say

C. M. D. (*First Tune*) J. B. DYKES


1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

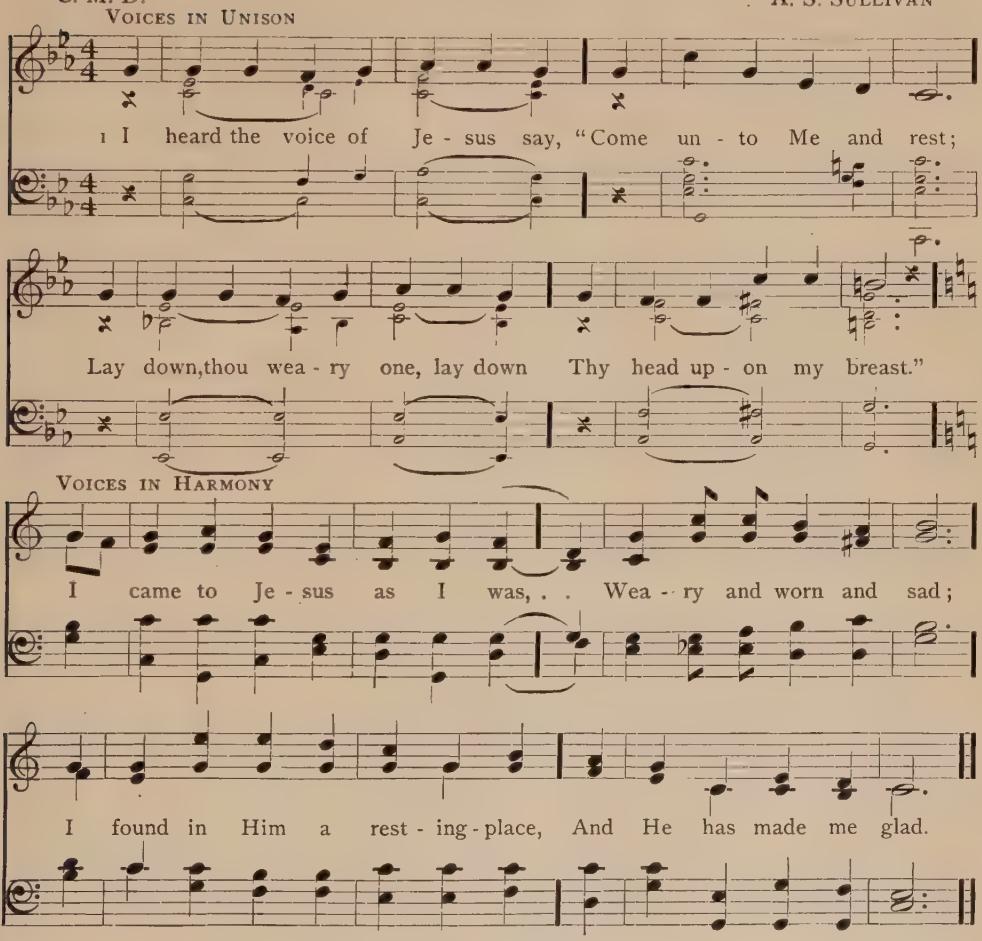
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR

93 I heard the Voice of Jesus say

(*Second Tune*)

C. M. D. A. S. SULLIVAN


VOICES IN UNISON
1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
VOICES IN HARMONY
I came to Je - sus as I was, . . Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.

94

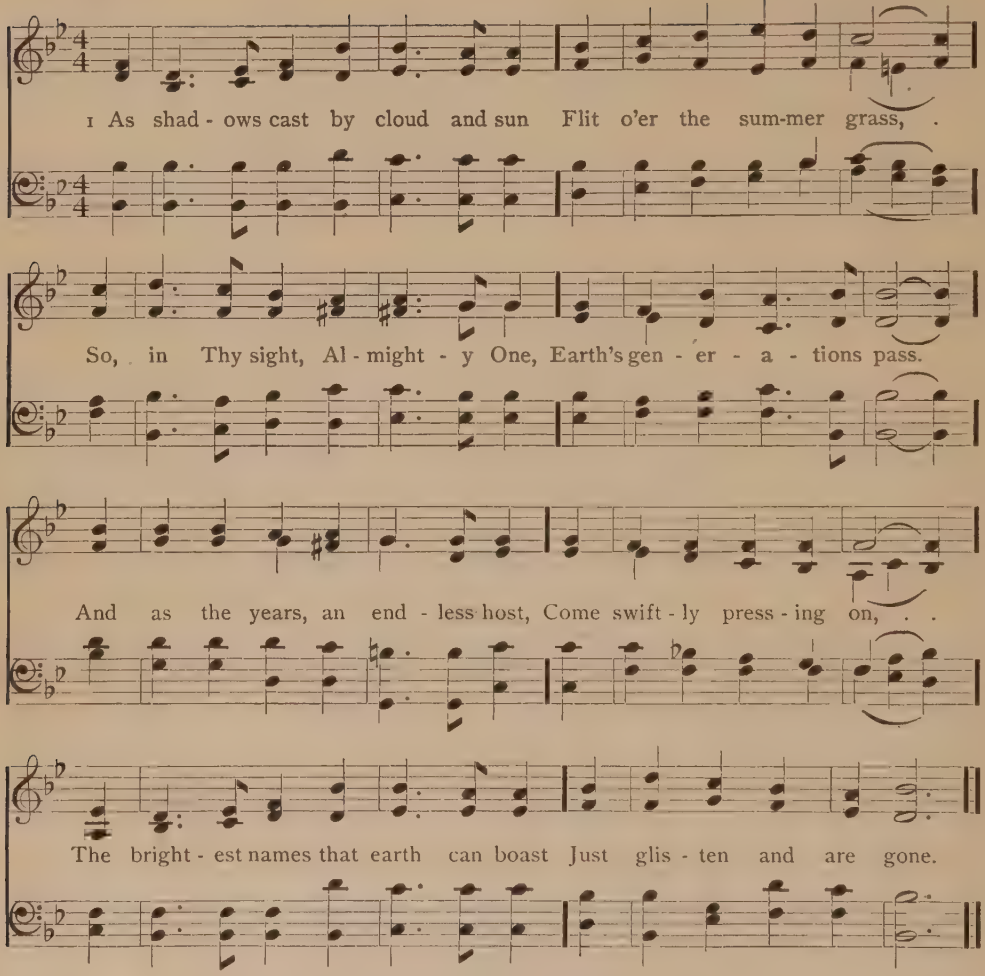
"Come unto Me and rest"

1 Amid the din of earthly strife,
Amid the busy crowd,
The whispers of eternal life
Are lost in clamors loud;
When lo! I find a healing balm,
The world grows dim to me;
My spirit rests in sudden calm
With Christ in Galilee.

2 I linger near Him in the throng
And listen to His voice;
I feel my weary soul grow strong,
My saddened heart rejoice.
Amid the storms that darkly frown
I hear His whisper sweet,
And lay my heavy burden down
At His beloved feet.

HENRY W. HAWKES

95 All Saints

C. M. D. H. S. Cutler

1 As shad - ows cast by cloud and sun Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Al - might - y One, Earth's gen - er - a - tions pass.
And as the years, an end - less host, Come swift - ly press - ing on,
The bright - est names that earth can boast Just glis - ten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

William C. Bryant

96 All Saints

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

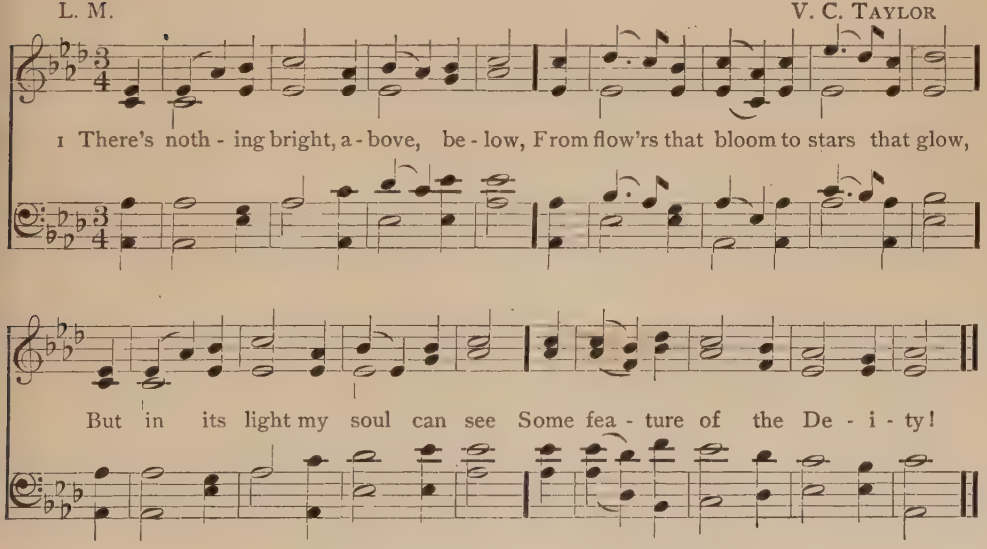
3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came, [knew
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

REGINALD HEBER

97 Avon

L. M. V. C. TAYLOR

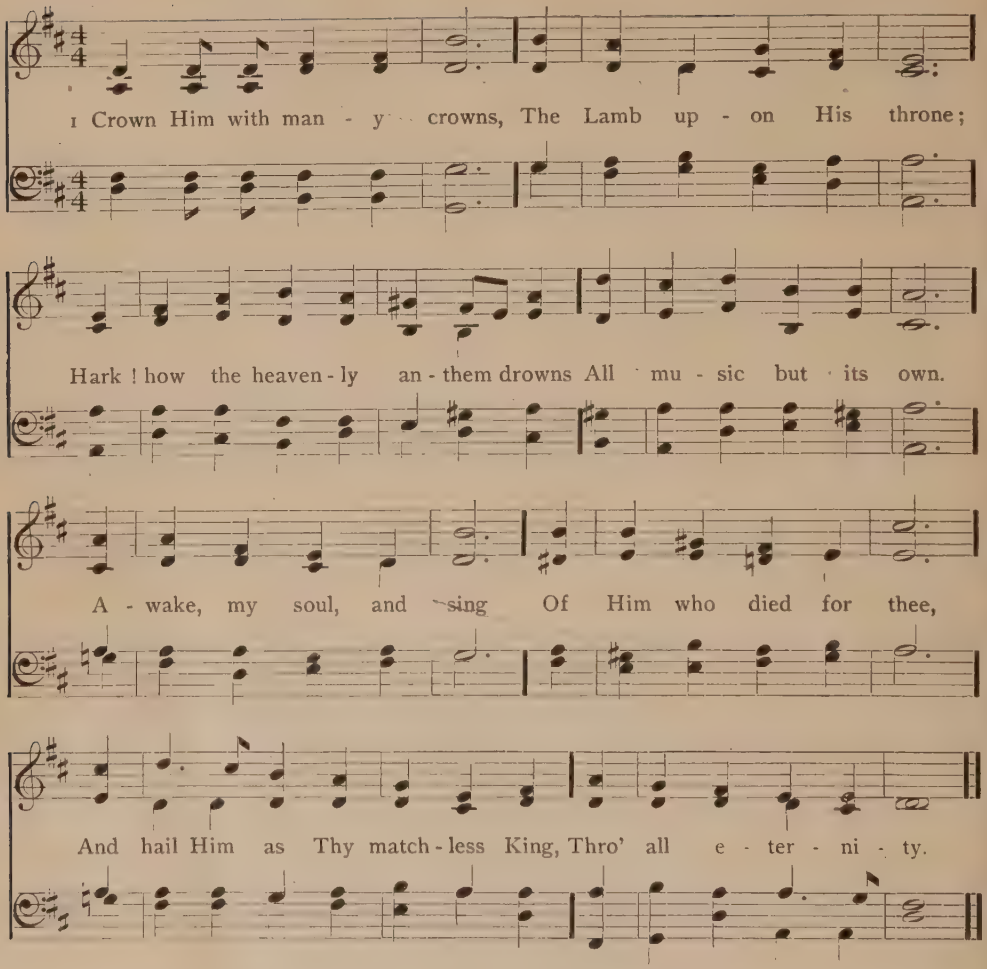

1 There's noth - ing bright, a - bove, be - low, From flow'rs that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see Some fea - ture of the De - i - ty!

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace His love,
And meekly wait that moment when
His touch shall turn all bright again.

THOMAS MOORE

Diadem ata

S. M.

G. J. Elvey

1 Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as Thy match - less King, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

98 Diademata (Continued)

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.

All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES

99 *"Why art thou cast down, my soul?"*

1 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through wars and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

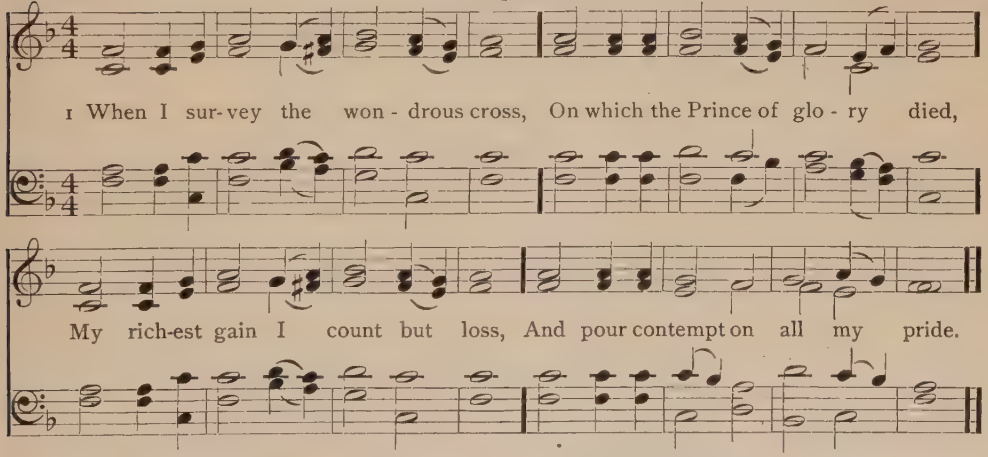
2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not!
Yet Heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well."

3 Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee;
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

PAUL GERHARDT. Transl. by JOHN WESLEY

100 Hamburg

L. M. Adapted from Gregorian Tone 1, by L. MASON


1 When I sur-vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charmed me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

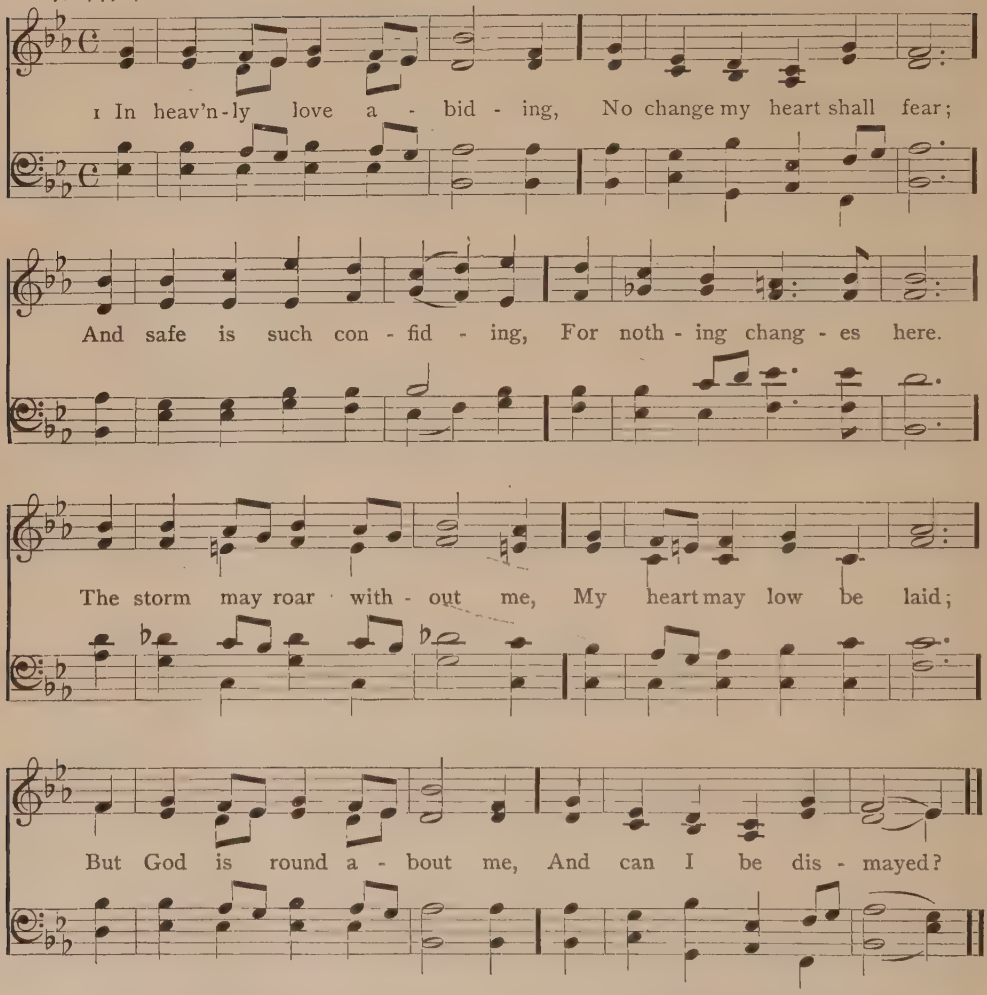
3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS

101 Lux Mundi

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

A. S. Sullivan

1 In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

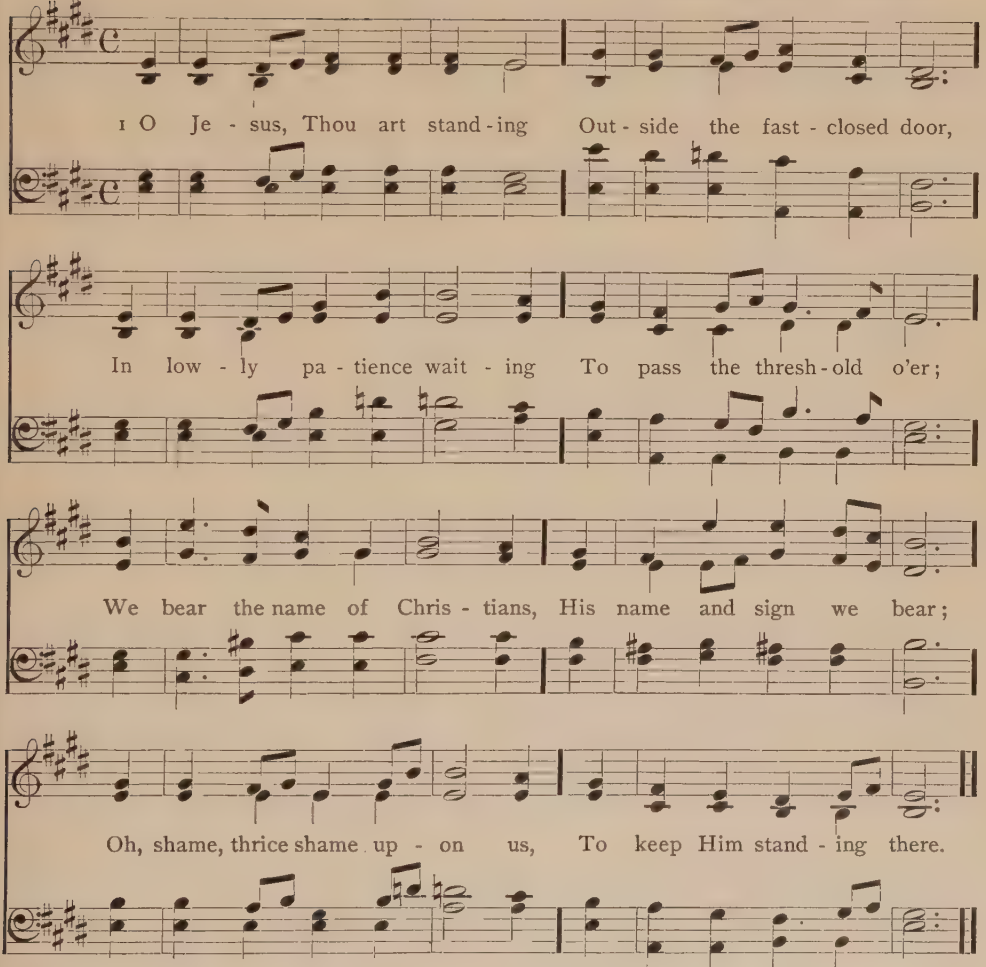
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path in life is free:
My Father has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring

102 St. Hilda

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

J. H. KNECHT and E. HUSBAND


1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er;
We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear;
Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

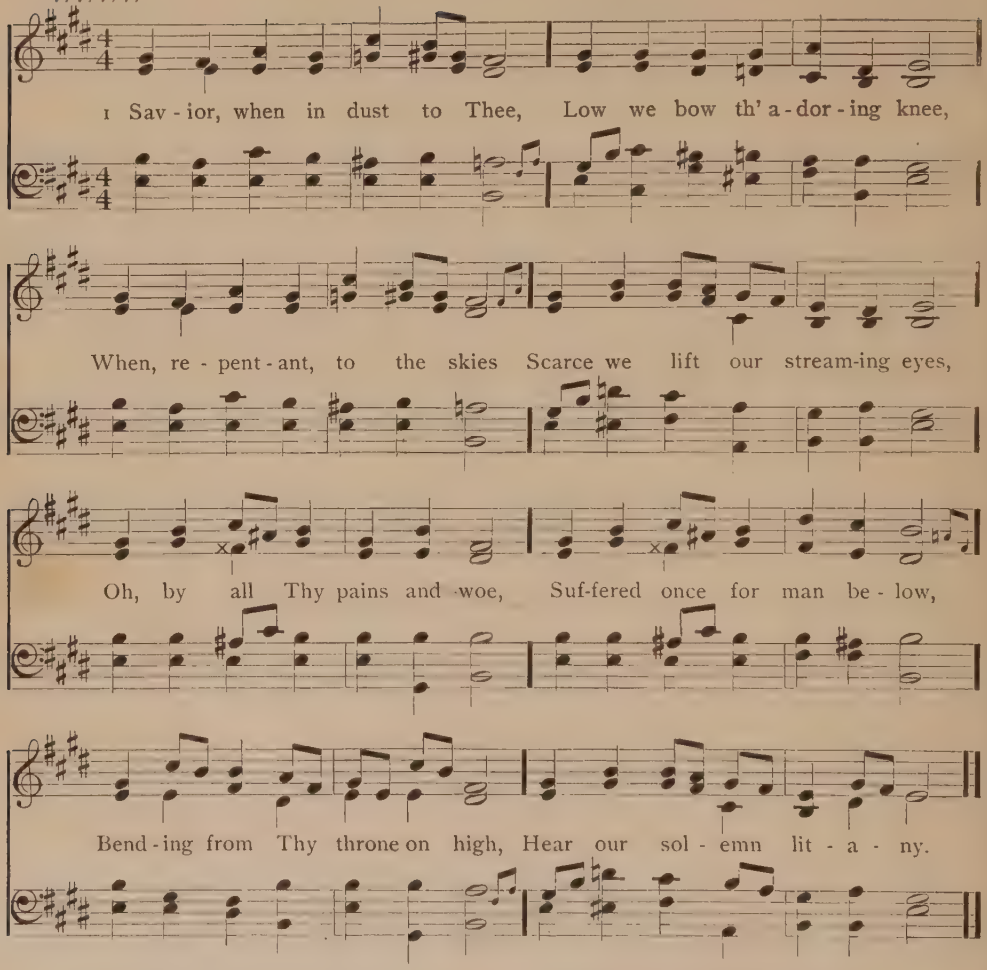
WILLIAM W. How

103 Litany

(First Tune)

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

Adapted from C. M. von Weber


1 Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be - low,
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thy deep, expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Savior, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

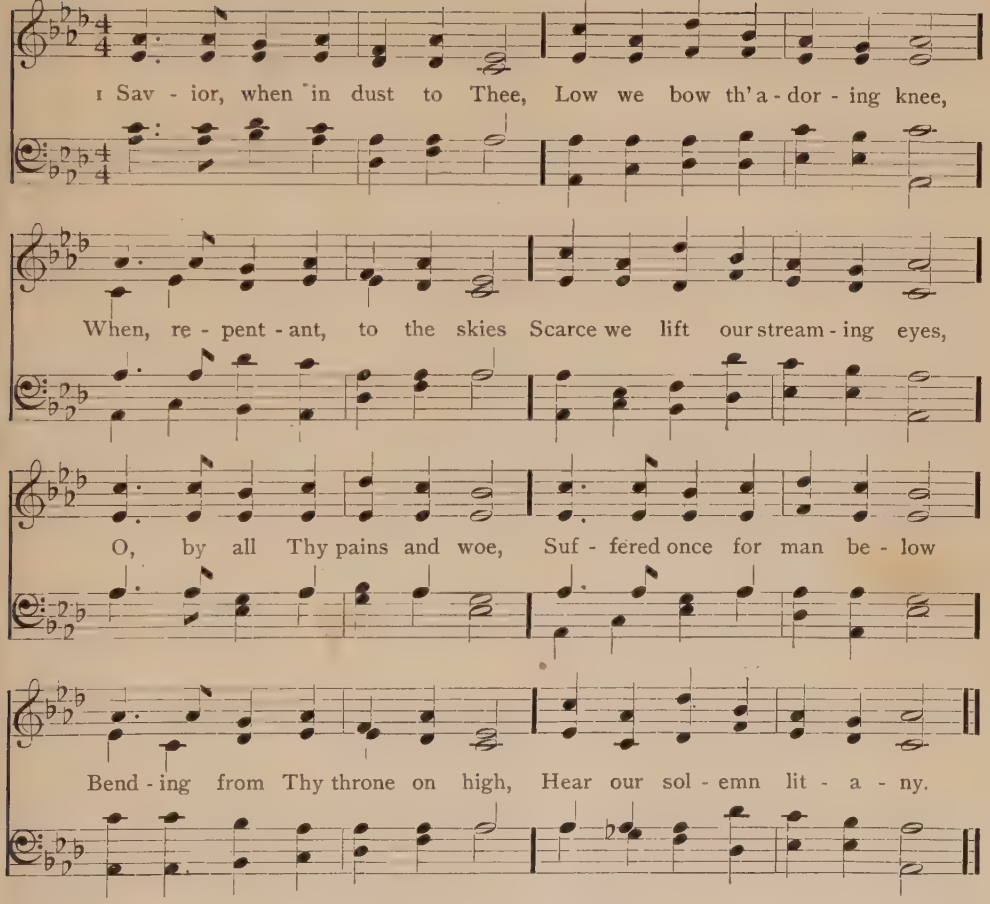
Robert Grant

103 Spanish Chant

(*Second Tune*)

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

Spanish Melody


1 Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our stream - ing eyes,
O, by all Thy pains and woe, Suf - fered once for man be - low
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny.

104

"*The Lord is my Helper*"

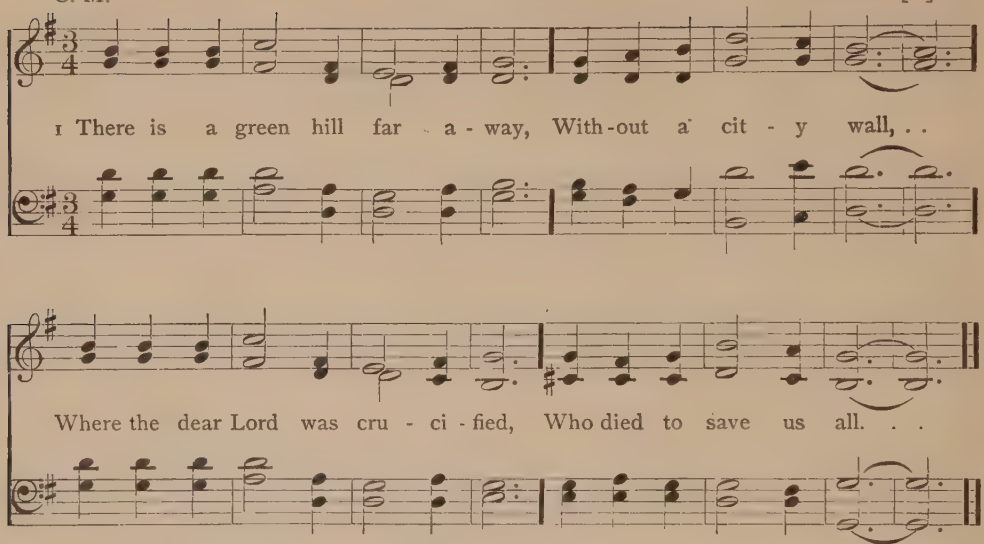
1 Heavenly Helper, Friend divine,
Friend of all men, therefore mine,
Let my heart as Thy heart be!
Breathe Thy living breath through me!
Only at Thy love's pure tide
Human thirst is satisfied:
He who fills his chalice there,
Fills with thirstier souls to share.

2 If another lose the way,
My feet also go astray:
Sleepless Watcher, lead us back,
Safe into the homeward track!
As a bird unto its nest,
Flies the tired soul to Thy breast.
Let not one an alien be!
Lord, we have no home but Thee!

LUCY LARCOM

105 Lambeth

C. M. S. Webbe [?]



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander

106

"*Christ in you, the hope of glory*"

1 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

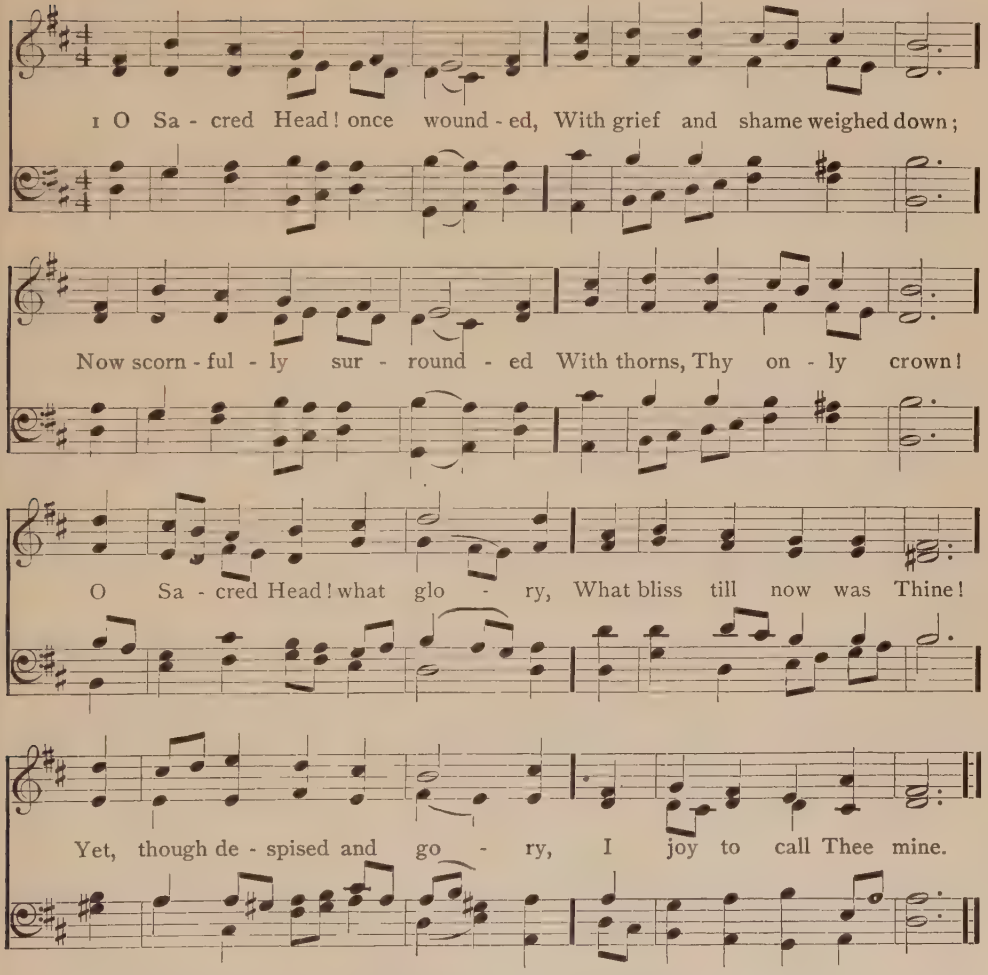
3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

John G. Whittier

107 Passion Chorale

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

From SEBASTIAN BACH'S "Passion Music"

1 O Sa - cred Head! once wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown!
O Sa - cred Head! what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

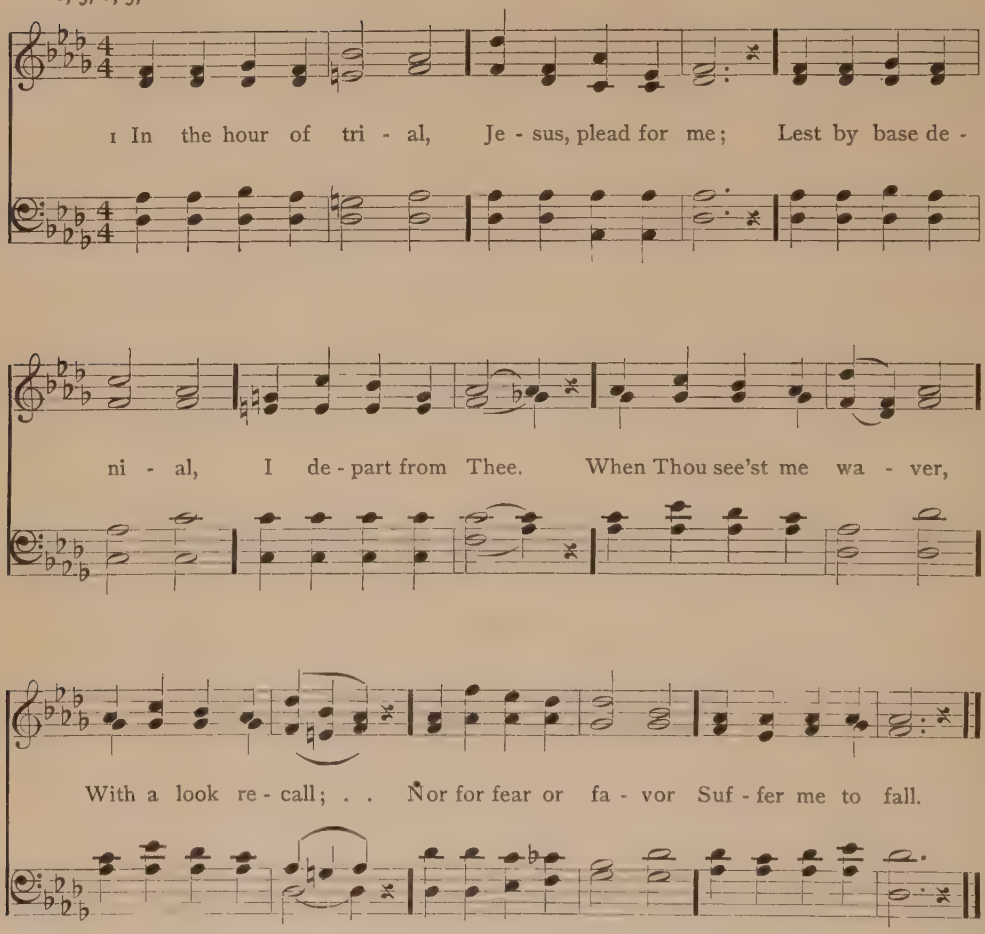
2 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me Thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

5 Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies happy through Thy love.

From BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

108 In the Hour of Trial

6, 5, 6, 5, D. S. LANE


1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
ni - al, I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver,
With a look re - call; . . Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.

2 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

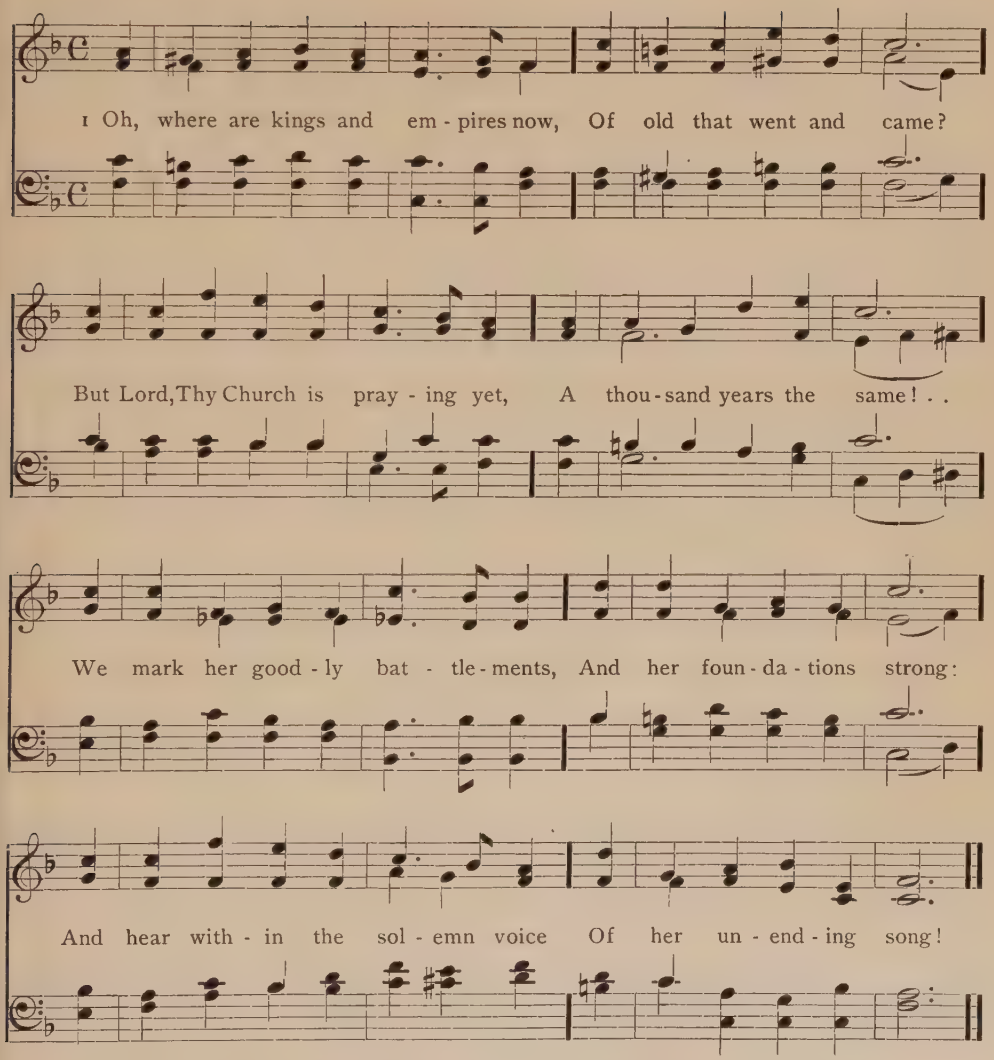
3 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Cleveland

C. M. D.

A. A. WILD


1 Oh, where are kings and em - pires now, Of old that went and came?
But Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same! . .
We mark her good - ly bat - tle - ments, And her foun - da - tions strong:
And hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song!

2 For not like kingdoms of the world
The holy Church of God!
Though earthquake-shocks are threat'ning her,
And tempests are abroad;
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

ARTHUR C. COXE

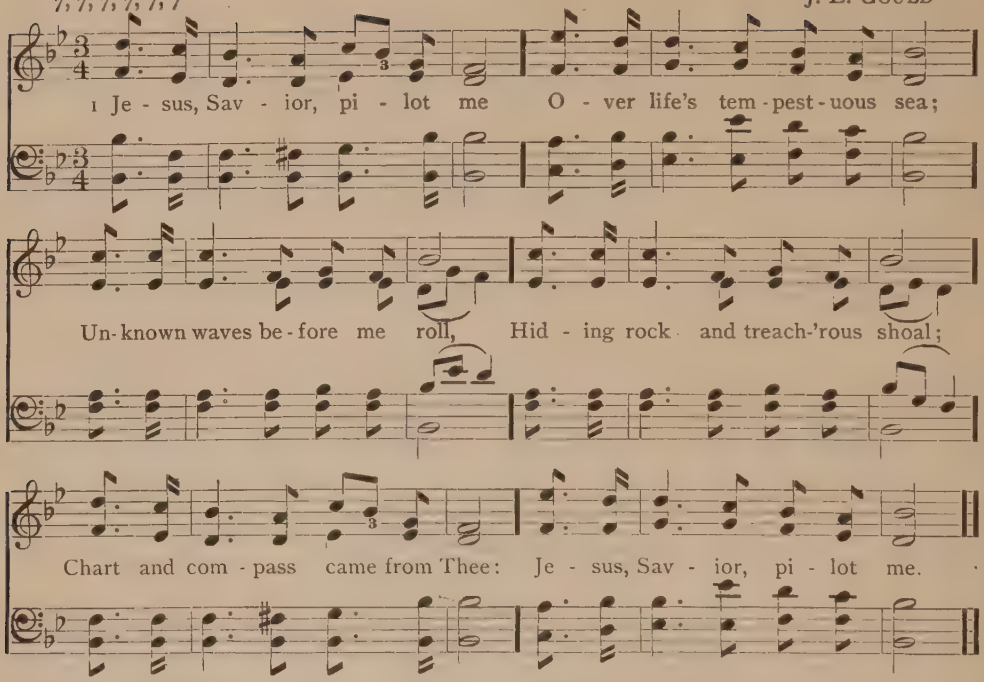
From Hutchins' Church Hymnal, by permission

110 The Divine Pilot

(*First Tune*)

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

J. E. GOULD


1 Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-'rous shoal;
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

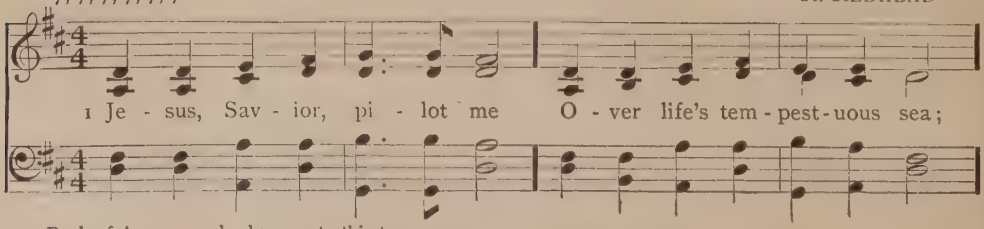
EDWARD HOPPER

110 The Divine Pilot

(*Second Tune*)

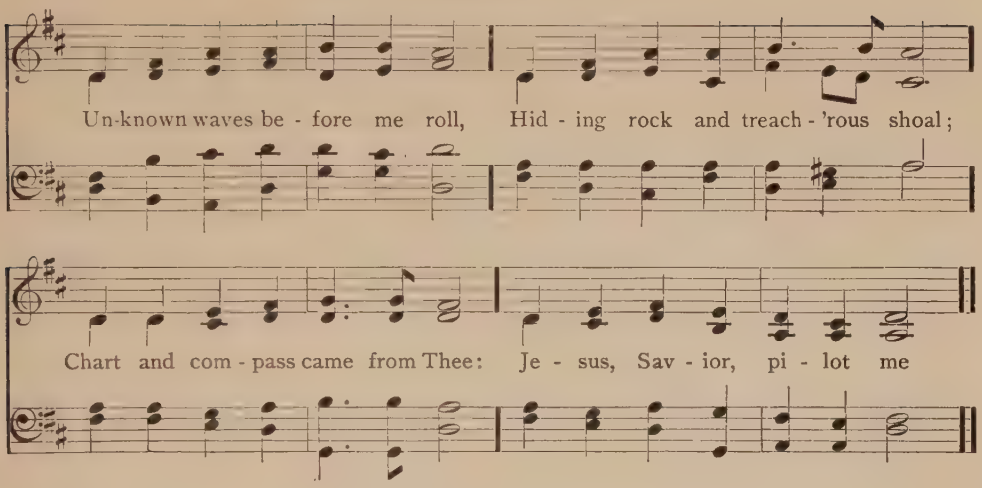
7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

R. REDHEAD



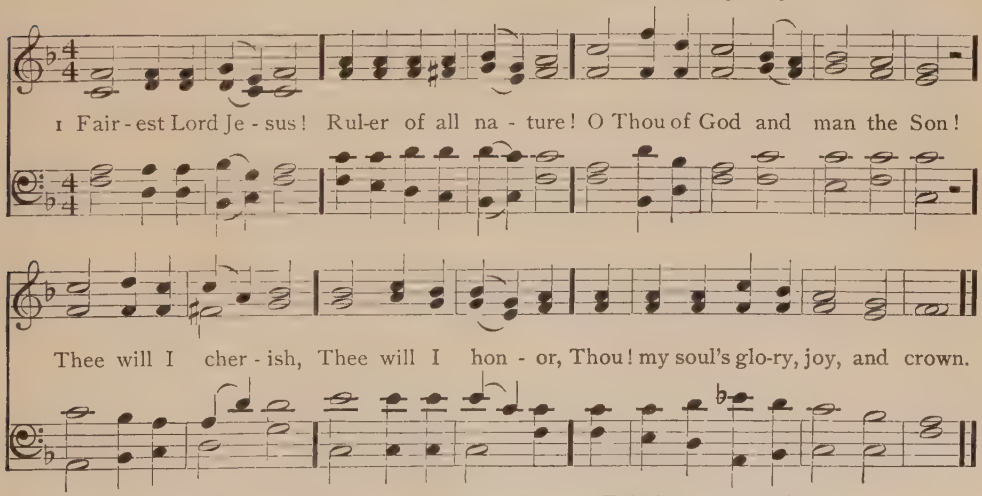
Rock of Ages may also be sung to this tune.

110 The Divine Pilot (Continued)



111 Crusader's Hymn

Arranged by R. S. WILLIS


1 Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul-er of all na - ture! O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou! my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown.

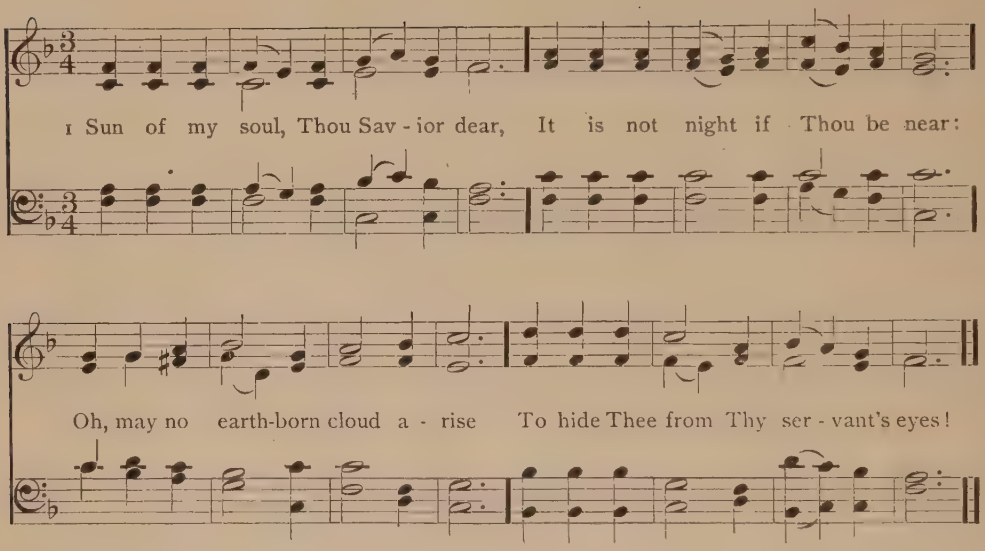
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Then all the angels heaven can boast.

TWELFTH CENTURY MELODY

112 Hursley

L. M. Arr. by W. H. Monk


1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

3 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble

113

"The Holy Ghost, the Comforter"

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

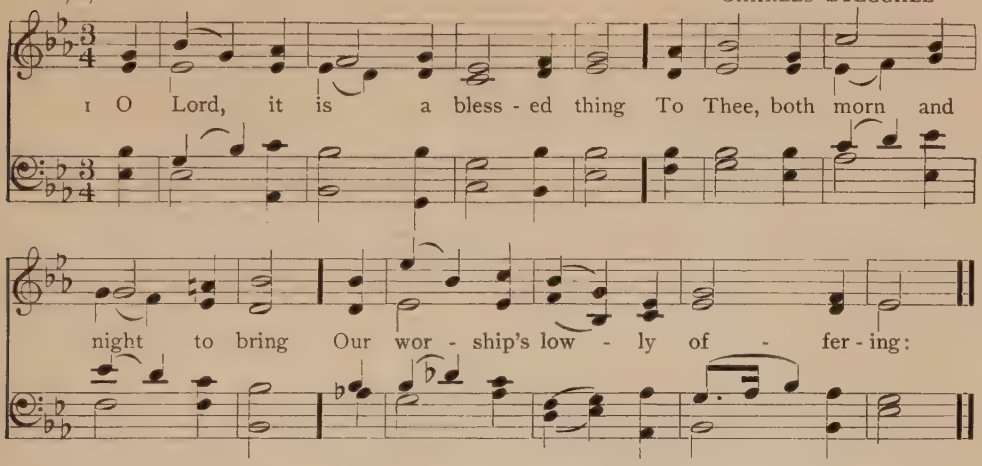
4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven that we may share
Fullness of joy forever there.

Simon Browne

114 Wearmouth

8, 8, 8

CHARLES STEGGALL



2 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day.

3 And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

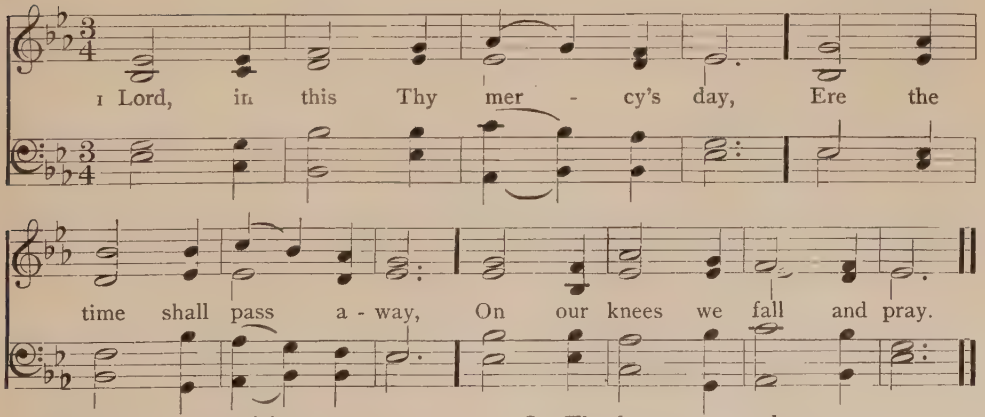
4 Light of the world! with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide.

WILLIAM W. HOW

115 Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day

7, 7, 7

W. H. MONK



2 Lord, on us Thy spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

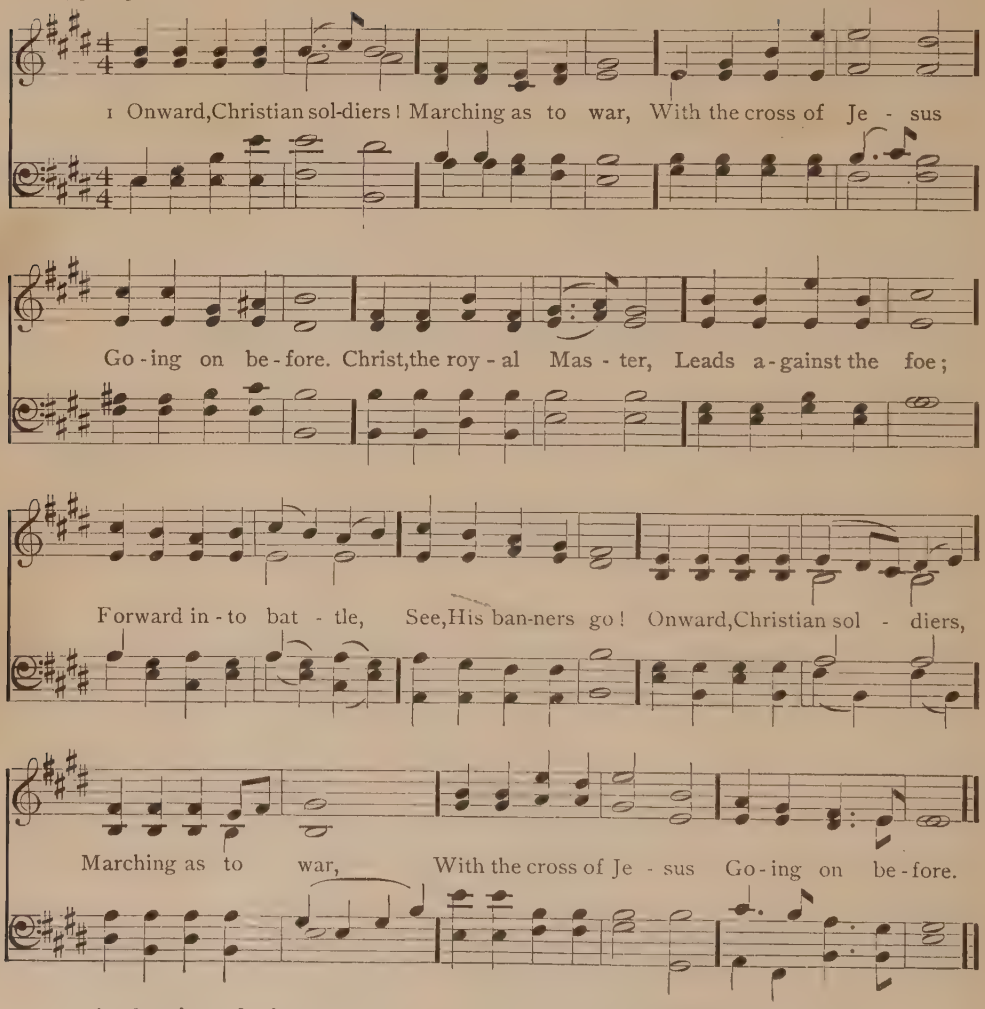
3 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

Christus Victor

6, 5, 6, 5, D. with Refrain

A. S. SULLIVAN


1 Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee,
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

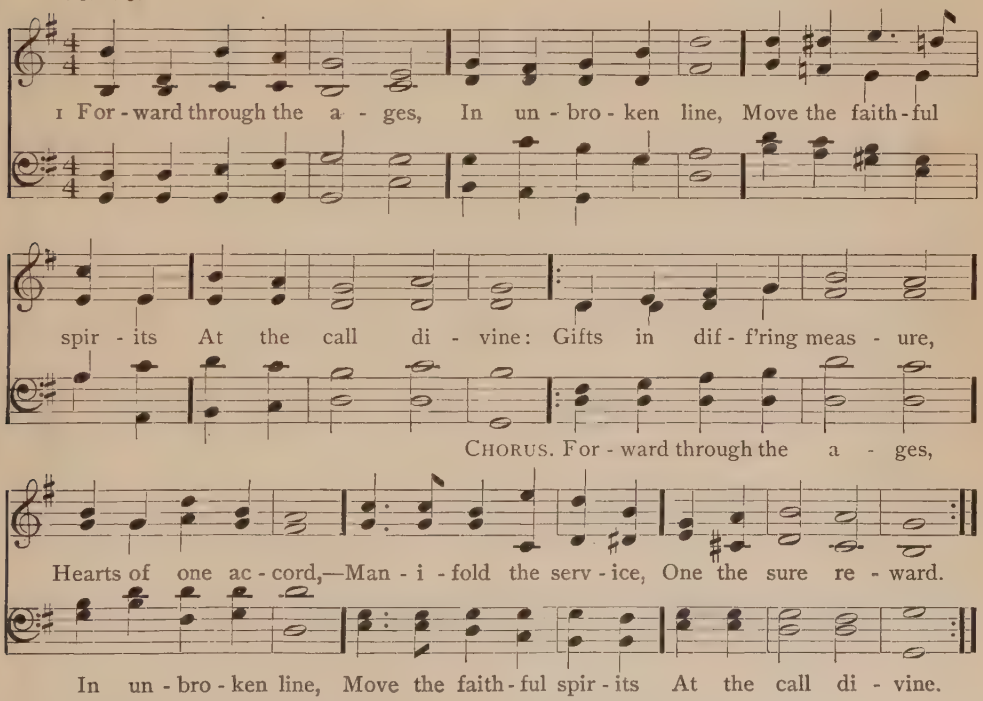
5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

117 Morley

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

THOMAS MORLEY


1 For - ward through the a - ges, In un - bro - ken line, Move the faith - ful
spir - its At the call di - vine: Gifts in dif - f'ring meas - ure,
CHORUS. For - ward through the a - ges,
Hearts of one ac - cord,—Man - i - fold the serv - ice, One the sure re - ward.
In un - bro - ken line, Move the faith - ful spir - its At the call di - vine.

2 Wider grows the kingdom,
Reign of love and light;
For it we must labor,
Till our faith is sight.
Prophets have proclaimed it,
Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
Heroes for it died.

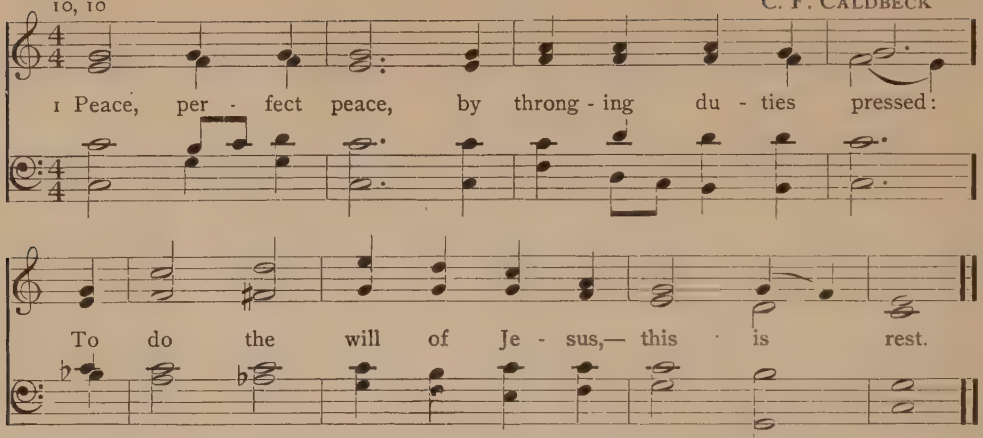
3 Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

118 Pax Tecum

10, 10

C. F. CALDBECK



2 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

3 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

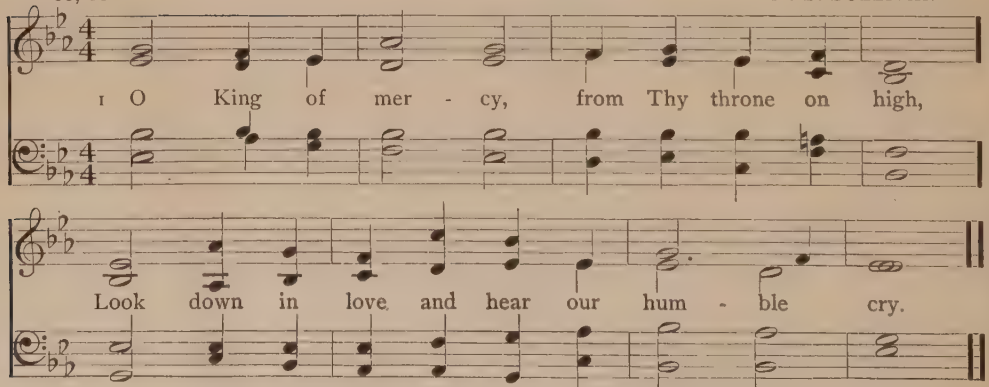
4 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

119 Coena Domini

10, 10

A. S. SULLIVAN



2 Thou art the bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

3 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

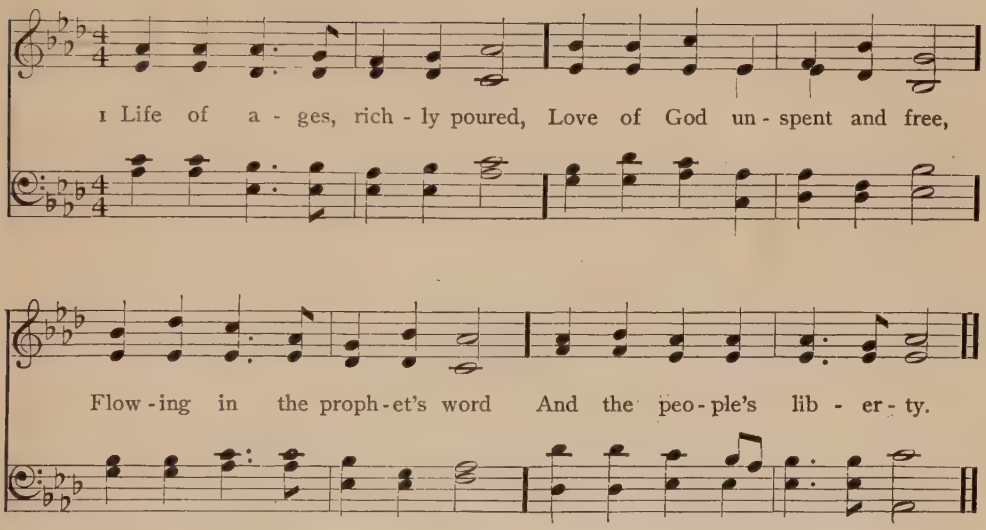
4 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and guide.

THOMAS R. BIRKS

THE INNER LIFE

120 St. Bees

7, 7, 7, 7 J. B. Dykes



2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

5 Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

Samuel Johnson

121 *"Casting all your care upon Him"*

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

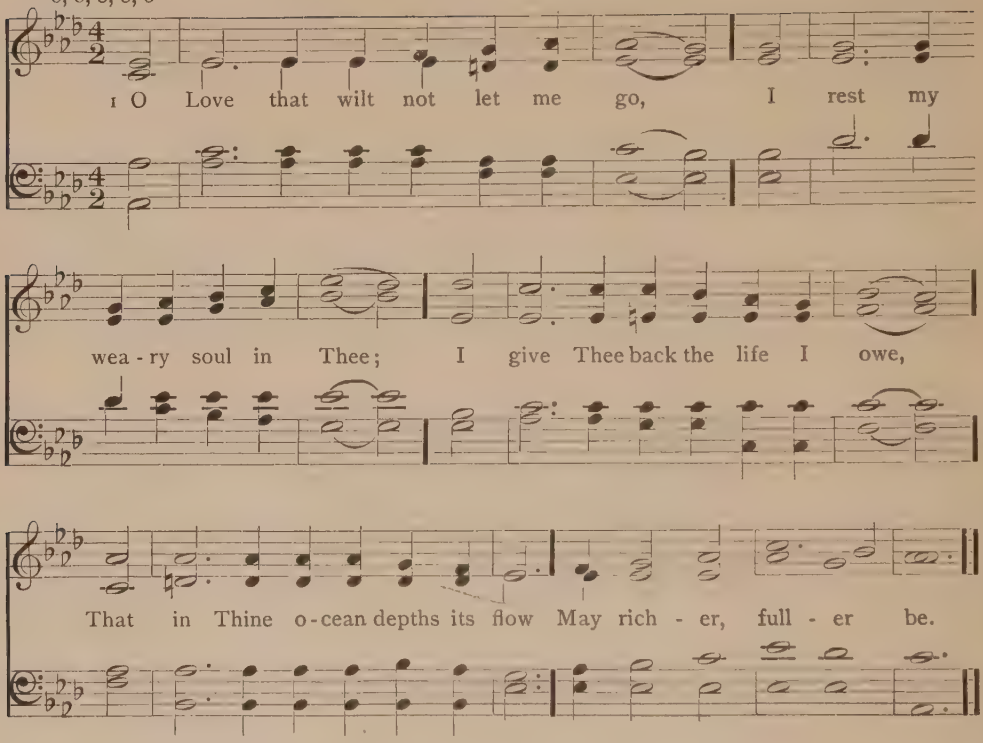
3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Anon.

Margaret

8, 8, 8, 8, 6

A. L. PEACE


1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

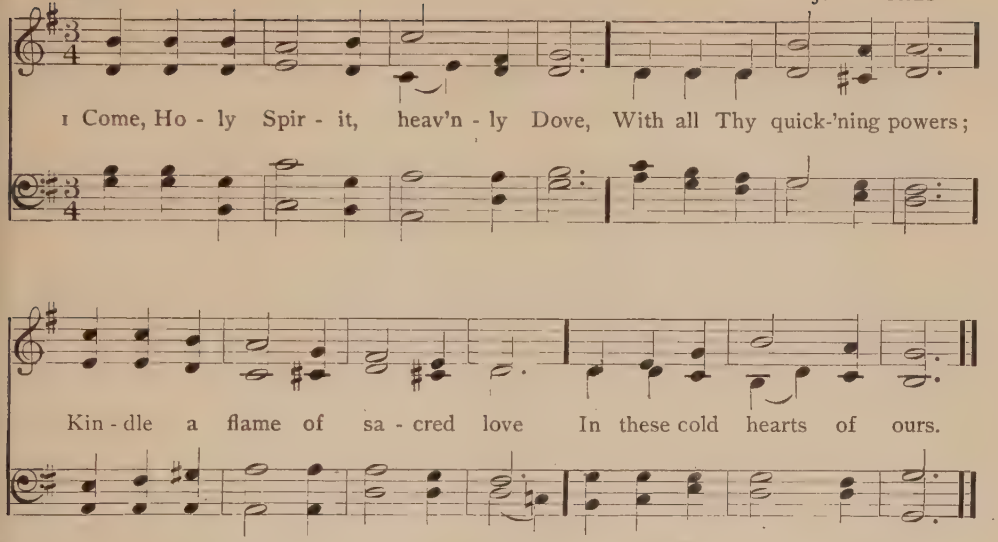
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

GEORGE MATHESON

123 St. Agnes

C. M. J. B. DYKES



2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS

124 "*The Light, the Truth, the Way*"

1 O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

2 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

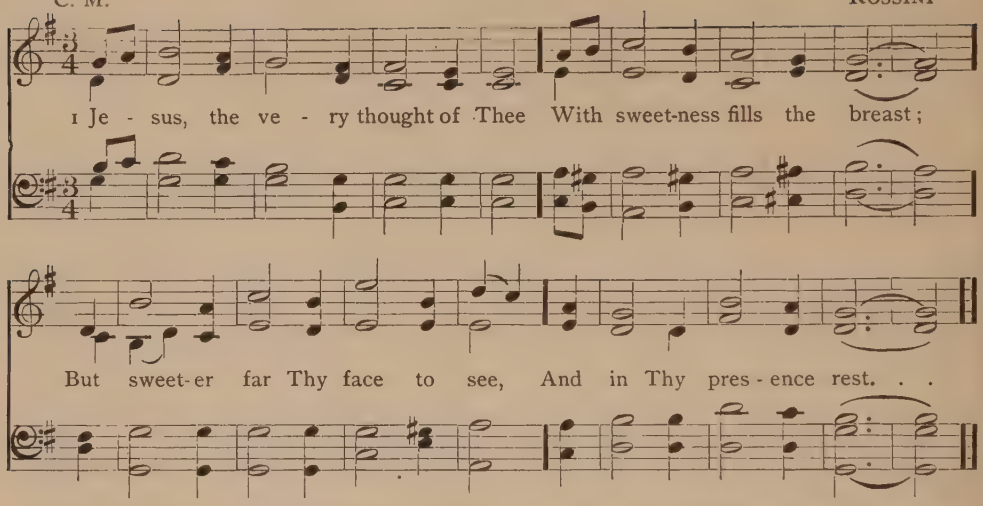
4 To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

5 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord;
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

125 Manoah

C. M. ROSSINI



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Savior of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

126

"God is the strength of my heart"

1 One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

2 Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

3 At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

4 I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

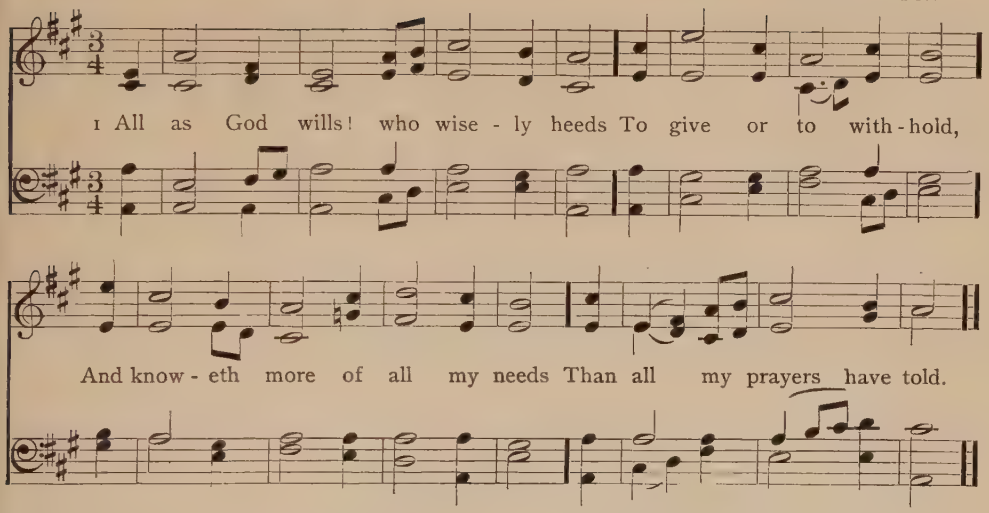
5 To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

6 Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

127 Martyrdom

C. M. HUGH WILSON



2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

5 No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

128

"God is Love"

1 O Thou, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside me here:

2 What heart can comprehend Thy name,
Or, searching, find Thee out,
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about?

3 Yet though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore!

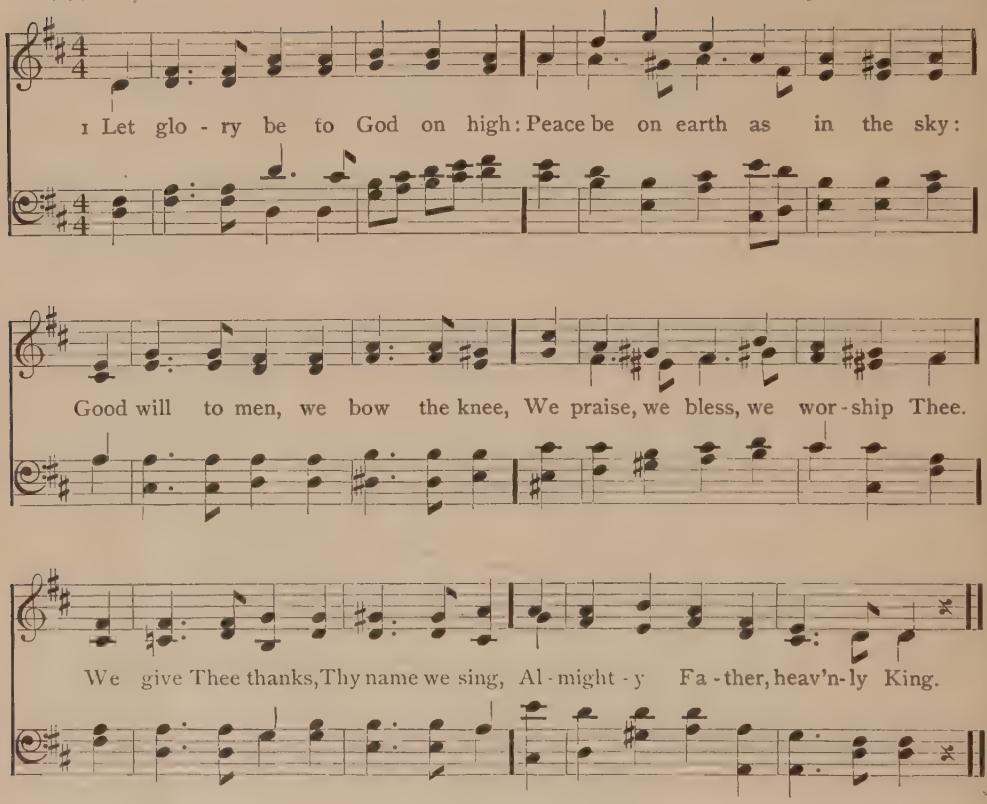
4 Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see!

5 And dearer than all things I know
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

129 Melita

L. M. 6 lines — J. B. Dykes


1 Let glo - ry be to God on high: Peace be on earth as in the sky:
Good will to men, we bow the knee, We praise, we bless, we wor - ship Thee.
We give Thee thanks, Thy name we sing, Al - might - y Fa - ther, heav'n - ly King.

2 O Lord, the sole-begotten Son,
Who bore the crimes which we had done;
Son of the Father, who wast slain
To take away the sins of men;
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt,
For all the world, and all its guilt;—

3 Have mercy on us, through Thy blood;
Receive our prayer, O Lamb of God!
For Thou art holy; Thou alone,
At God's right hand, upon His throne,
In all His glory, art adored,
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, one Lord.

130 Recessional

1 God of our fathers, known of old;
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet;
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

3 Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

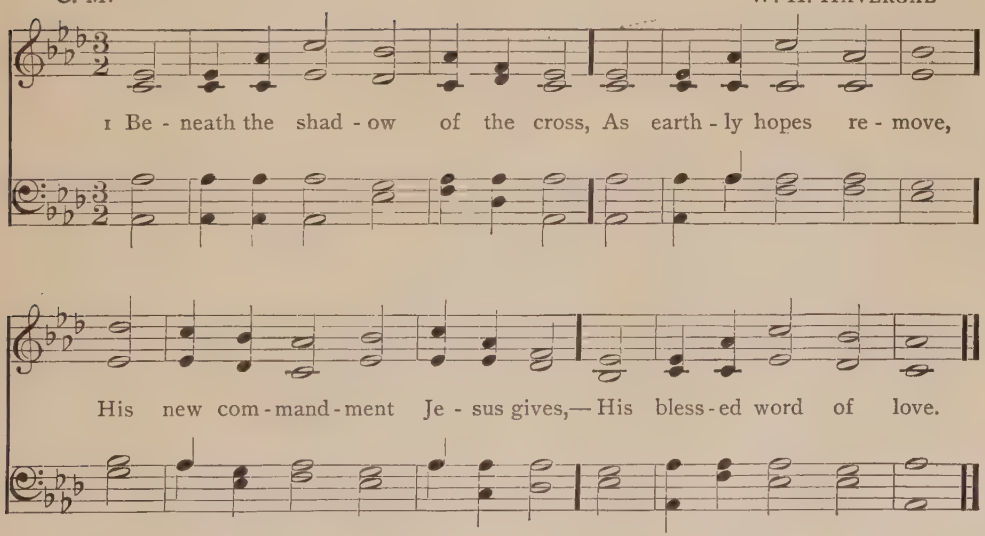
4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING

131 Evan

C. M. W. H. HAVERGAL



2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

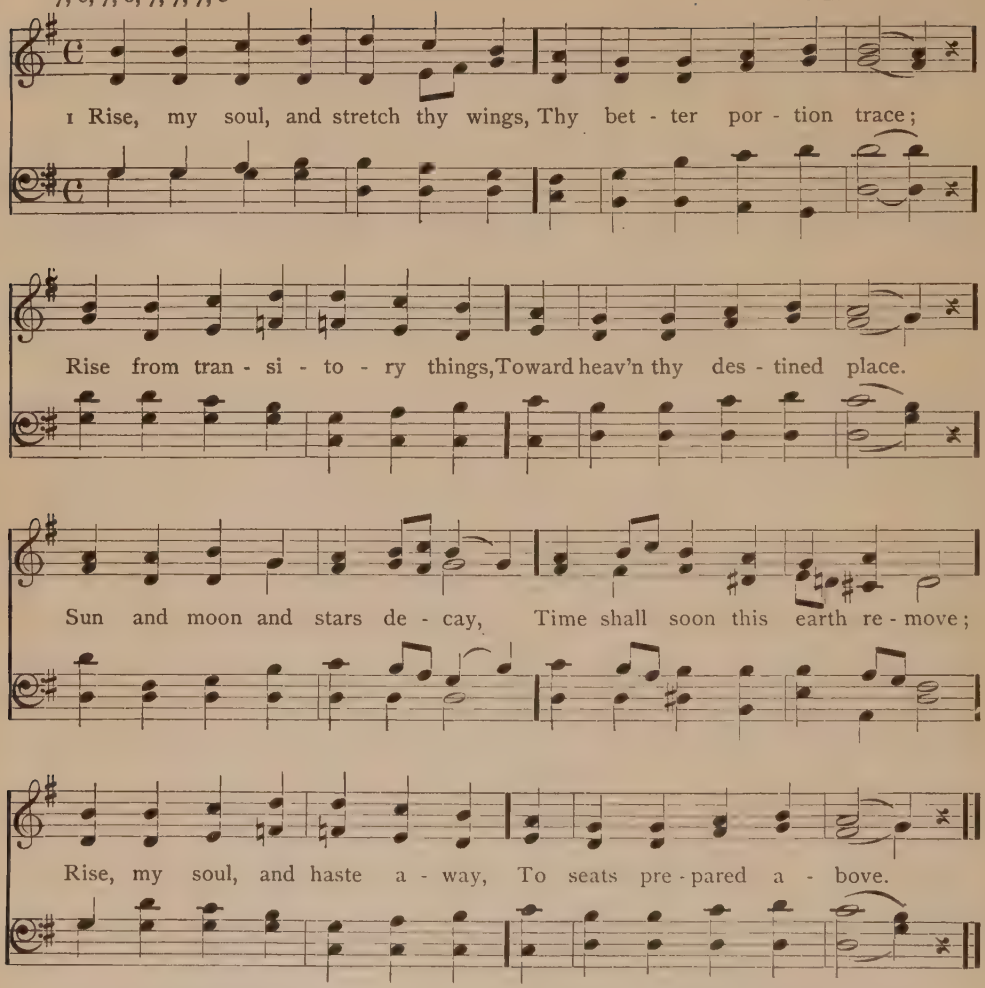
3 Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

132 Beethoven

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6

BEETHOVEN


1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heav'n thy des - tined place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode
To rest in His embrace.

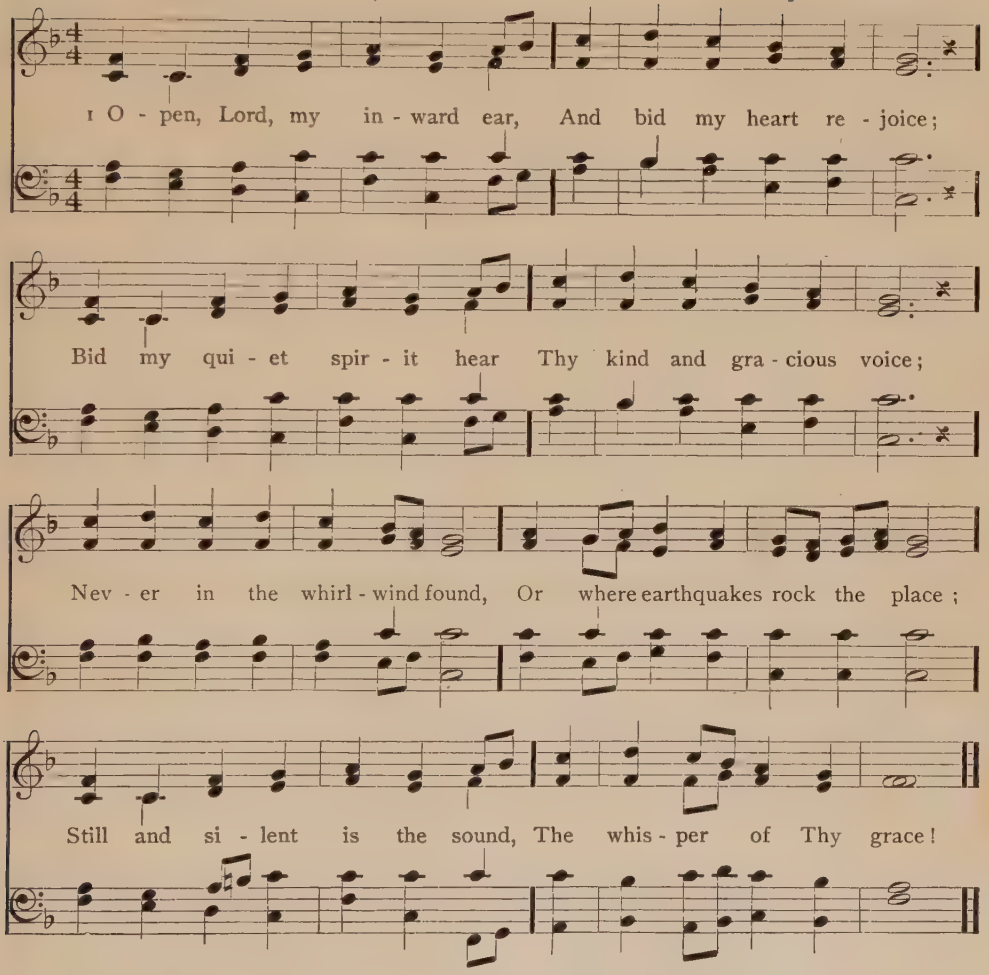
3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Savior will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE

133 Amsterdam

7, 6, 7, 6; 7, 7, 7, 6

JAMES NARES

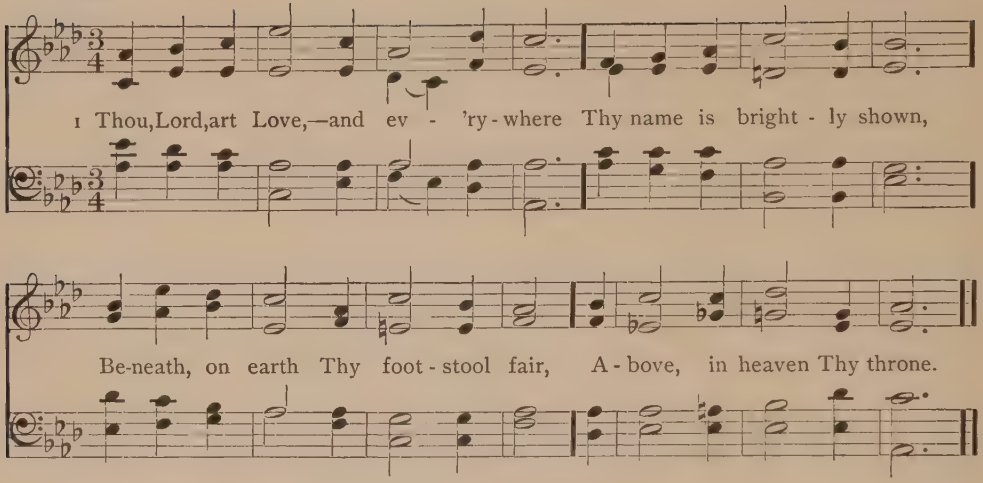

1 O - pen, Lord, my in - ward ear, And bid my heart re - joice;
Bid my qui - et spir - it hear Thy kind and gra - cious voice;
Nev - er in the whirl - wind found, Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and si - lent is the sound, The whis - per of Thy grace!

2 From the world of sin and noise
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still;
Dare not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love!

CHARLES WESLEY

134 Beatitudo

C. M. J. B. Dykes


1 Thou, Lord, art Love,—and ev - 'ry - where Thy name is bright - ly shown,
Be-neath, on earth Thy foot - stool fair, A - bove, in heaven Thy throne.

2 Thy ways are Love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.

3 Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is
The living voice they find;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

4 Thy chastisements are Love,—more deep
They stamp the seal divine;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

5 Thy heaven is the abode of Love,—
O blesséd Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee.

6 There with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne;
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

James D. Burns

135 *"Casting all your care upon Him"*

1 O Name, all other names above,
What art Thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust Thy love
And cast my care on Thee!

2 What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which Thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone Thy fulness fill!

3 Thrice blesséd be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

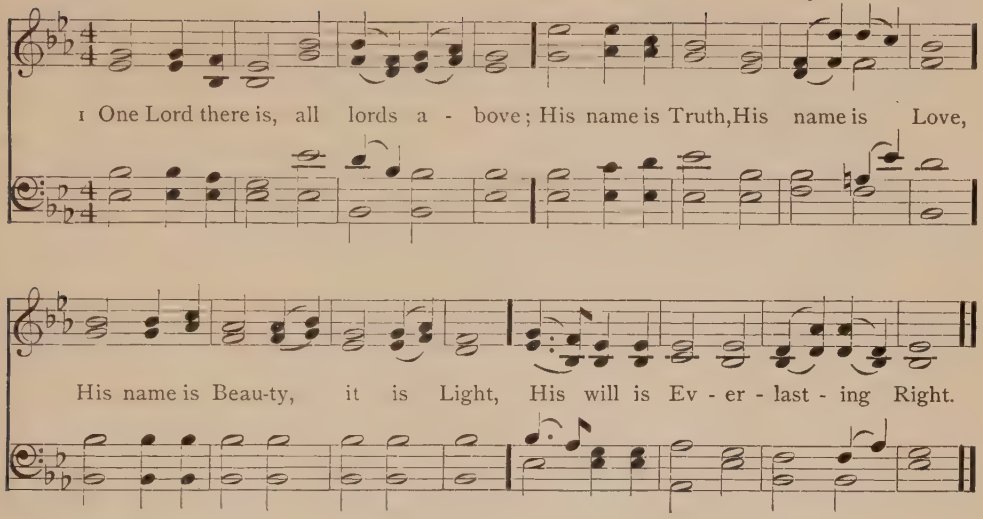
4 And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when Thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

5 The thought of Thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all!

Frederick L. Hosmer

136 Bera

L. M. J. E. Gould


1 One Lord there is, all lords a - bove; His name is Truth, His name is Love,
His name is Beau-ty, it is Light, His will is Ev - er - last - ing Right.

2 But ah! to wrong what is His name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

3 Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

4 If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies, [hate,
With things that harm, and things that
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,—

5 Thy happy Gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

William Brighty Rands

137 *The Hope of Man*

1 The past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to Thee;
And, in each purpose high and strong,
The influence of Thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

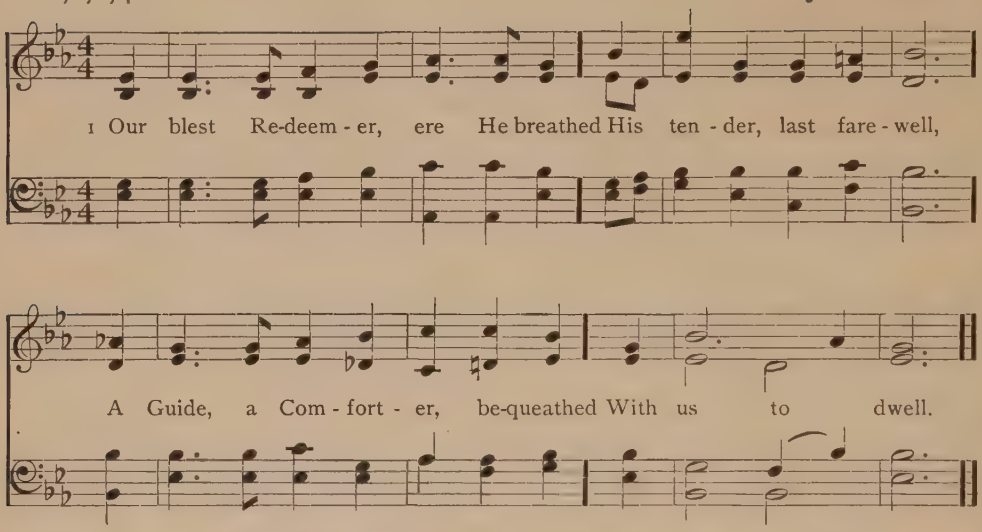
4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now:
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou!

5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above, [sun:
But through the shadow streams the
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

138 St. Cuthbert

8, 6, 8, 4 — J. B. Dykes



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber

139

"He restoreth my soul"

1 The God of love my shepherd is,
My gracious, constant guide;
I shall not want, for I am His;
In all supplied.

2 In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

3 His tenderness restores my soul
When sick and faint I roam,
Shows the right path, and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.

4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;
I feel Thee near.

5 Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

George Rawson

140 *"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee"*

1 When shadows gather on our way,
Fast deepening as the night,
Be Thou, O God, the spirit's stay,
Our inward Light.

2 Amid the outward toil and strife,
The world's dull roar and din,
Still speak Thy word of higher life,
Thou Voice within.

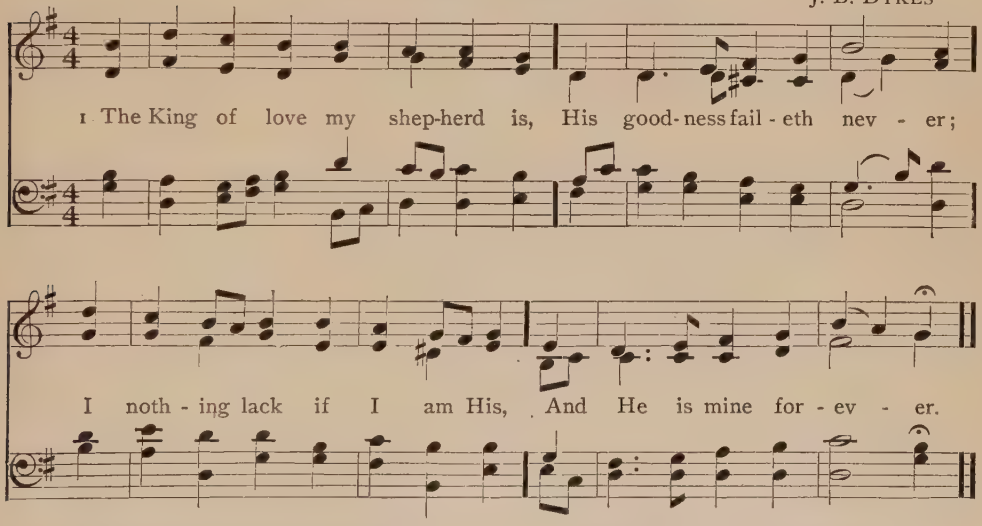
3 When burdens sore upon us press,
And vexing cares increase,
Spring Thou, a fount of quietness,
Our hidden Peace.

4 Though fond hopes fail and joy depart,
And friends should faithless prove,
Oh, save us from the bitter heart,
Indwelling Love!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

141 Dominus Regit Me

J. B. DYKES



2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy light before to guide me.

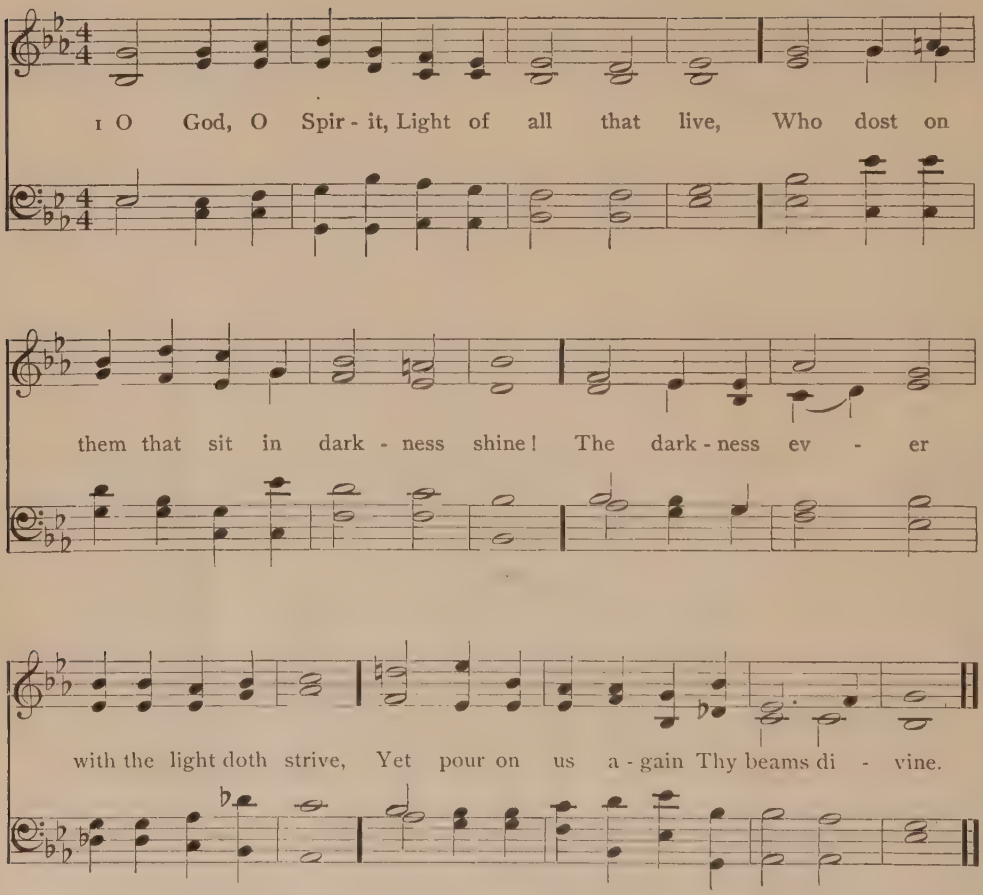
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

H. W. BAKER

142 Bethsaida

10, 10, 10, 10 — J. Barnby


1 O God, O Spir - it, Light of all that live, Who dost on
them that sit in dark - ness shine! The dark - ness ev - er
with the light doth strive, Yet pour on us a - gain Thy beams di - vine.

2 O Breath from out the eternal silence! blow
Softly upon our spirits' waiting ground;
The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

3 O Fountain, that dost unexhausted flow
To quench the thirst that seeks thy waters clear!
O God, O Spirit, Life of life! flow now
Into the hearts which seek Thy quick'ning here.

Gerhard Tersteegen

143

"I will walk in Thy truth"

1 O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

2 We look to Thee: Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

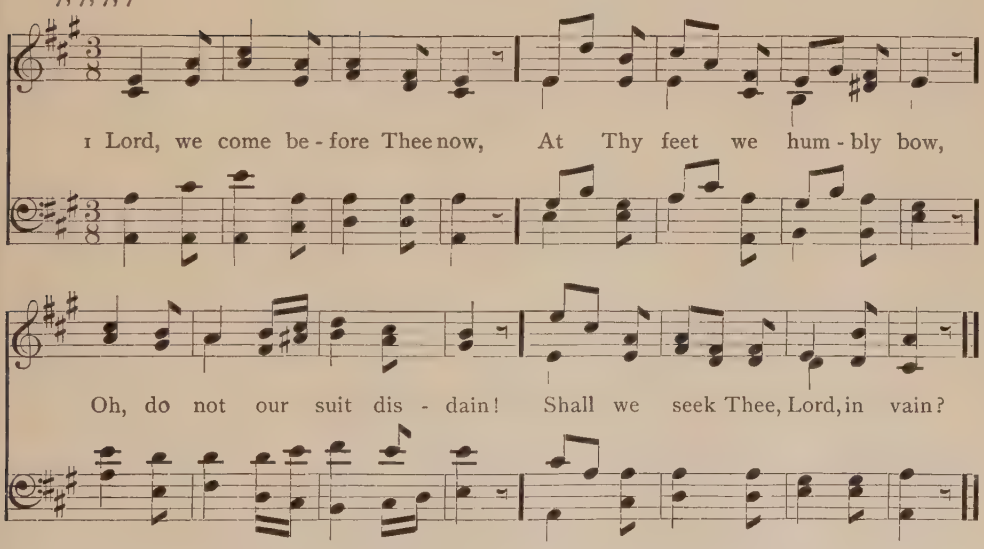
3 Yes: Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way
The holiest know,—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which Thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER

144

Horton

7, 7, 7, 7



2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

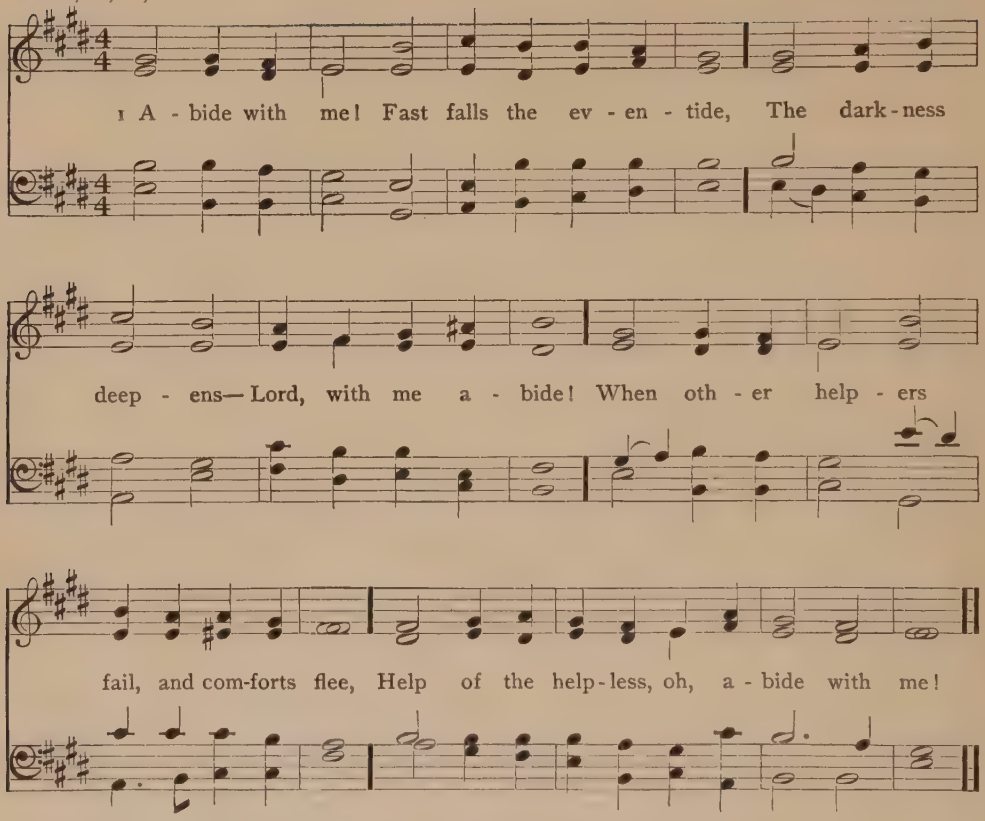
4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND

145 Abide with Me

10, 10, 10, 10

W. H. Monk


1 A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark - ness
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud, and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

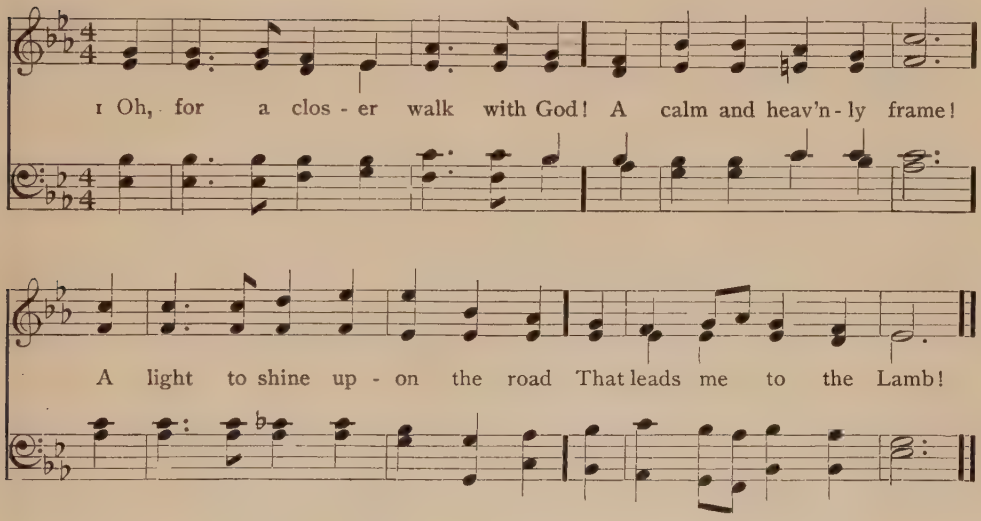
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE

146 Green Hill

C. M. A. L. PEACE



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

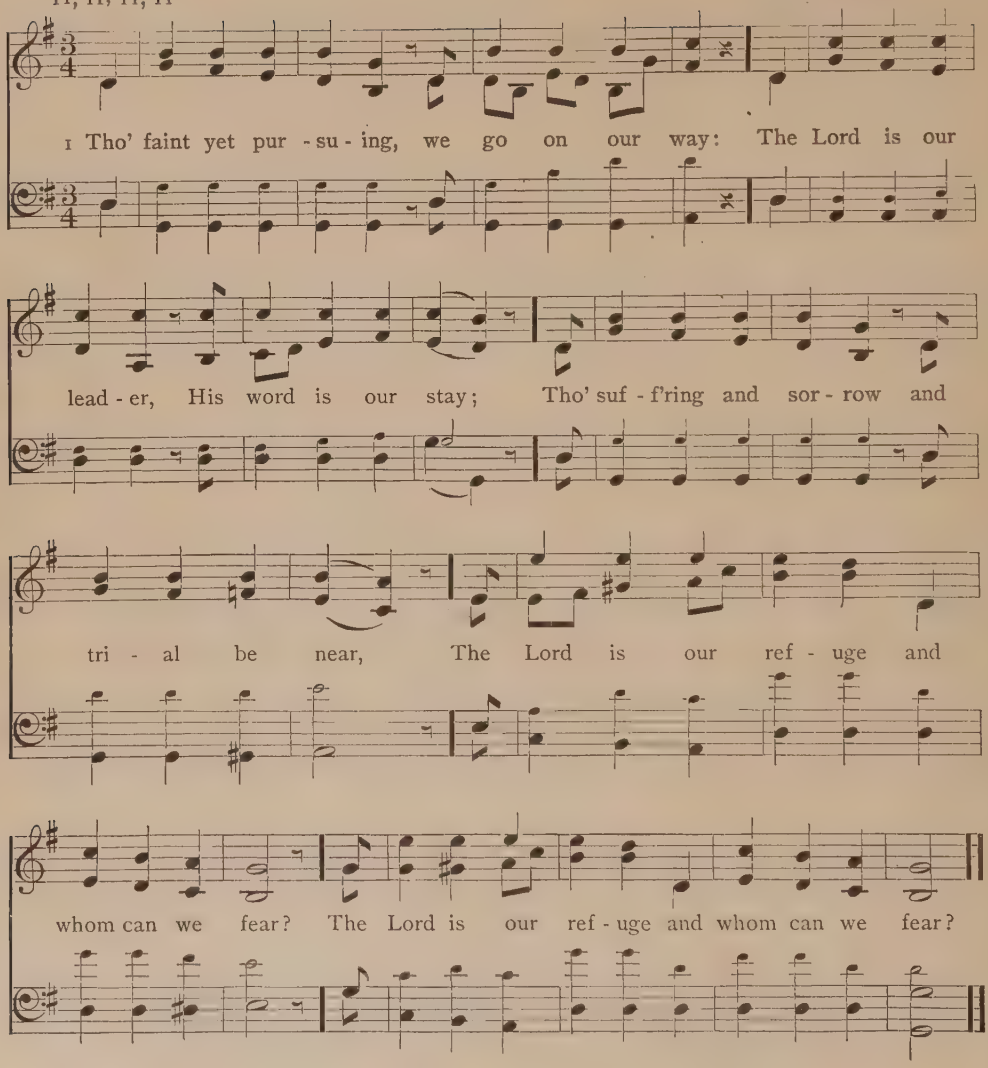
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from its throne
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER

147 Judea

11, 11, 11, 11

THOMAS KOSCHAT

1 Tho' faint yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way: The Lord is our
lead - er, His word is our stay; Tho' suf - f'ring and sor - row and
tri - al be near, The Lord is our ref - uge and
whom can we fear? The Lord is our ref - uge and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in God.

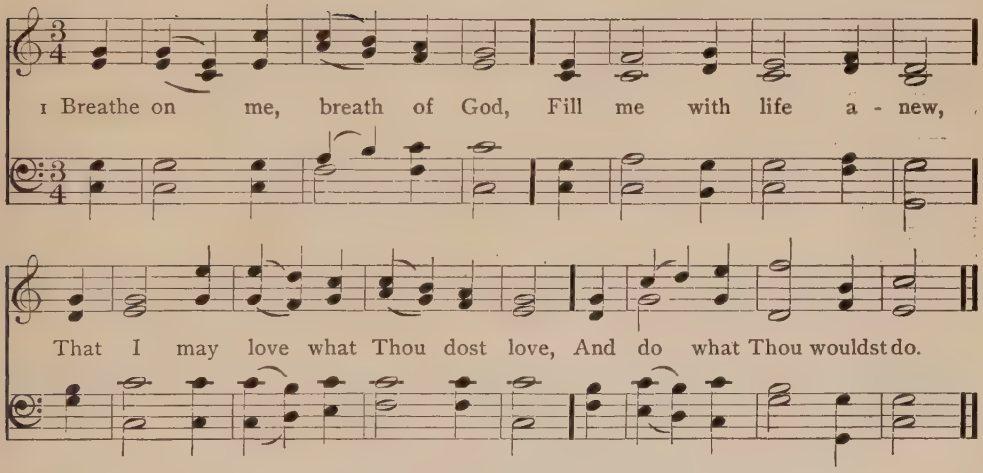
3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

JOHN NELSON DARBY

148 Ferguson

S. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY



2 Breathe on me, breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will
To do and to endure.

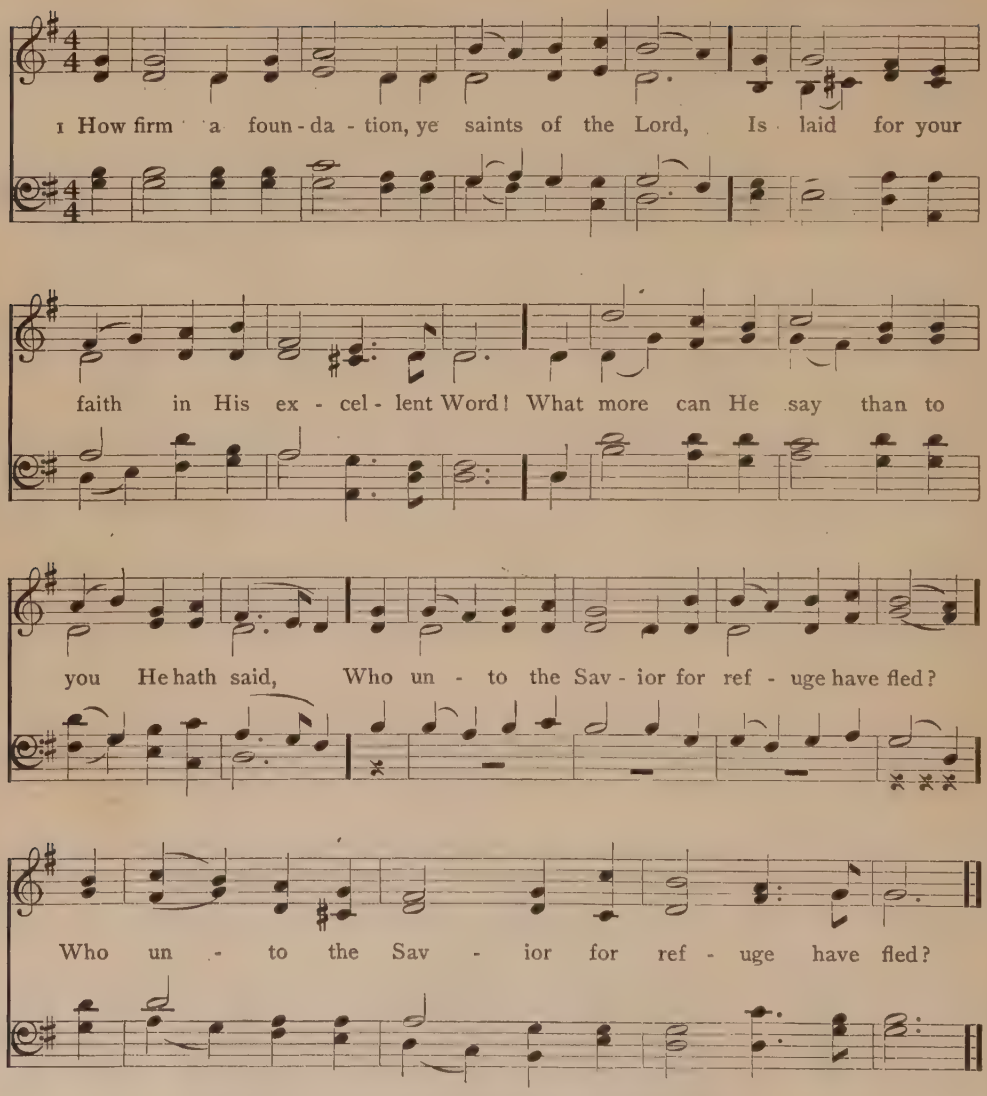
3 Breathe on me, breath of God,
Blend all my soul with Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee, the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH

149 Portuguese Hymn

11, 11, 11, 11 — JOHN READING


1 How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, Who un - to the Sav - ior for ref - uge have fled?
Who un - to the Sav - ior for ref - uge have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

149 Portuguese Hymn (Continued)

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH

150

Psalm xxiii

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessing unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head:
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

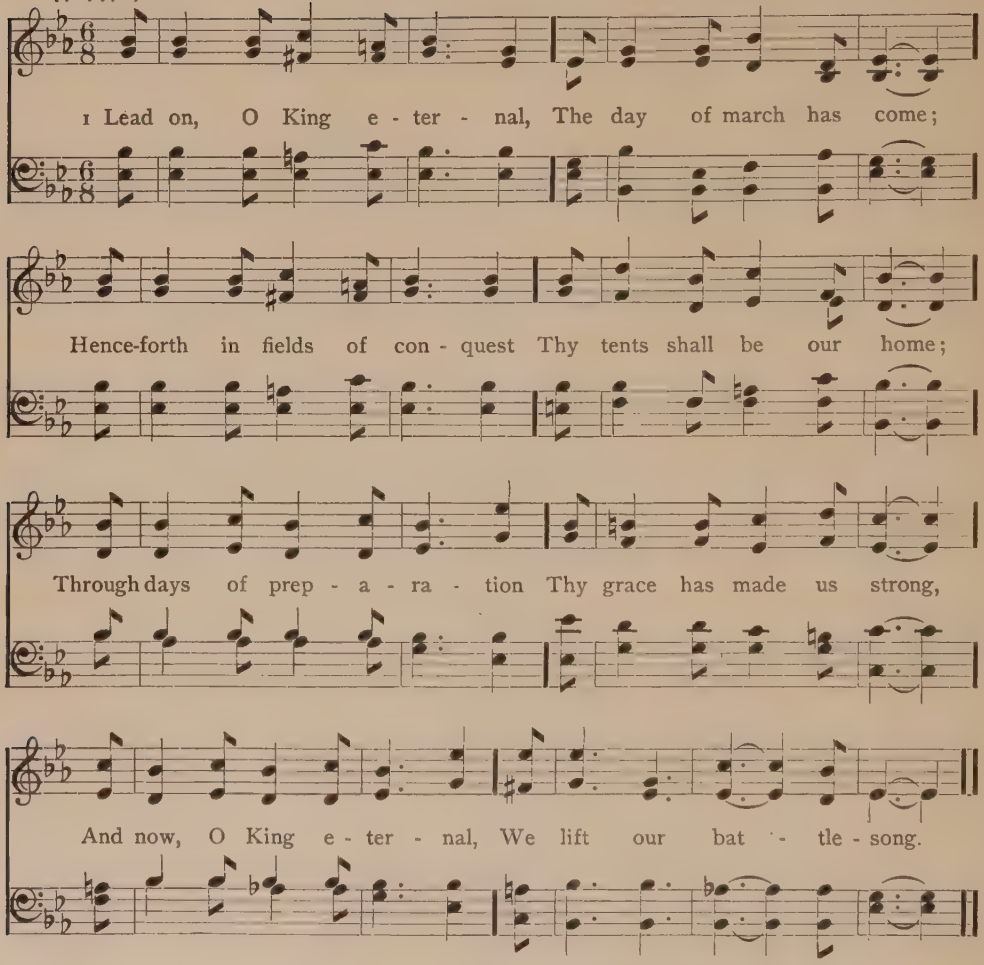
4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

151 Thalberg

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

SIGISMOND THALBERG


1 Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home;
Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song.

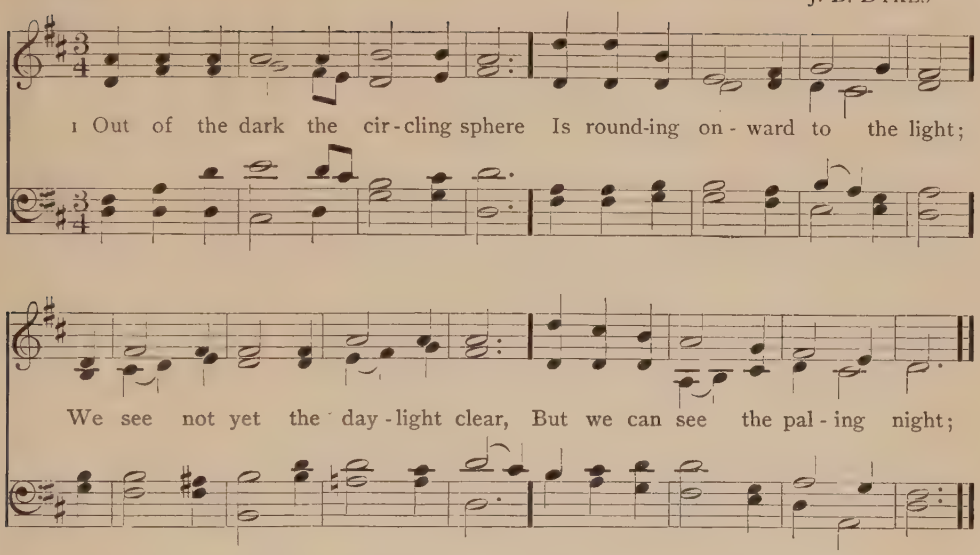
2 Lead on, O King eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King eternal,
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF

152 Rivaulx

L. M. J. B. Dykes


1 Out of the dark the cir-cling sphere Is round-ing on-ward to the light;
We see not yet the day-light clear, But we can see the pal-ing night;

2 And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines with steadfast ray,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
As morning stars, lead on the day.

3 Look backward, how much has been won;
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

4 O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
Oh, keep us steadfast, patient, true.

Samuel Longfellow

153

"The Lord is near"

1 Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

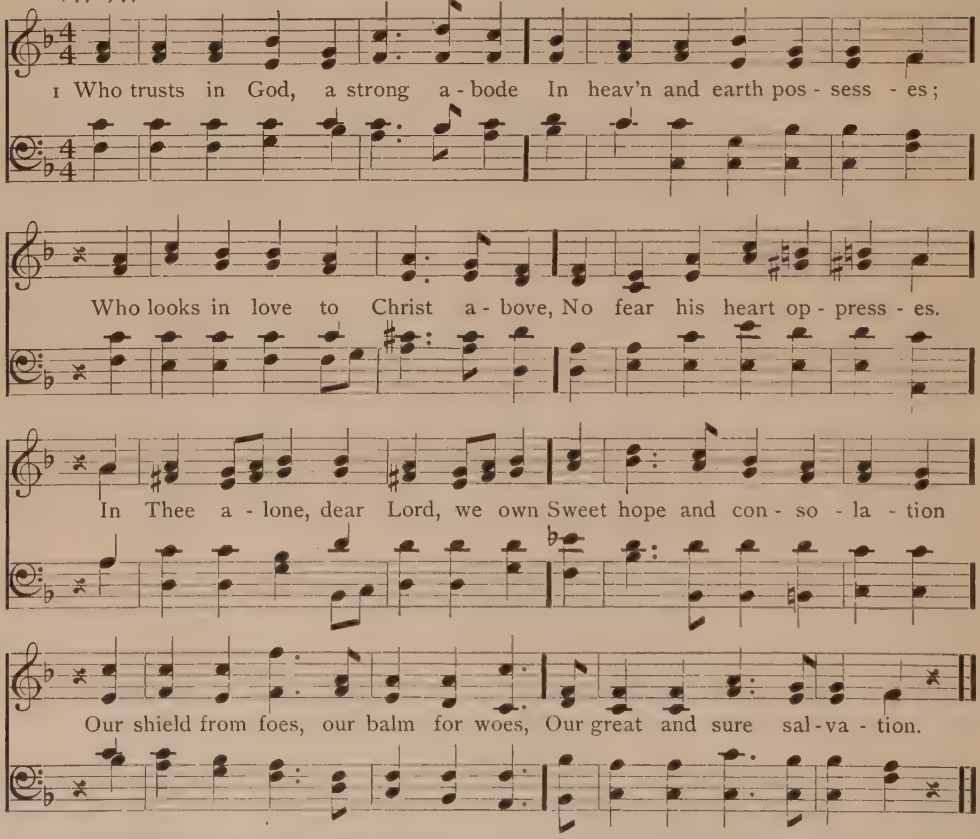
3 Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way; [fear,
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of
A light is breaking calm and clear.

4 Henceforth my soul shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier

154 Constance

8, 7, 8, 7, D. A. S. SULLIVAN


1 Who trusts in God, a strong a - bode In heav'n and earth pos - sess - es;
Who looks in love to Christ a - bove, No fear his heart op - press - es.
In Thee a - lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con - so - la - tion
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va - tion.

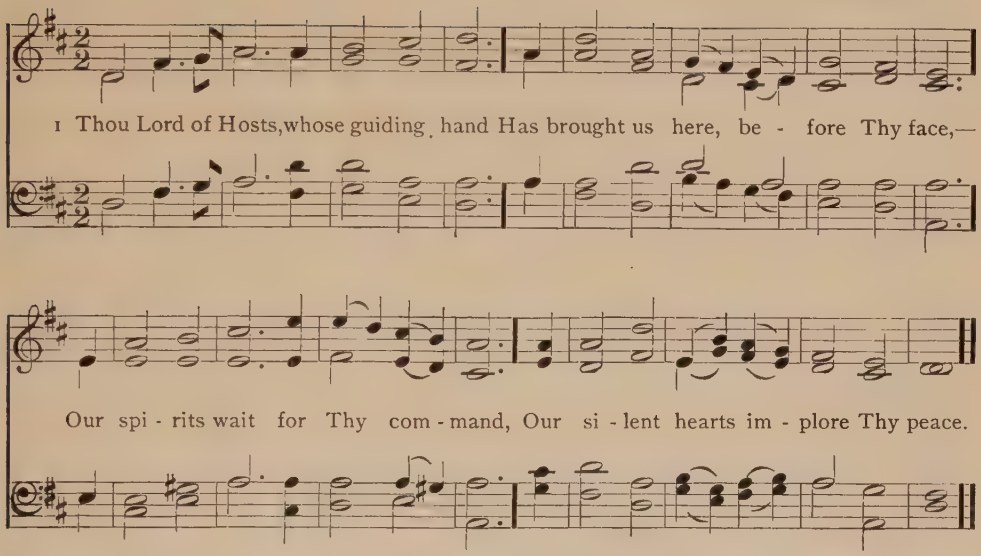
2 Tho' Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us.
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe
And guide our steps forever;
Nor shades of death nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew with heav'nly dew
Our body, soul and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand
Through Jesus' saving merit.

JOACHIM OF MAGDEBURG. Transl. by P. H. KENNEDY

155 Truro

L. M. CHARLES BURNEY


1 Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand Has brought us here, be - fore Thy face,—
Our spi - rits wait for Thy com - mand, Our si - lent hearts im - plore Thy peace.

2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine; [ours;
Thine was the strength that nourished
The soldiers of the Cross are Thine.

3 While watching on our arms at night,
We saw Thine angels round us move;
We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,
And followed trusting to Thy love.

4 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight:
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

5 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth,—be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM

156

"The children of light"

1 O God, I thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that Thy hand doth give,
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank Thee that I live.

2 That life I consecrate to Thee
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of love my soul would flee
And thank Thee for another morn,—

3 Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God,—

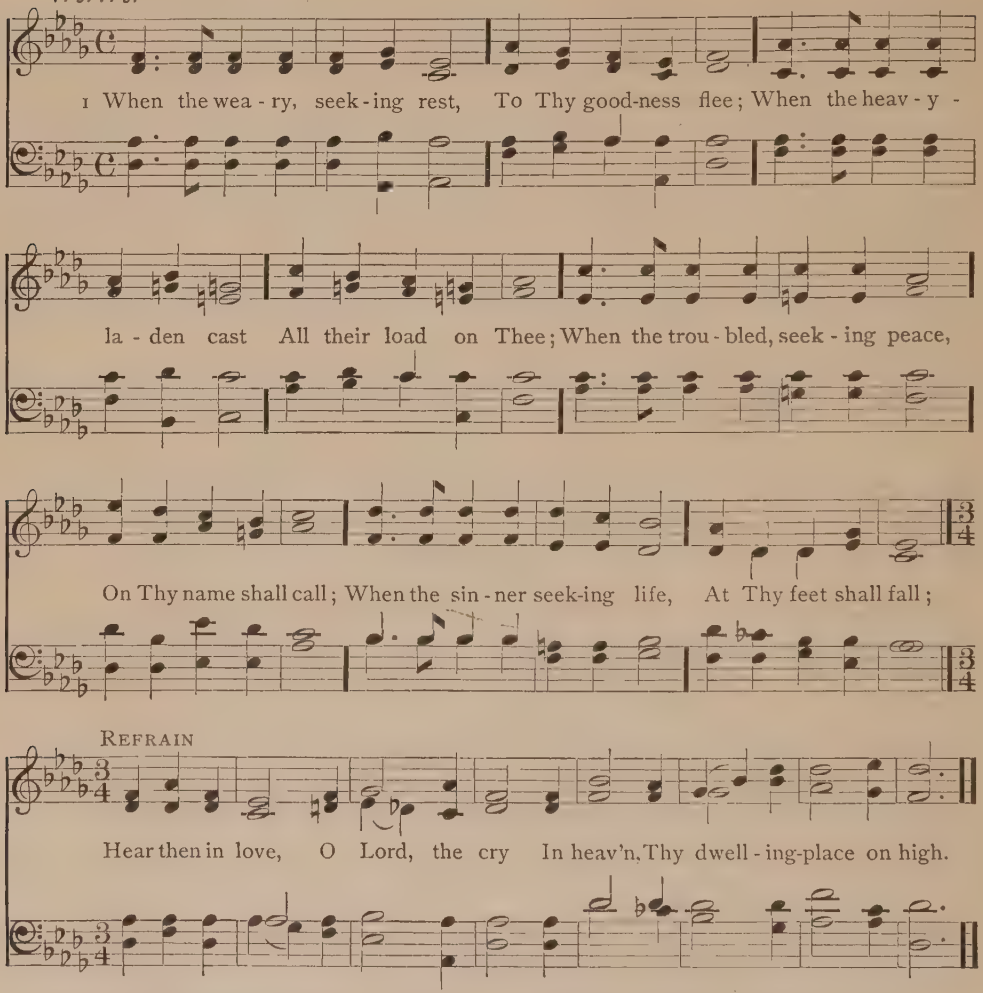
4 Another day to do, to dare,
To tax anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach Heaven and Thee at length.

CAROLINE A. MASON

157 When the Weary, Seeking Rest

7, 5, 7, 5, D. with Refrain

J. STAINER


1 When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heav - y -
la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the trou - bled, seek - ing peace,
On Thy name shall call; When the sin - ner seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall;
REFRAIN
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace; REF.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee; REF.

157 When the Weary, Seeking Rest (Continued)

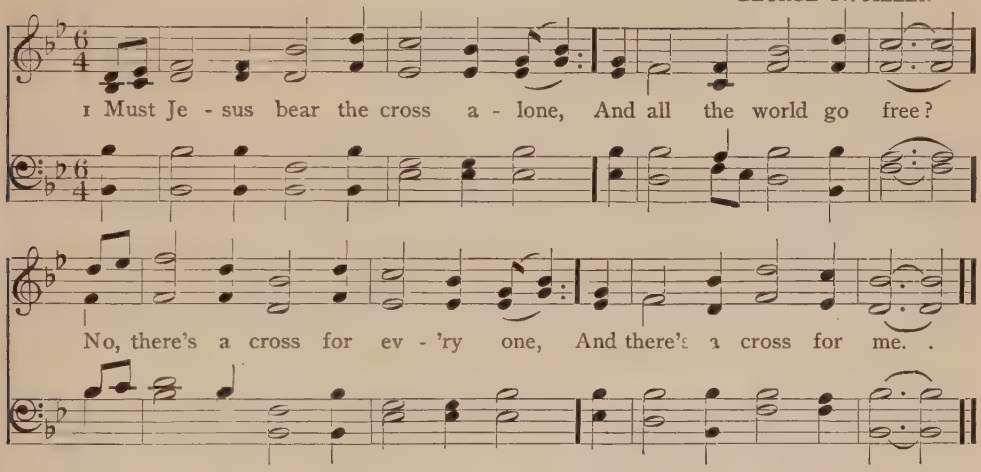
4 When the child with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe; REF.

HORATIUS BONAR

158 Maitland

C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

THOMAS SHEPHERD

159 "*He leadeth me beside the still waters*"

1 I little see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

2 No burden yet on me was laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

3 I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of my own;
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

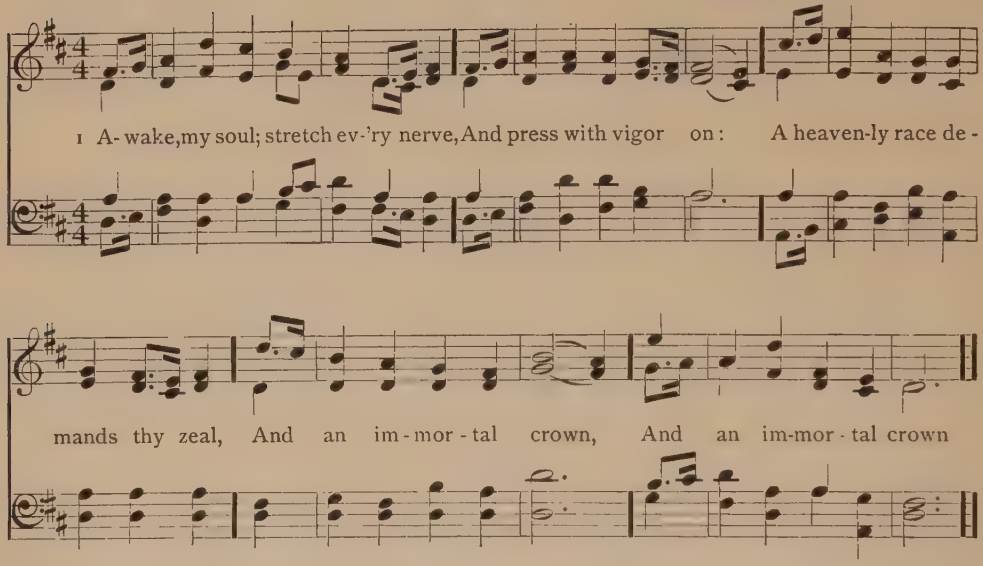
4 I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To light my future way.

5 And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,—
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

6 I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

C. M. Arranged from HANDEL


1 A- wake, my soul; stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vigor on: A heaven-ly race de-
mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victor's wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

161

"Fight the good fight of faith"

1 God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world;
Now, each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
Who joins the glorious host?

2 He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host!

3 He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host!

4 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

162

"The Lord shall fight for you"

1 Workman of God! oh, lose not heart
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when He
Is most invisible!

3 Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

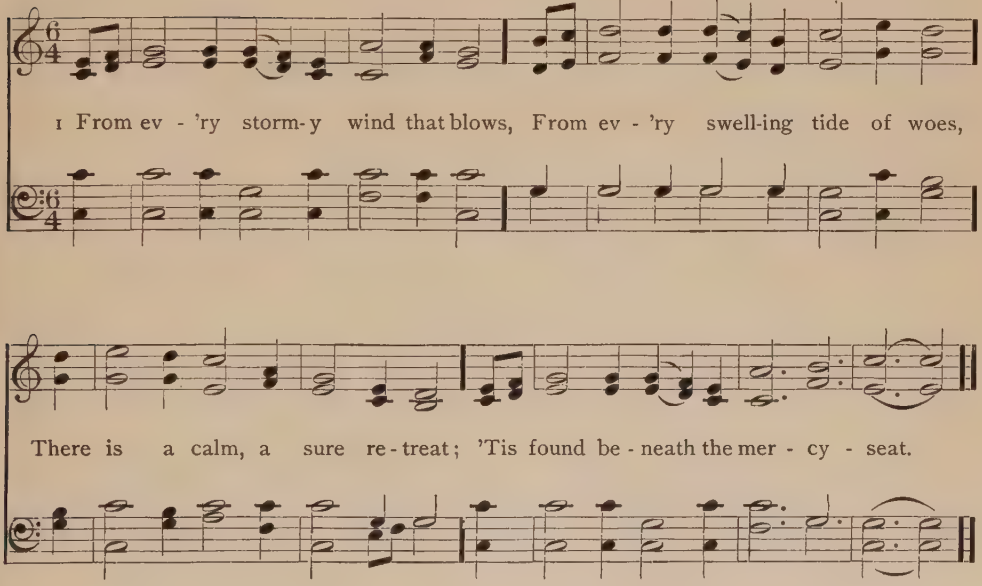
4 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

163

Retreat

L. M. T. HASTINGS


1 From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

2 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

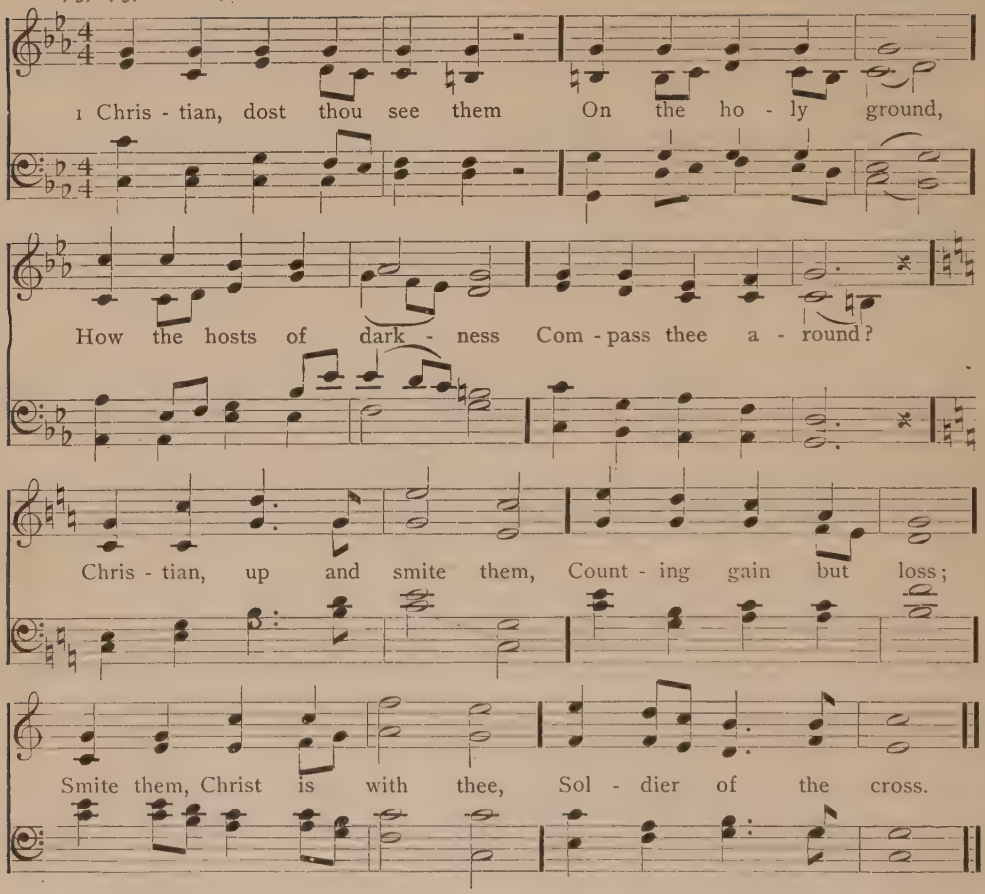
3 There, as on eagle's wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
Then heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL

164 St. Andrew of Crete

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

J. B. Dykes


1 Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

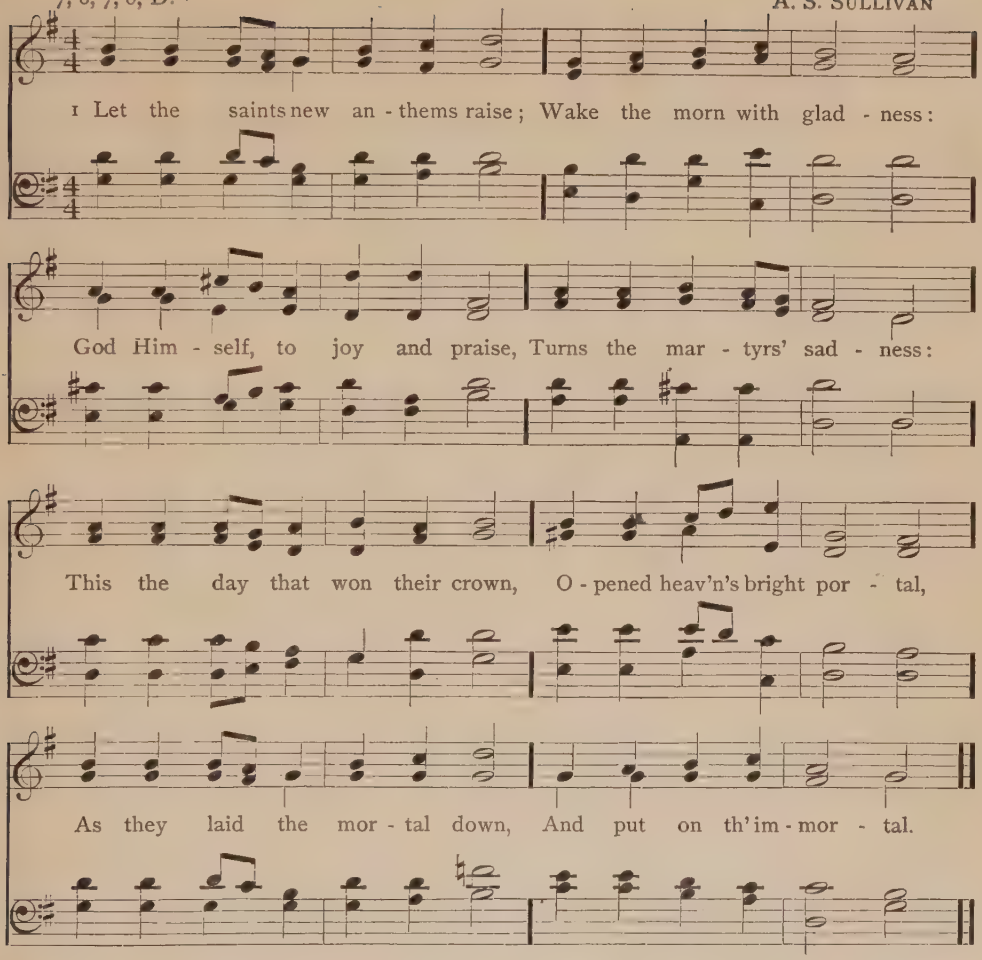
4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Andrew of Crete, 700. Tr. J. M. Neale

165 St. Kevin

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

A. S. Sullivan


1 Let the saints new an - thems raise; Wake the morn with glad - ness:
God Him - self, to joy and praise, Turns the mar - tyrs' sad - ness:
This the day that won their crown, O - pened heav'n's bright por - tal,
As they laid the mor - tal down, And put on th'im - mor - tal.

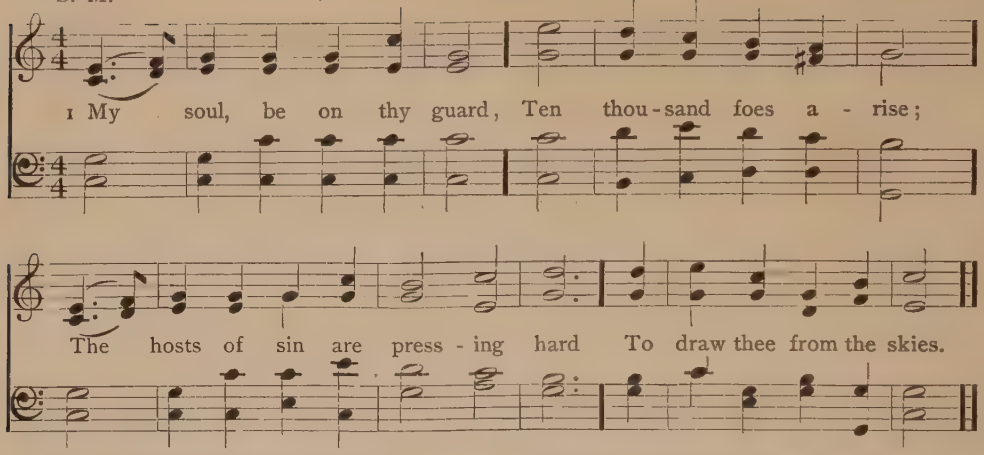
2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish,
And eternal hope o'ercame
That one moment's anguish.
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then
O the glorious morrow!

Joseph of the Studium
Tr. by John Mason Neale

166 Laban

S. M. L. MASON



2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

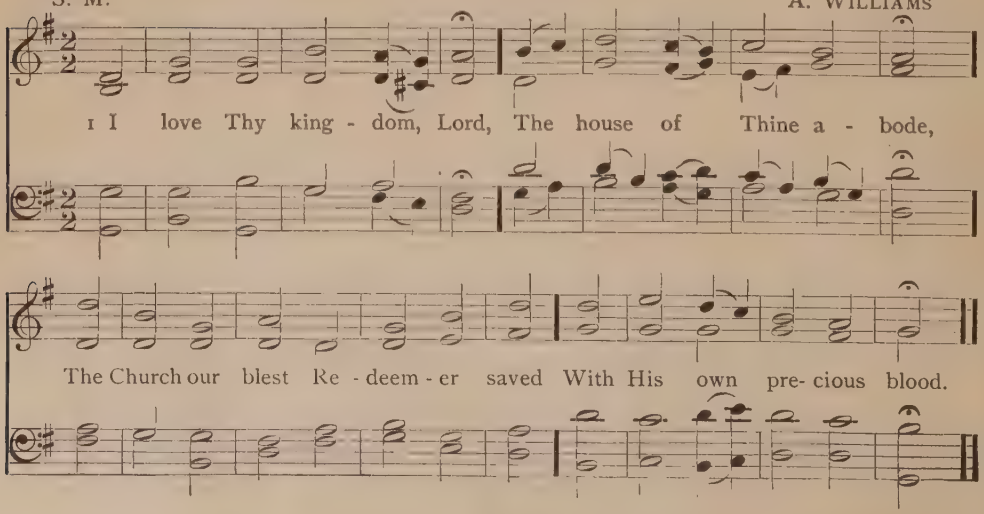
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

G. HEATH

167 St. Thomas

S. M. A. WILLIAMS



167 St. Thomas (Continued)

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

168

"Watch and pray"

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

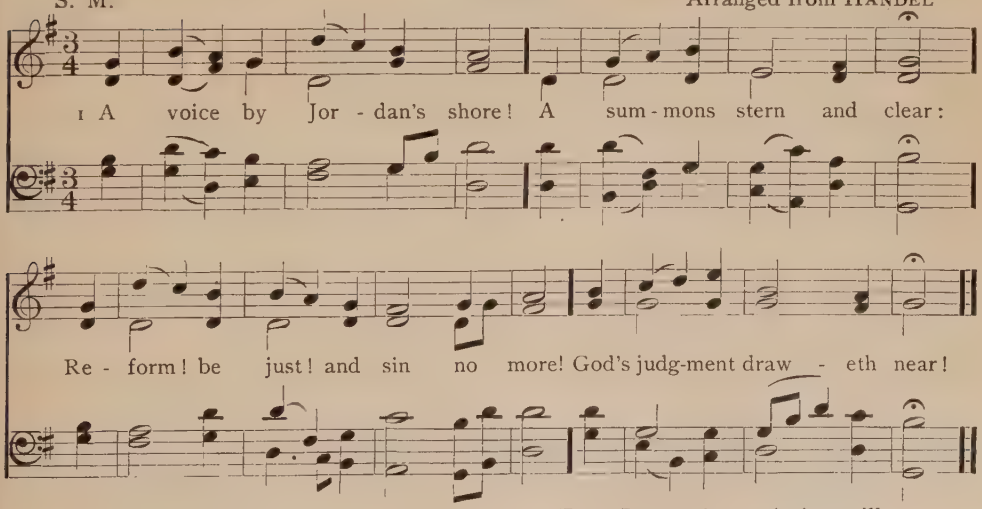
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY

169 Thatcher

S. M. Arranged from HÄNDEL



2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
Love God! thy neighbor love! for see,
God's mercy draweth near!

5 O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth: I hear with awe;
In Thee I own the sov'reign will,
Obey the sov'reign law.

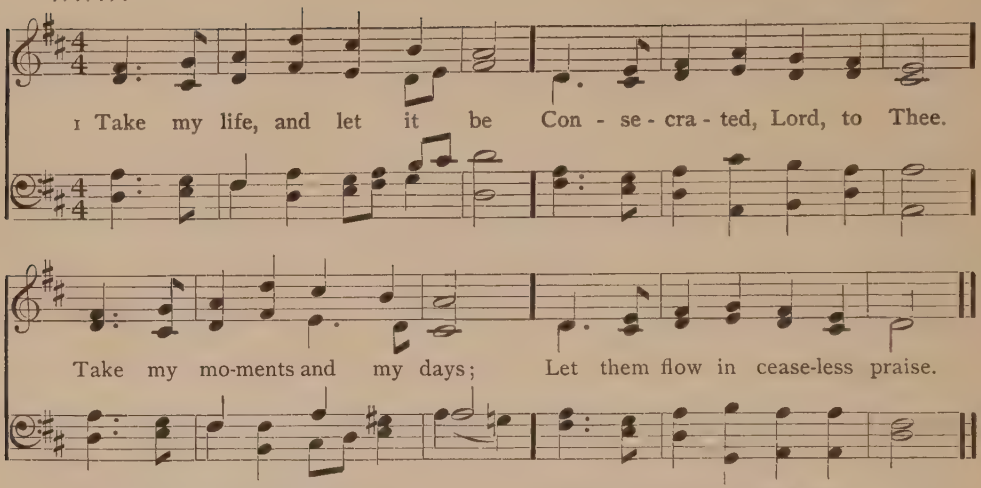
4 Thou higher voice of Love!
Yet speak Thy word in me;
Through Duty let me upward move
To Thy pure liberty!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

170 Innocents

7, 7, 7, 7

Arranged by W. H. MONK



2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

171 *"Serving the Lord"*

1 What Thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine.

2 Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.

3 If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

4 Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.

5 Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

172

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord"

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

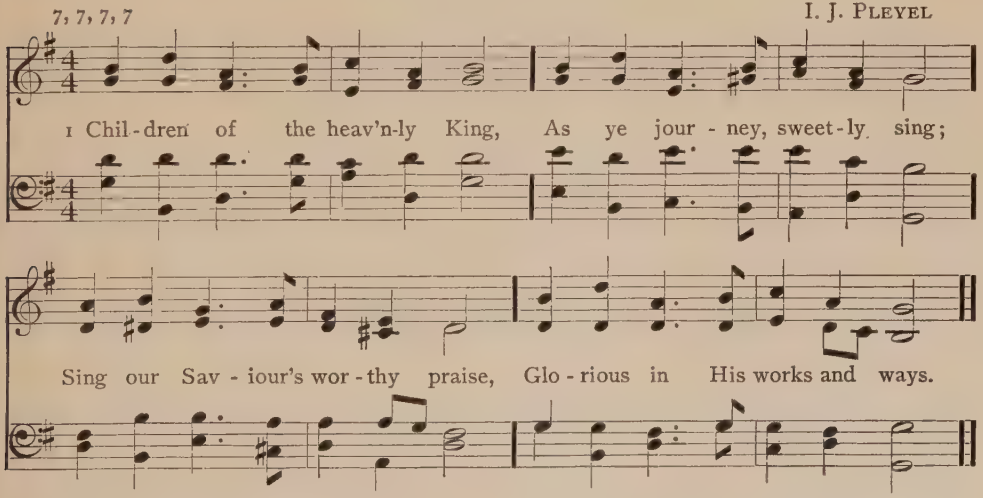
JAMES MONTGOMERY

173

Pleyel's Hymn

7, 7, 7, 7

I. J. PLEYEL



2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

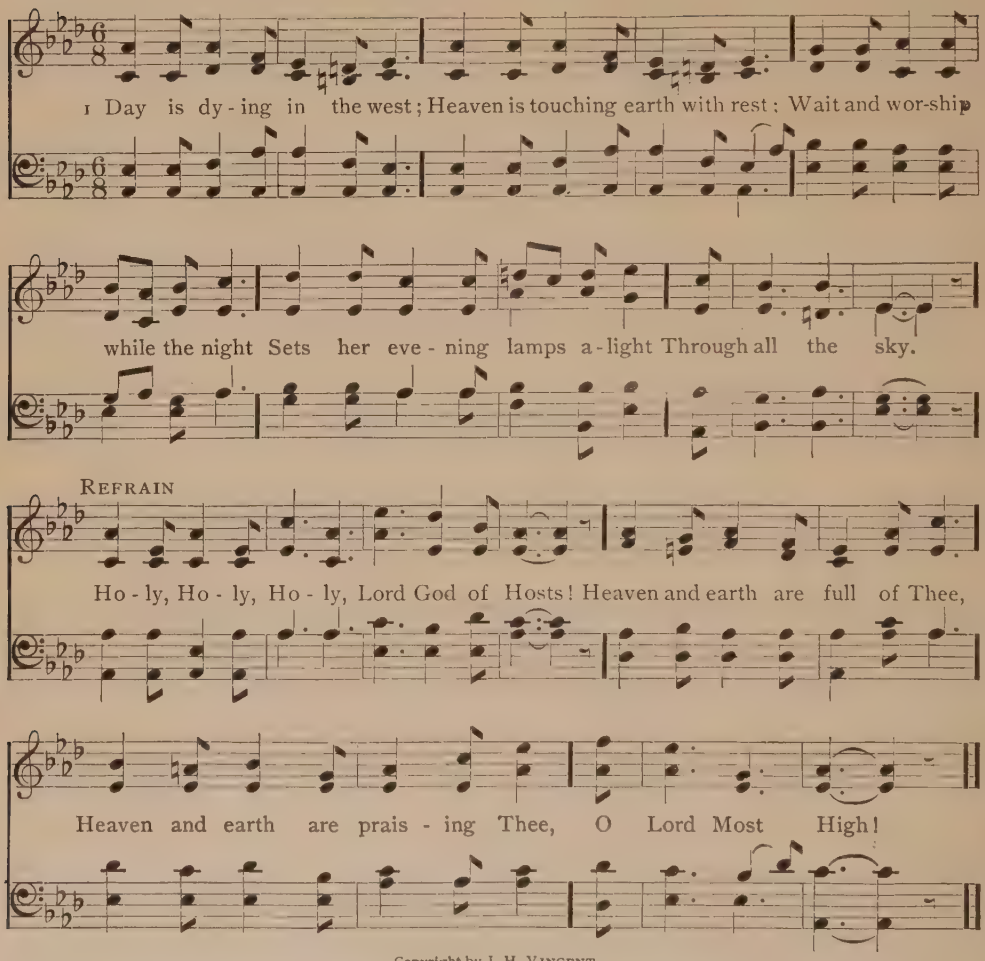
J. CENNICK

This may be sung to Hendon, No. 88

174 Evening Praise

7, 7, 7, 7, 4, with Refrain

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN


1 Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship
while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Through all the sky.
REFRAIN
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

Copyright by J. H. VINCENT

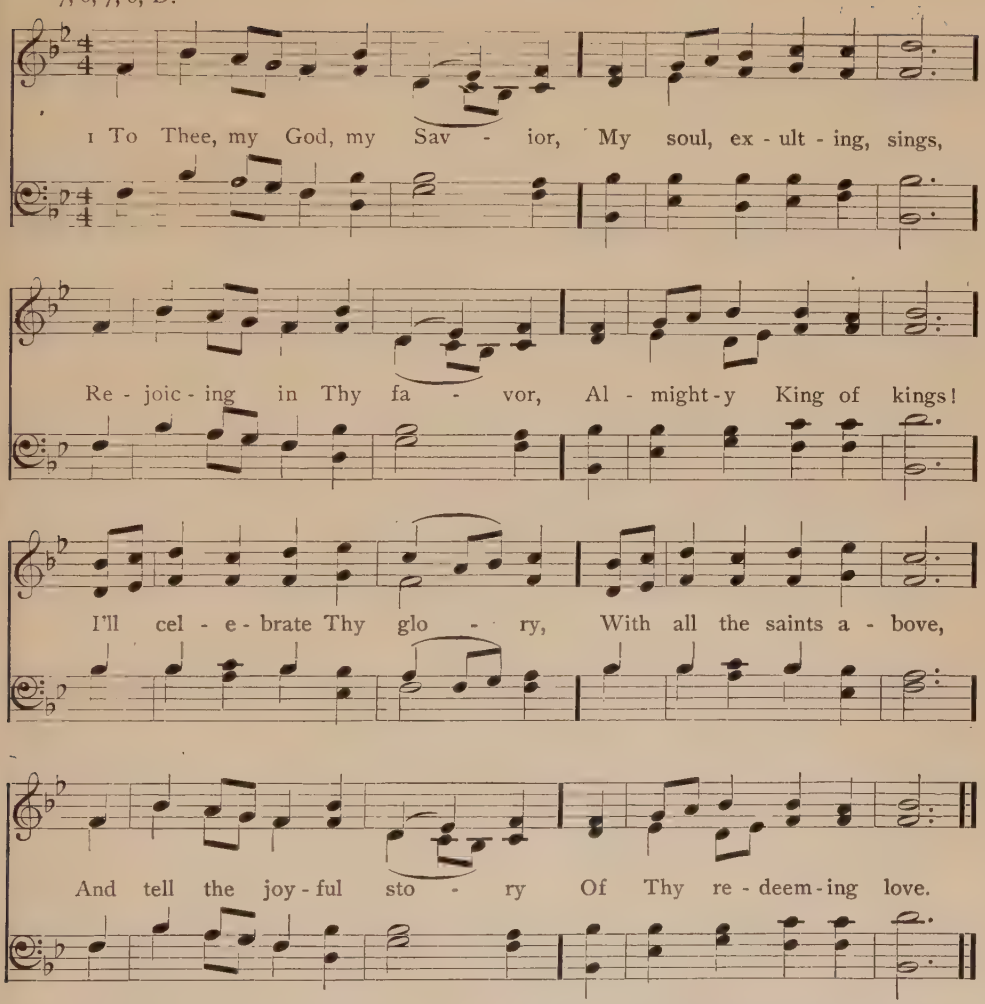
2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.—REF.

4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.—REF.

MARY ANN LATHBURY

175 Ellacombe

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 To Thee, my God, my Sav - ior, My soul, ex - ult - ing, sings,
Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings!
I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all the saints a - bove,
And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Savior, Thou shalt hear:
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near!

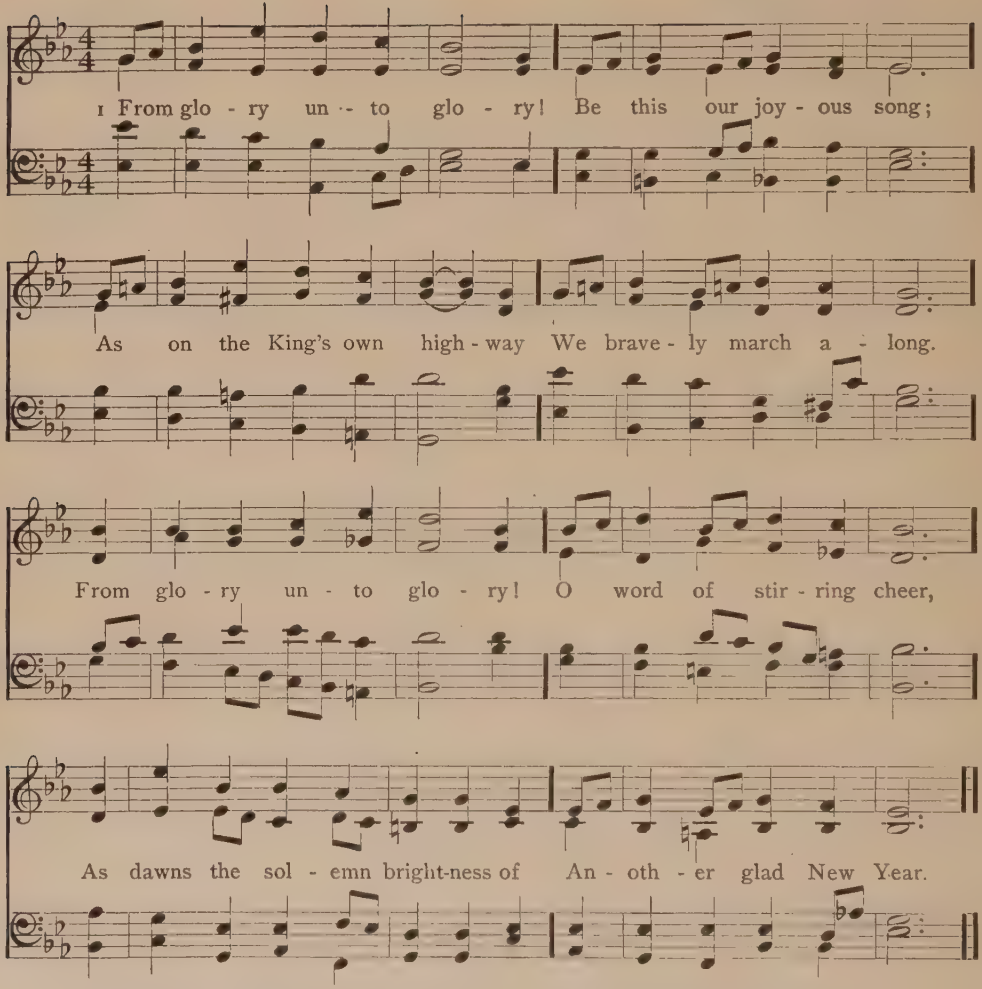
3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
There cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee:
What would an angel more?

THOMAS HAWEIS

176 Berthold

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

BERTHOLD TOURS

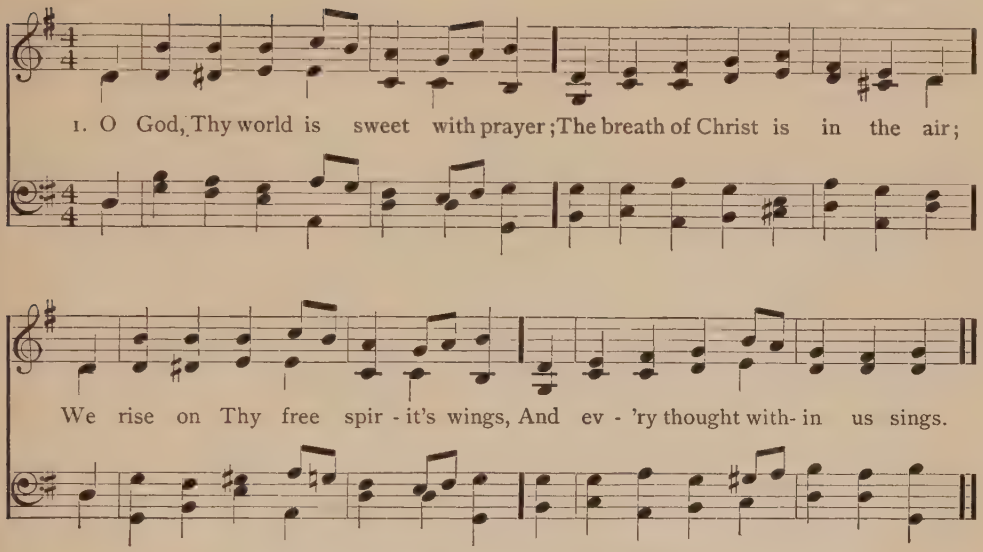

1 From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;
As on the King's own high - way We brave - ly march a - long.
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,
As dawns the sol - emn bright-ness of An - oth - er glad New Year.

2 From glory unto glory!
What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us,
What triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory!
What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid
His own so freely down.

3 O let our adoration
For all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, deep, and true,
O even now our hearts shall bow
And joyful vows renew.

177 Canonbury

L. M. R. SCHUMANN


1. O God, Thy world is sweet with prayer; The breath of Christ is in the air;
We rise on Thy free spir - it's wings, And ev - 'ry thought with- in us sings.

2 Thou art our Morning and our Sun,
Our work is glad, in Thee begun;
Our foot-worn path is fresh with dew
For Thou createst all things new.

3 O God, within us and above,
Close to us in the Christ we love,
Through Him, our only guide and way,
May heavenly life be ours to-day.

LUCY LARCOM

178

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil"

1 Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3 Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

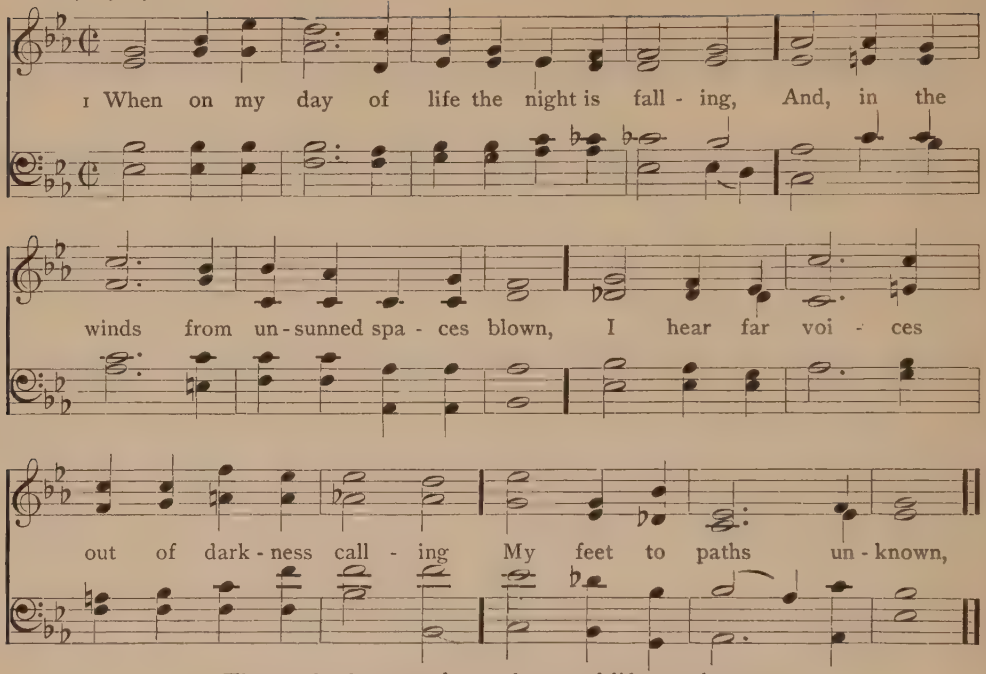
4 Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

WILLIAM ROSCOE
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

179 Burnley

11, 10, 11, 6

J. Barnby


1 When on my day of life the night is fall - ing, And, in the
winds from un - sunned spa - ces blown, I hear far voi - ces
out of dark - ness call - ing My feet to paths un - known,

2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4 I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

5 Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace —
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

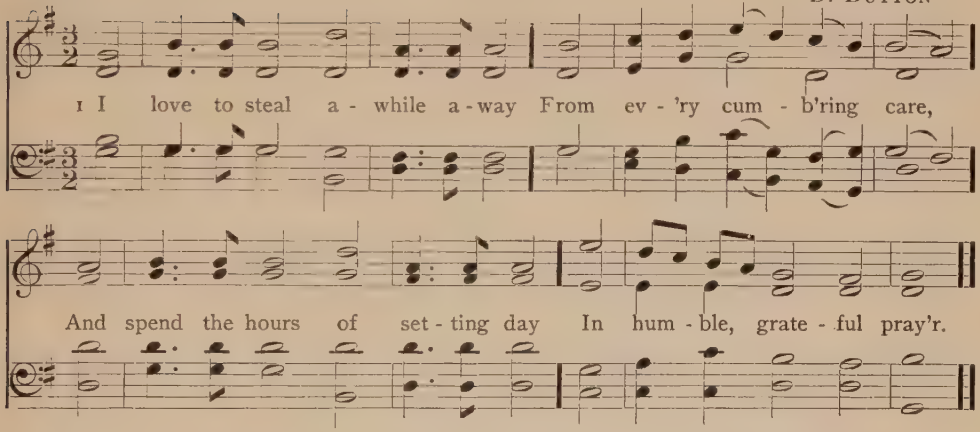
6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever, through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

7 There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

180 Woodstock

C. M. D. DUTTON



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. P. H. BROWN

181

"The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings"

1 On eyes that watch through sorrow's night
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn!

2 The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And flowers are blossoming.

3 O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
Immortal hopes shall grow:

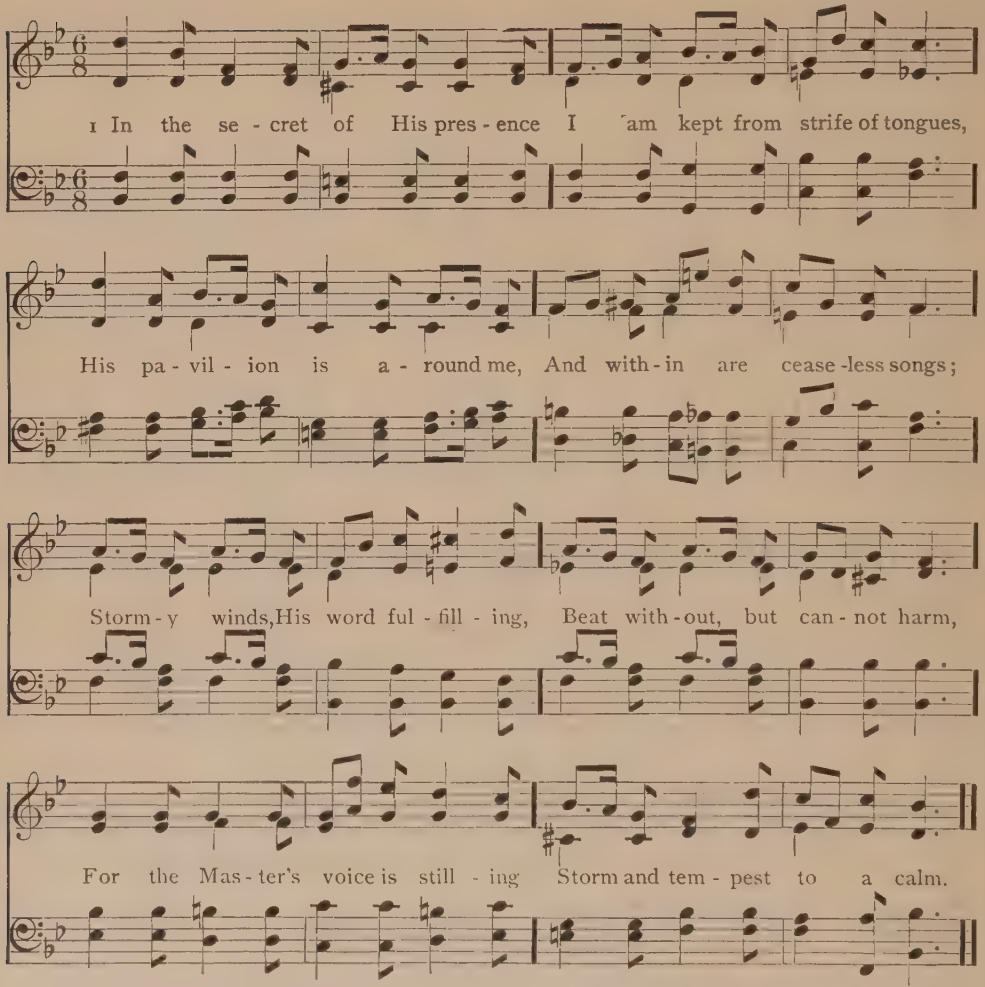
4 Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

182 In the Secret of His Presence

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

G. E. Oliver


1 In the se - cret of His pres - ence I am kept from strife of tongues,
His pa - vil - ion is a - round me, And with - in are cease - less songs;
Storm - y winds, His word ful - fill - ing, Beat with - out, but can - not harm,
For the Mas - ter's voice is still - ing Storm and tem - pest to a calm.

2 In the secret of His presence
All the darkness disappears,
For a sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears.
So the day grows ever brighter,
Broadening to the perfect noon;
And the heart grows ever lighter,
Heaven is coming near and soon.

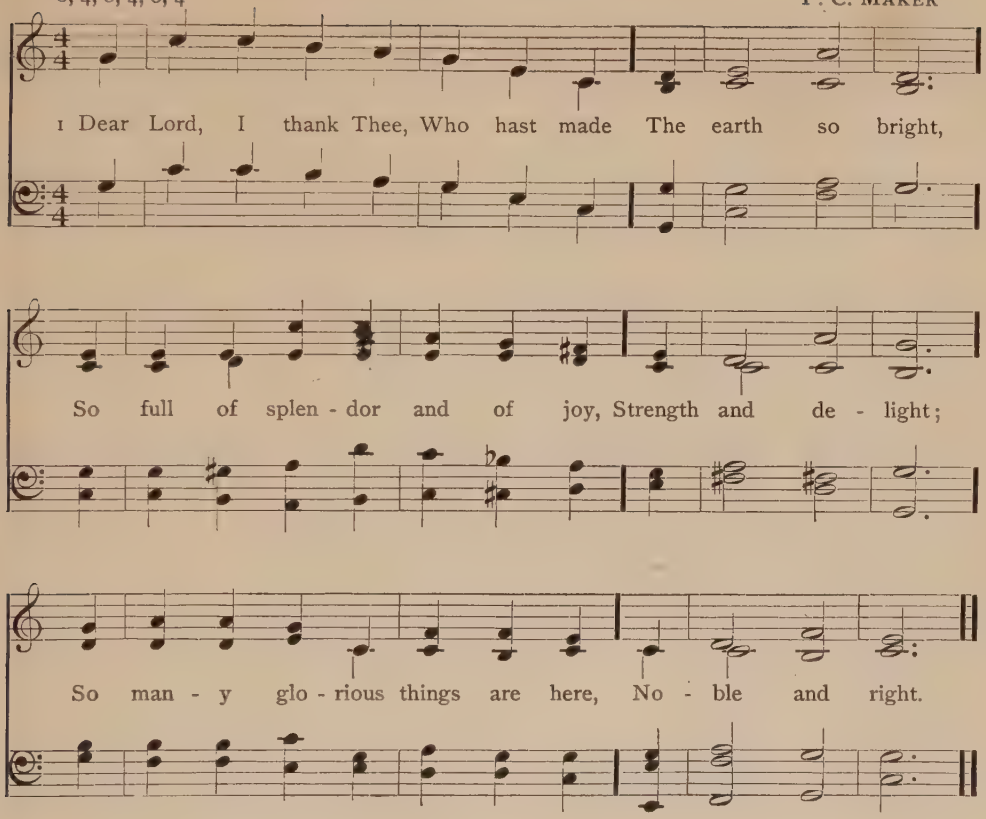
3 In the secret of His presence
Is a sweet, unbroken rest;
Pleasures rise to glorious fullness,
Making earth like Eden blest.
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my keeper,
Keeping mine and keeping me.

Henry Burton

183 Wentworth

8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4

F. C. MAKER


1 Dear Lord, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright,
So full of splen - dor and of joy, Strength and de - light;
So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Enfold us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

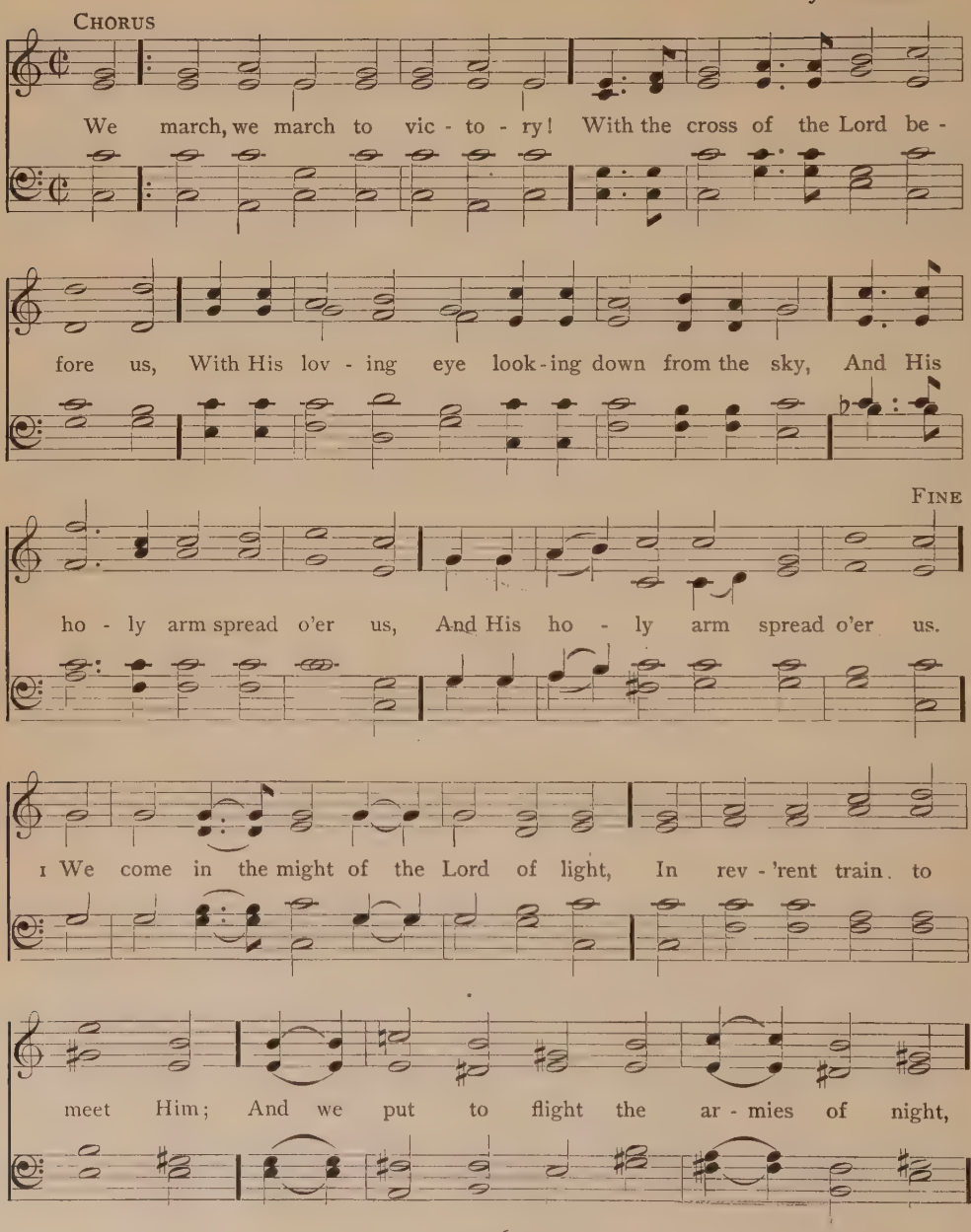
3 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
I have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

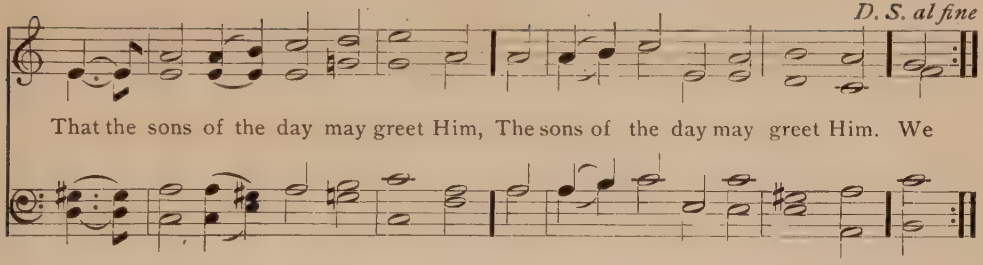
184 We March to Victory

J. Barnby


Chorus
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be -
fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His
Fine
ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.
1 We come in the might of the Lord of light, In rev - 'rent train to
meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night,

184 We March to Victory (Continued)

CHORUS
D. S. al fine



2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
‖: Our watchword, the Incarnation. :‖

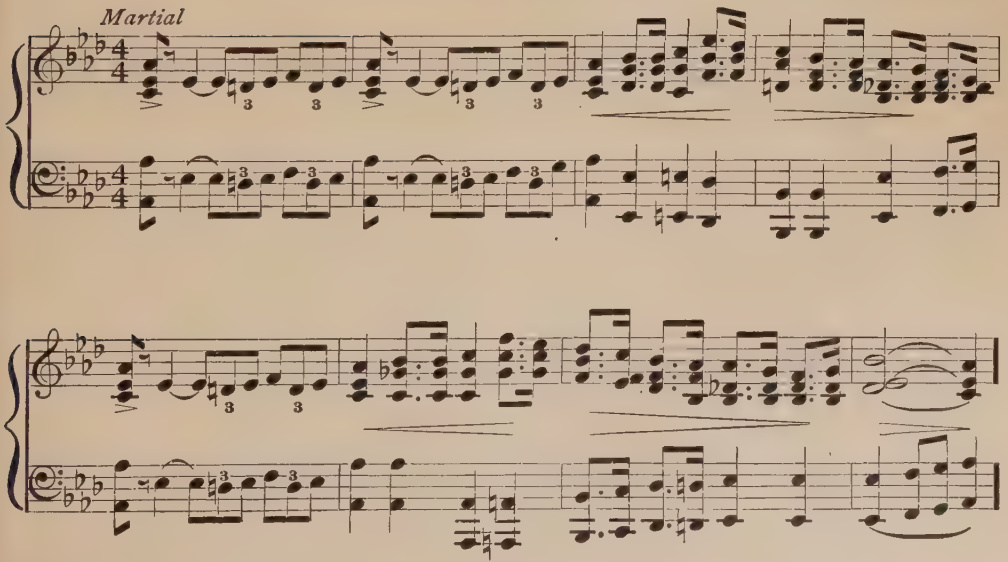
3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion; [gates,
For our Captain has broken the brazen
‖: And burst the bars of iron. :‖

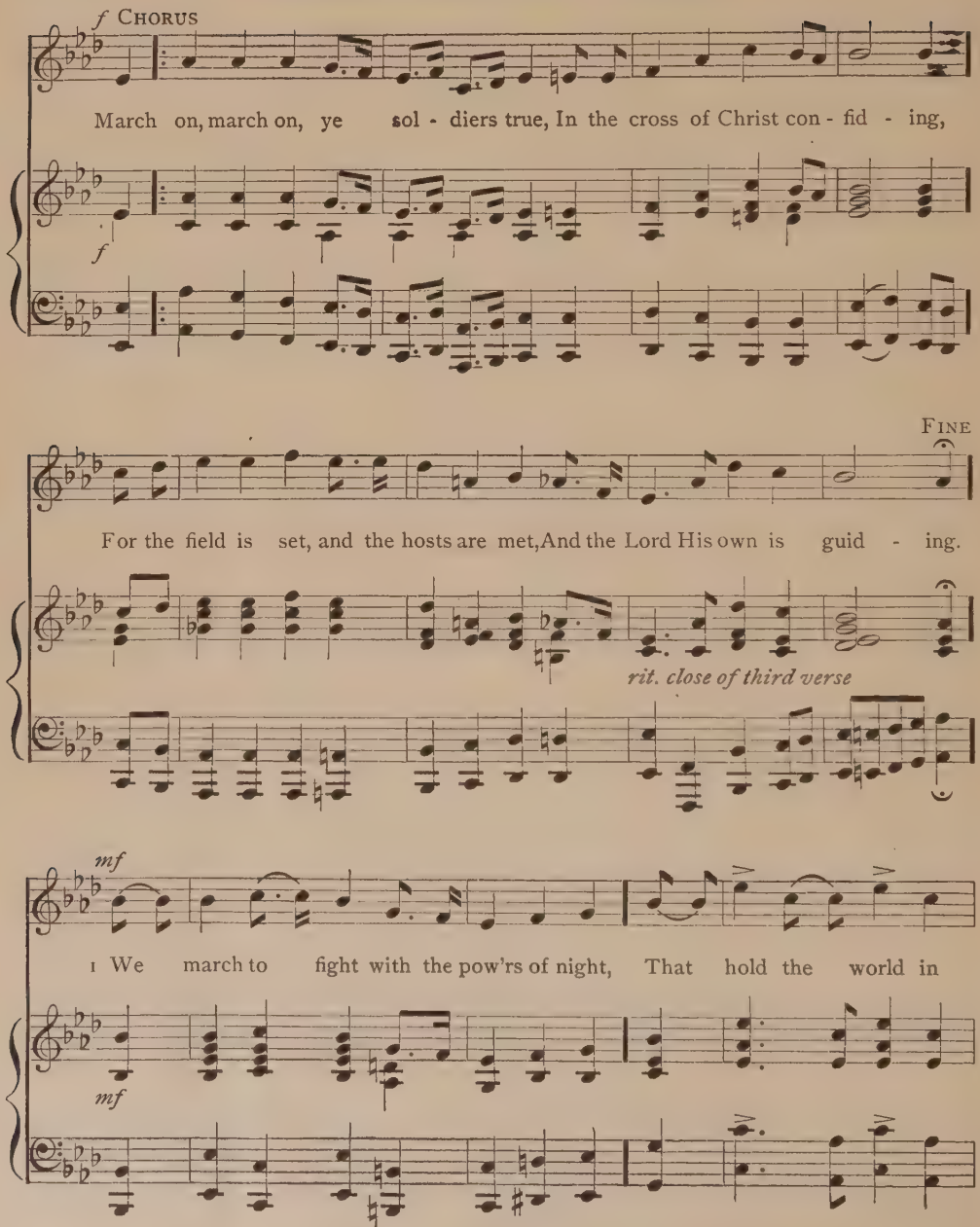
4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
‖: And His holy arm spread o'er us. :‖

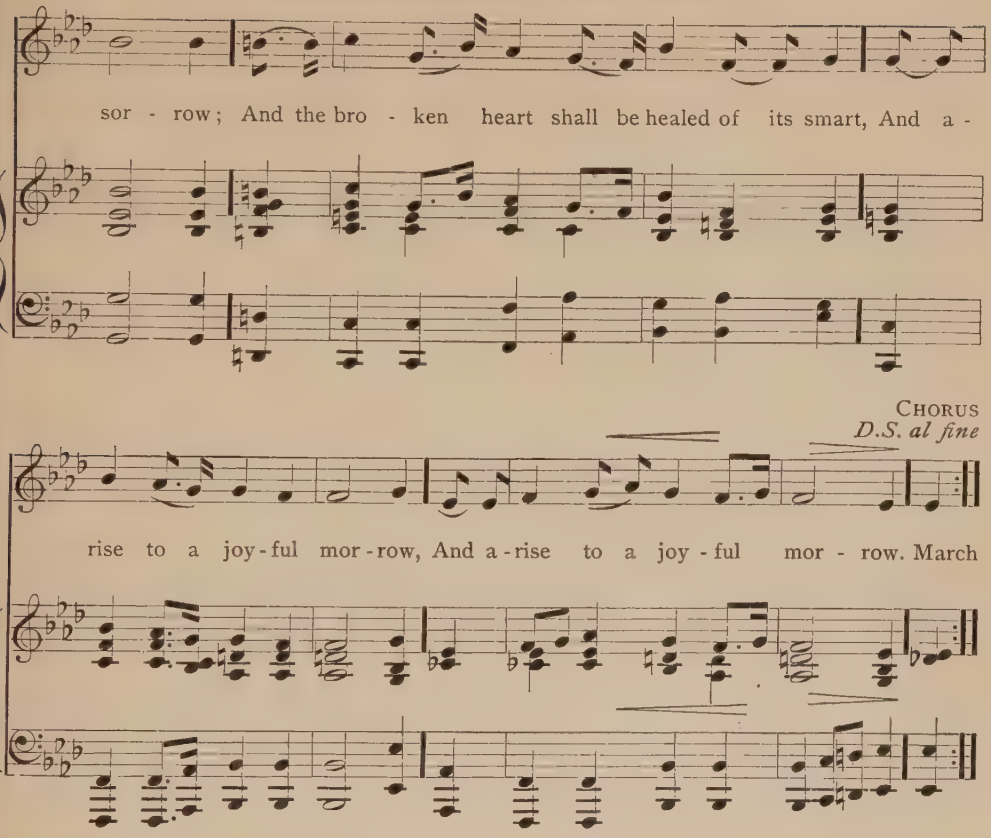
GERARD MOULTRIE

185 Christian's Marching Song

G. E. OLIVER




f CHORUS
March on, march on, ye sol - diers true, In the cross of Christ con - fid - ing,
f
FINE
For the field is set, and the hosts are met, And the Lord His own is guid - ing.
rit. close of third verse
mf
1 We march to fight with the pow'rs of night, That hold the world in
mf


sor - row; And the bro - ken heart shall be healed of its smart, And a -
CHORUS
D.S. al fine
rise to a joy-ful mor-row, And a-rise to a joy - ful mor - row. March

2 We fight against wrong with the weapon strong,
Of the love that all hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall,
‖:As the thrones of the tyrants vanish.:‖

3 Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us:
And prayers that rise to the listening skies
‖:Like a song of hope shall cheer us.:‖

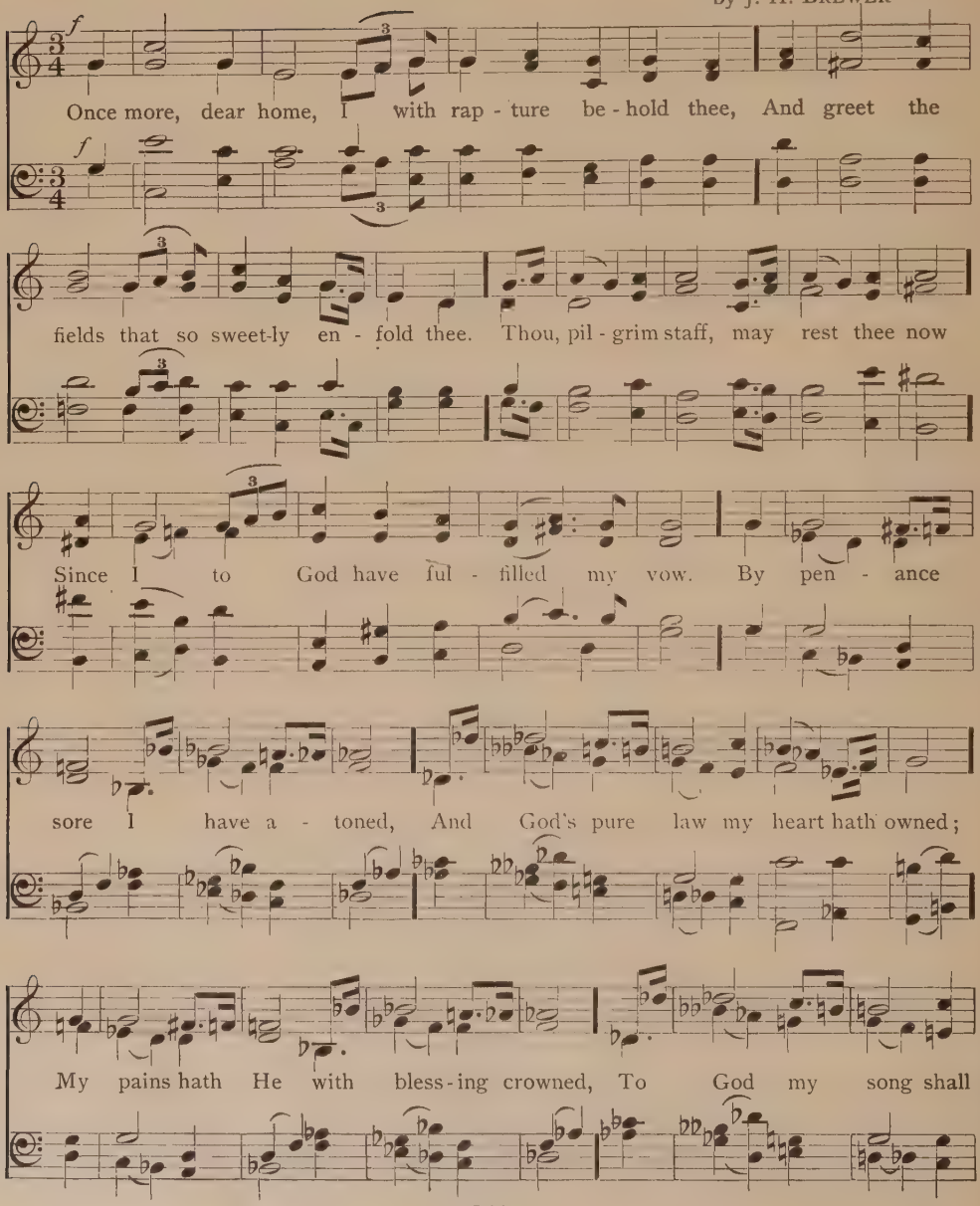
4 Till the sunrise broad of the day of God,
Shall shine on the victor's glory,
And earth at rest in her Lord confessed,
‖:Shall rejoice in the finished story.:‖

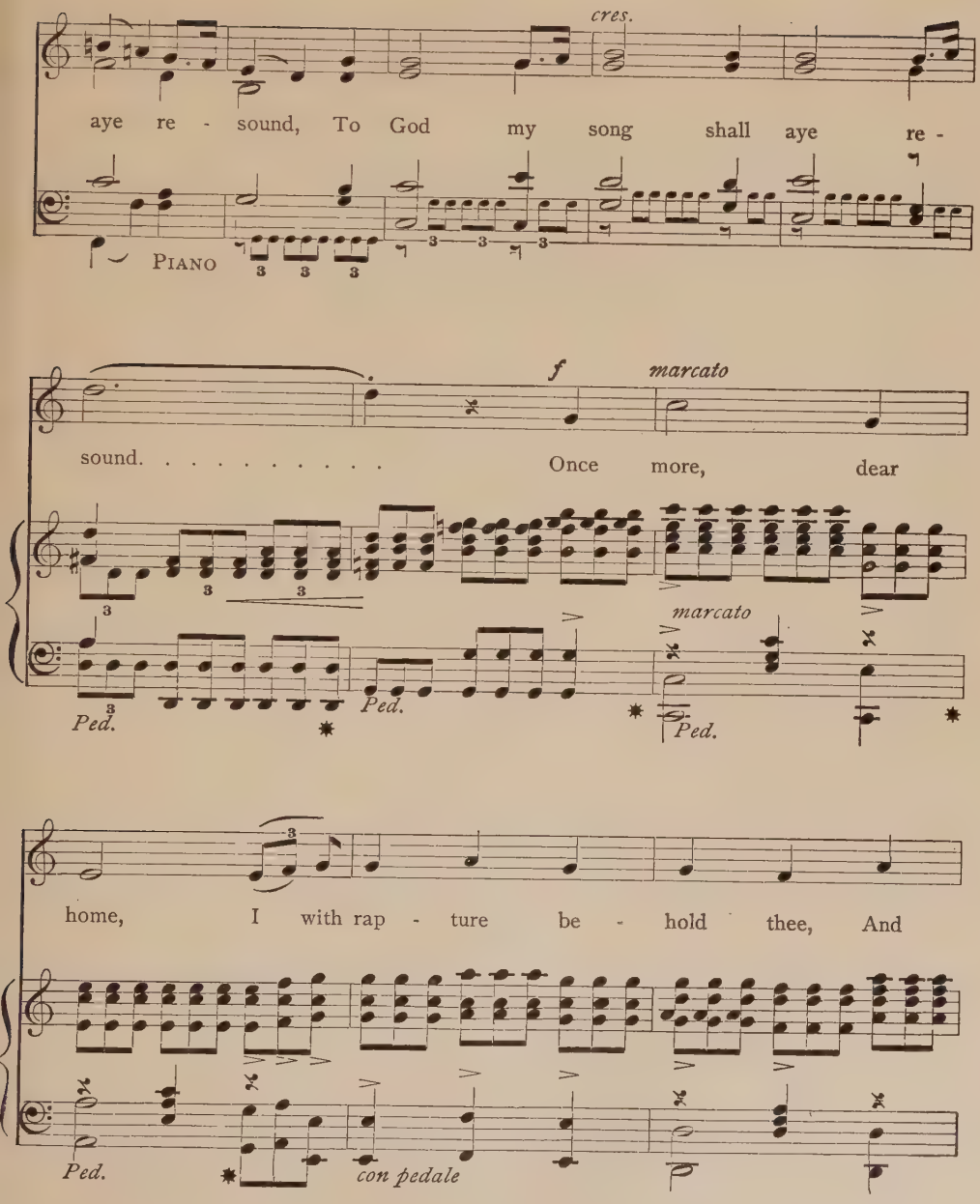
GERALD MOULTRIE

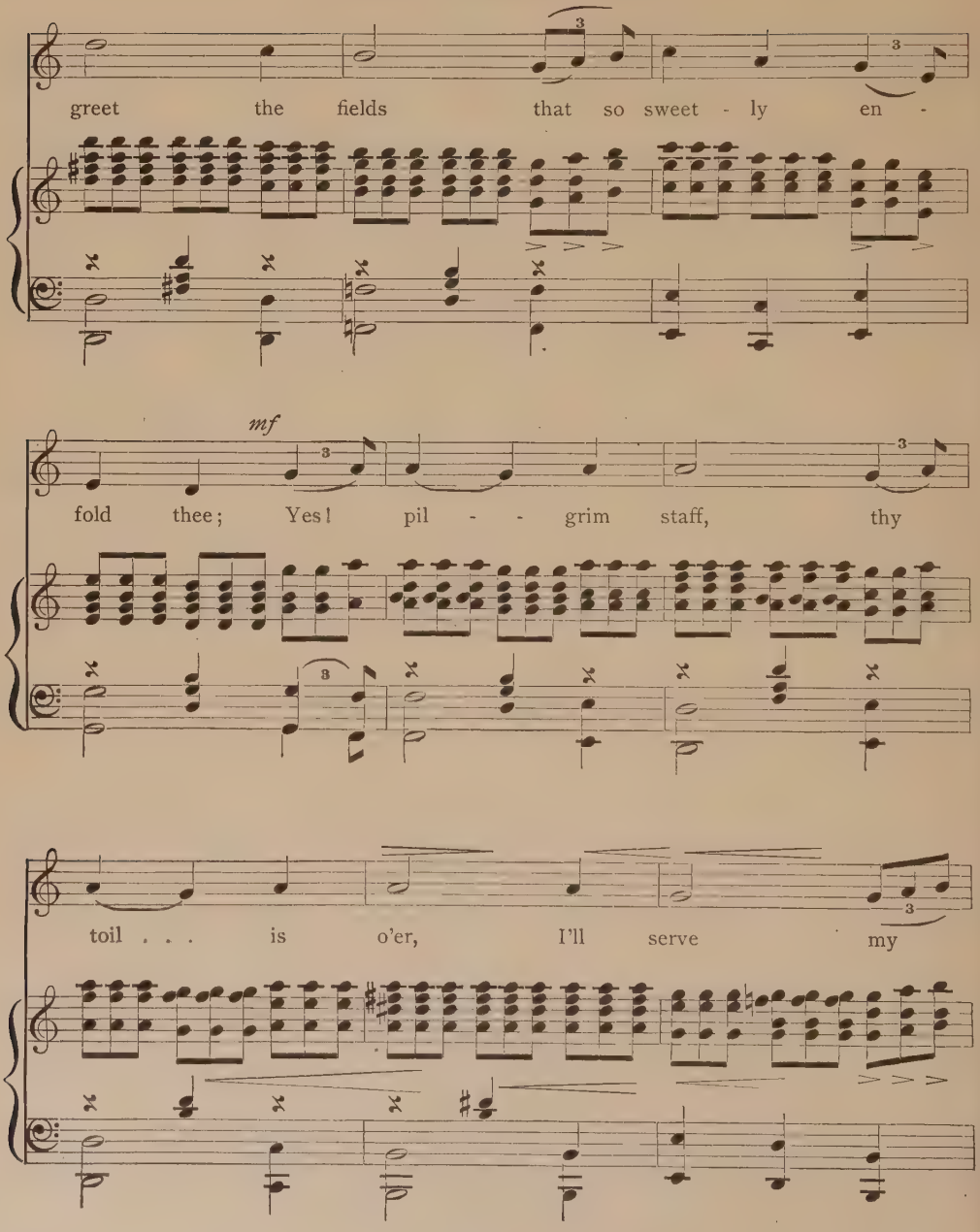
186 Chorus of Pilgrims

(TANNHAEUSER)

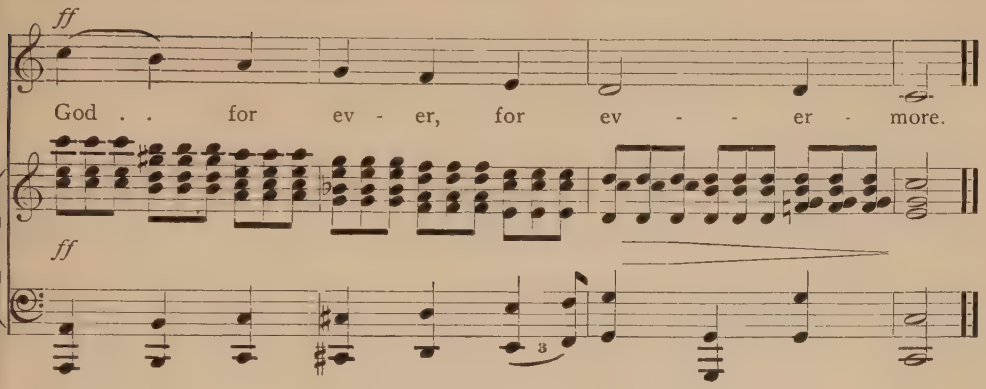
Adapted from WAGNER
by J. H. BREWER


Once more, dear home, I with rap - ture be - hold thee, And greet the
fields that so sweet-ly en - fold thee. Thou, pil - grim staff, may rest thee now
Since I to God have ful - filled my vow. By pen - ance
sore I have a - toned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned;
My pains hath He with bless - ing crowned, To God my song shall


cres.
aye re - sound, To God my song shall aye re -
PIANO
f marcato
sound. . . . . Once more, dear
marcato
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
home, I with rap - ture be - hold thee, And
Ped.
con pedale

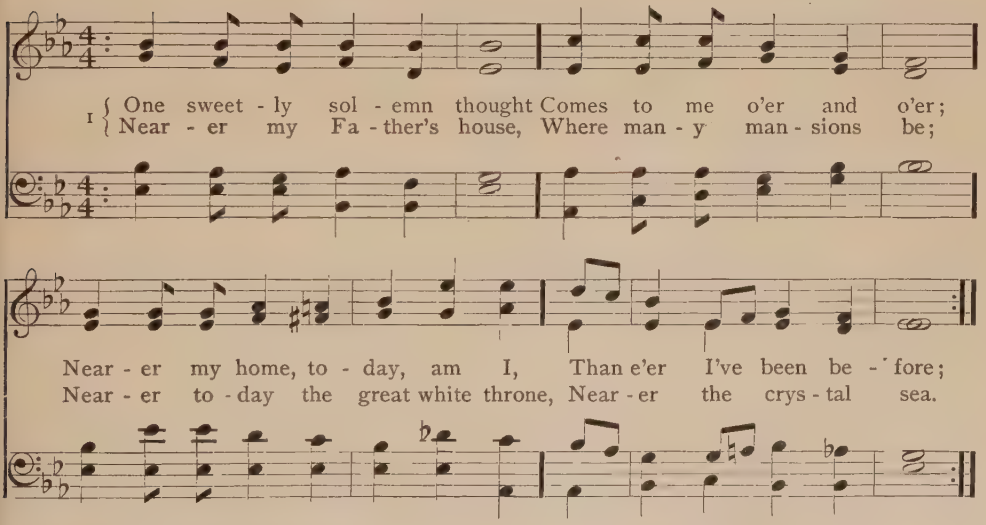

greet the fields that so sweet - ly en -
mf
fold thee; Yes! pil - - grim staff, thy
toil . . . is o'er, I'll serve my

186 Chorus of Pilgrims (Continued)



187 Dulce Domum

S. M. R. S. AMBROSE


1 One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;
Near - er my home, to - day, am I, Than e'er I've been be - fore;
Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.

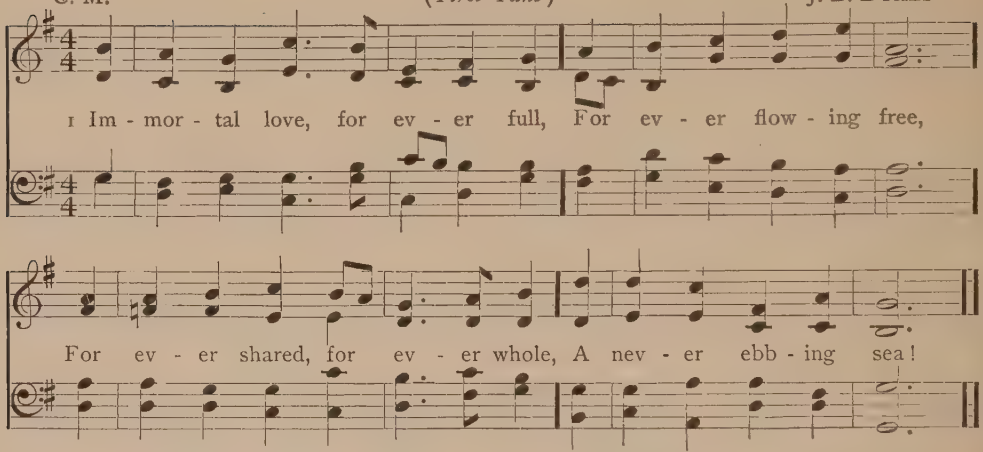
2 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

PHOEBE CARY

188 Faith

C. M. (*First Tune*) J. B. DYKES



2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

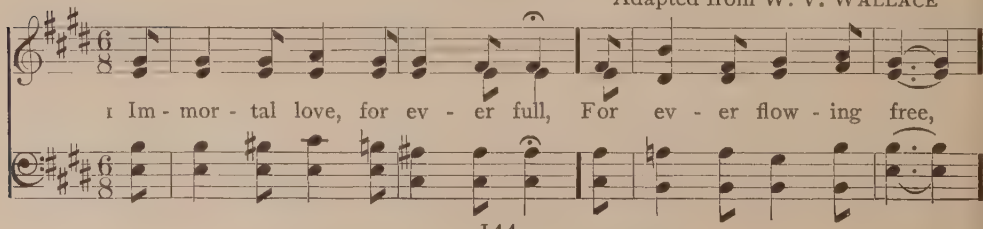
6 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

7 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

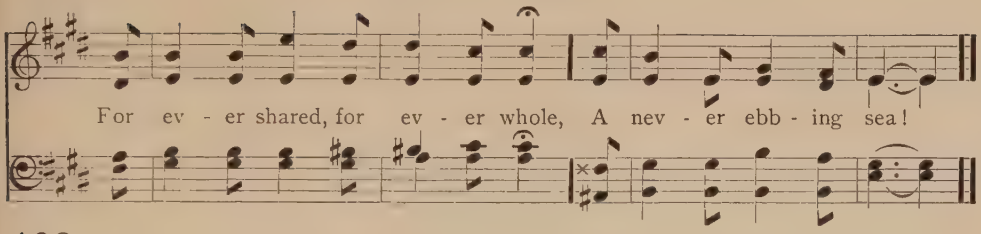
JOHN G. WHITTIER

188 Serenity

(*Second Tune*) Adapted from W. V. WALLACE



188 Serenity (Continued)



189

"Pray without ceasing"

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of the eye
When none but God is near.

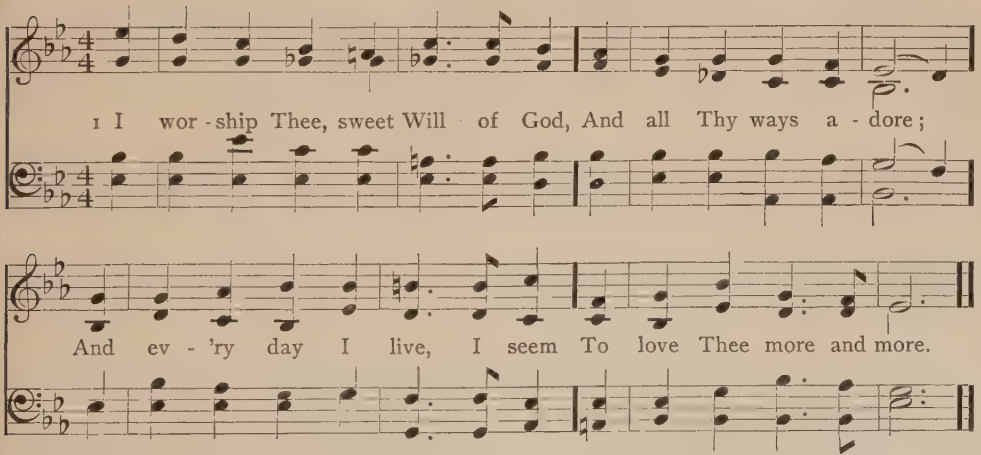
3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

4 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

190 Holy Trinity

C. M. J. BARNBY



2 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

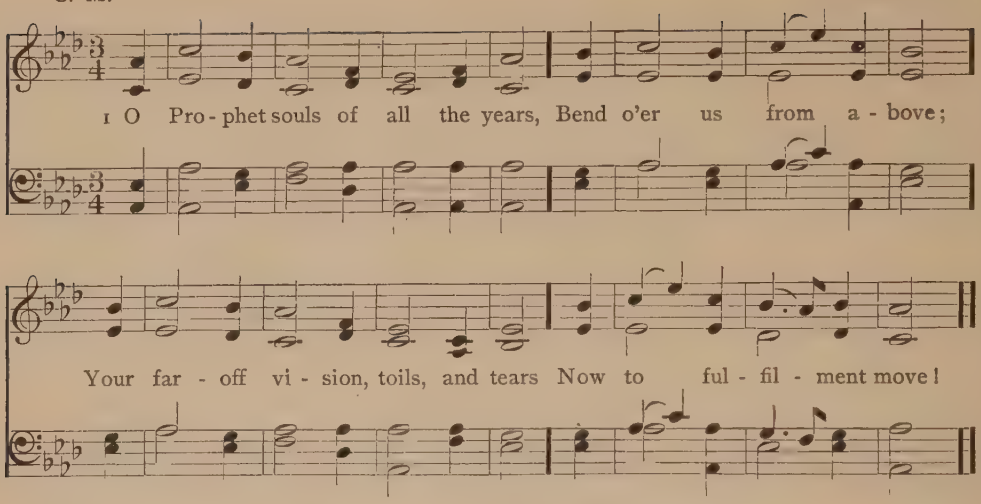
3 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will!

4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be;
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

FREDERICK W. FABER

191 Balerma

C. M. R. Simpson



2 From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name,—
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame.

3 One Life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard:

4 One Law that guides the shining spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinais of the soul:

5 One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity.

Frederick L. Hosmer

192

1 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

2 The letter fails and systems fall
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all—
Eternal Love — remains.

3 Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

4 Our Friend, our Brother and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

5 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

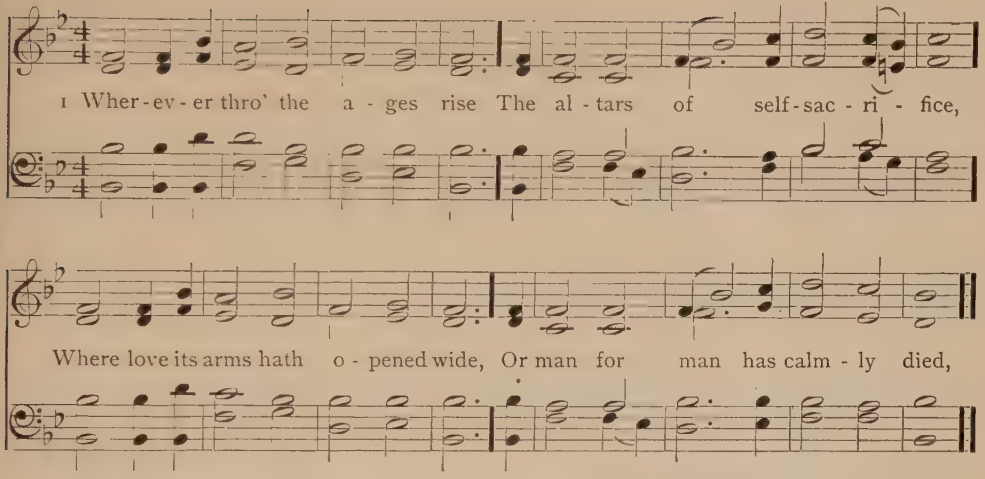
6 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

John G. Whittier

193 Ward

L. M.

Arranged by L. MASON


1 Wher-ev-er thro' the a-ges rise The al-tars of self-sac-ri-fice,
Where love its arms hath o-pened wide, Or man for man has calm-ly died,

2 We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

3 Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to His cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

4 And the one marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of Thine unmeasured loving heart.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

194

"*And there shall be one fold* [*or flock*], *and one Shepherd*"

1 Soon shall the slumbering morn awake,
From wandering stars of error freed,
When Christ the bread of heaven shall break
For saints that own a common creed.

2 The walls that fence His flocks apart
Shall crack and crumble in decay,
And every tongue and every heart
Shall welcome in the new-born day.

3 Then shall His glorious Church rejoice
His word of promise to recall,—
One sheltering Fold, one Shepherd's voice,
One God and Father over all!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

195

"*And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold*"

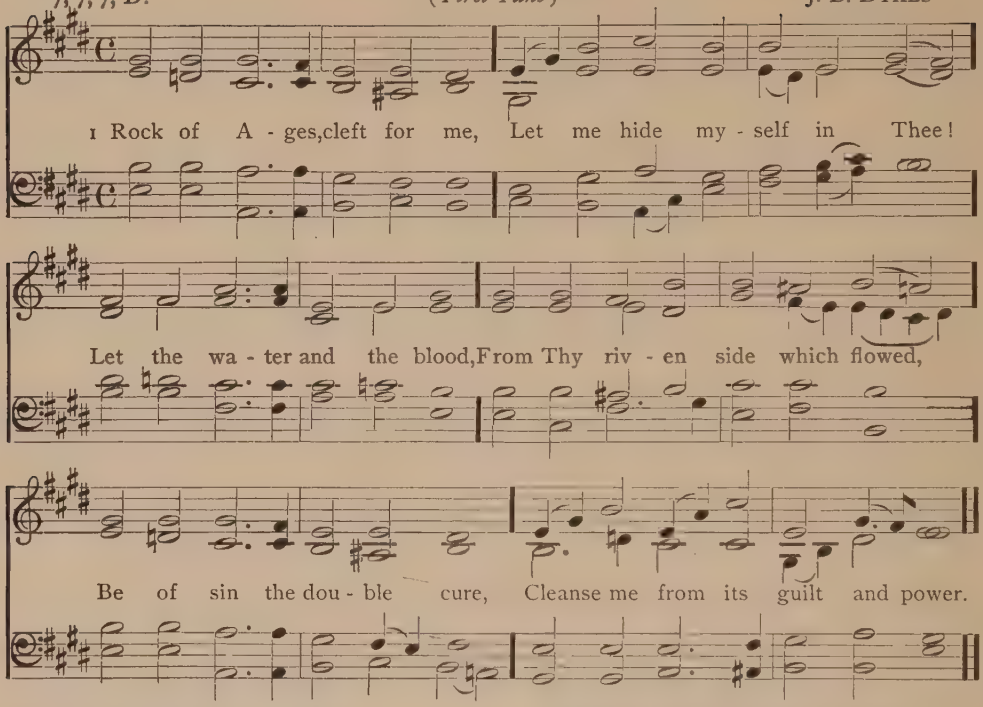
1 Though scattered far the flock may stray,
His own the shepherd still shall claim,
The saints who never learned to pray,—
The friends who never spoke His name.

2 Dear Master, while we hear Thy voice
That says, "The truth shall make you free,"
Thy servants still by loving choice,
Oh, keep us faithful unto Thee!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

196 Rock of Ages

7, 7, 7, D. (*First Tune*) J. B. DYKES


1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

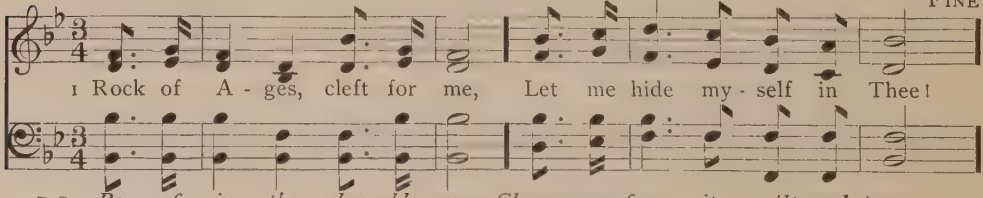
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

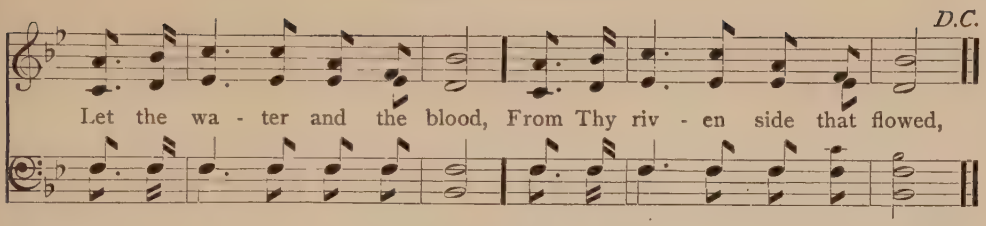
A. M. TOPLADY

196 Toplady

7, 7, 7, D. (*Second Tune*) T. HASTINGS



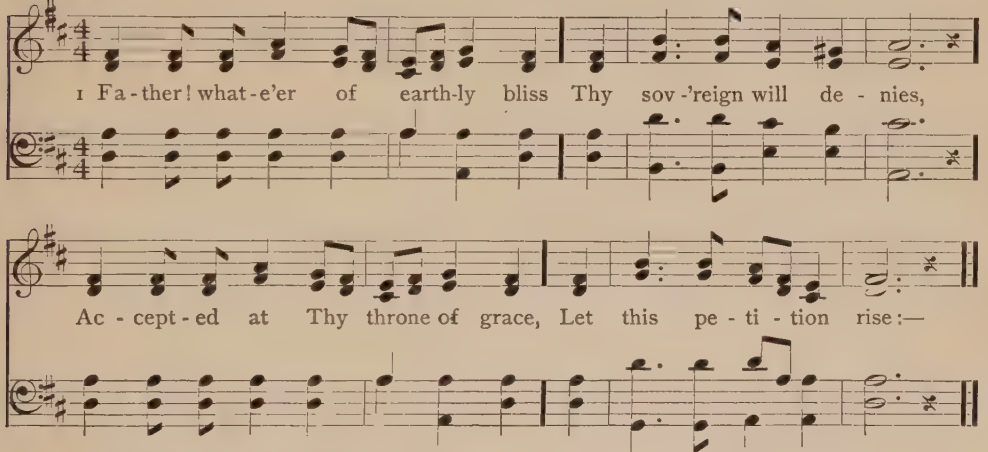
196 Toplady (Continued)



197 Naomi

C. M.

NÄGELI. Arr. by L. MASON



2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine:
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

ANNE STEELE

198 *"The Way, the Truth, the Life"*

1 Thou art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

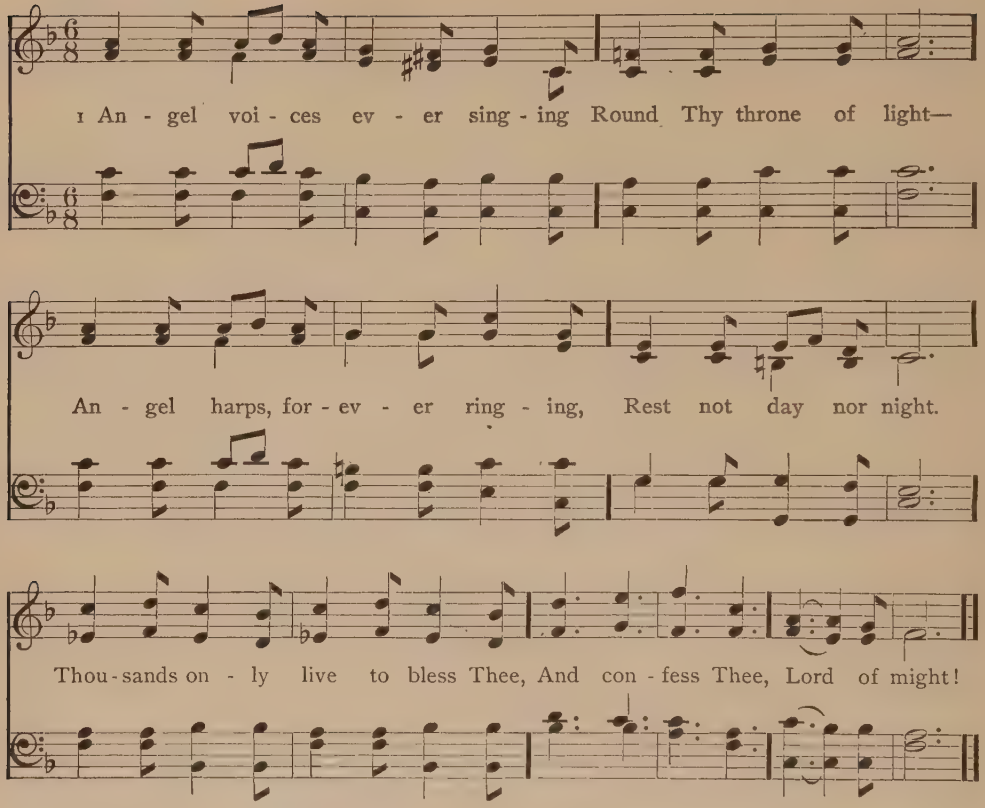
4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. DOANE

199 Angel Voices

8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3

A. S. Sullivan


1 An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light—
An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night.
Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

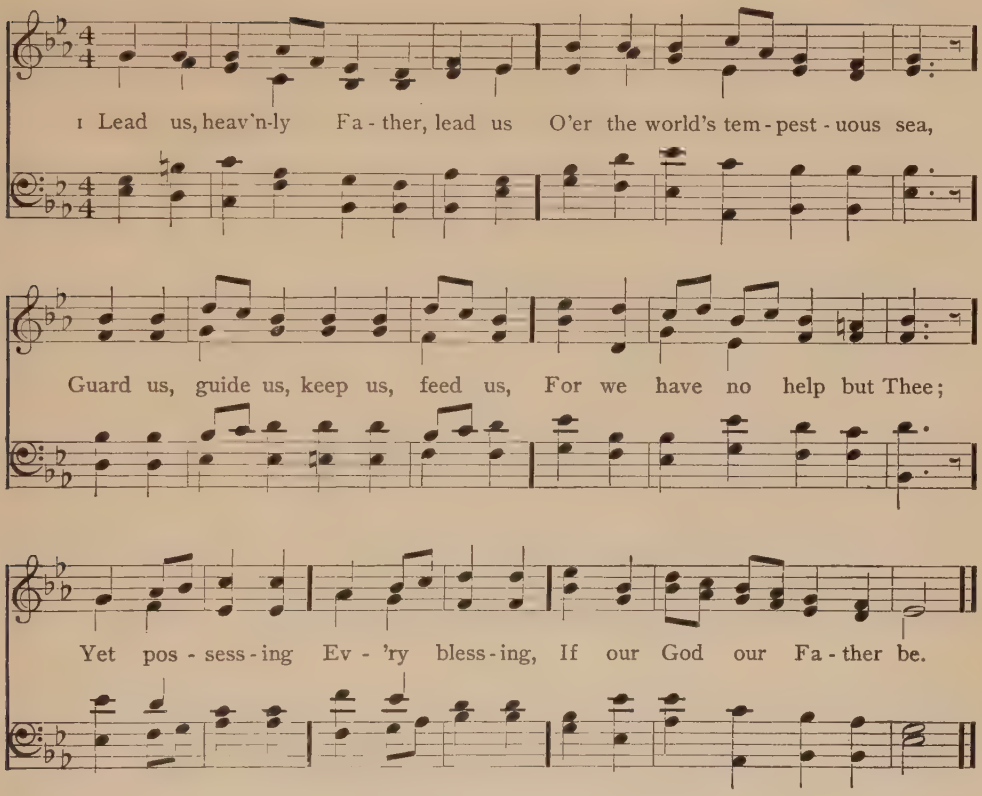
3 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

Francis Pott

200 Lead us, Heavenly Father

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

GOUNOD


1 Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea,
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.

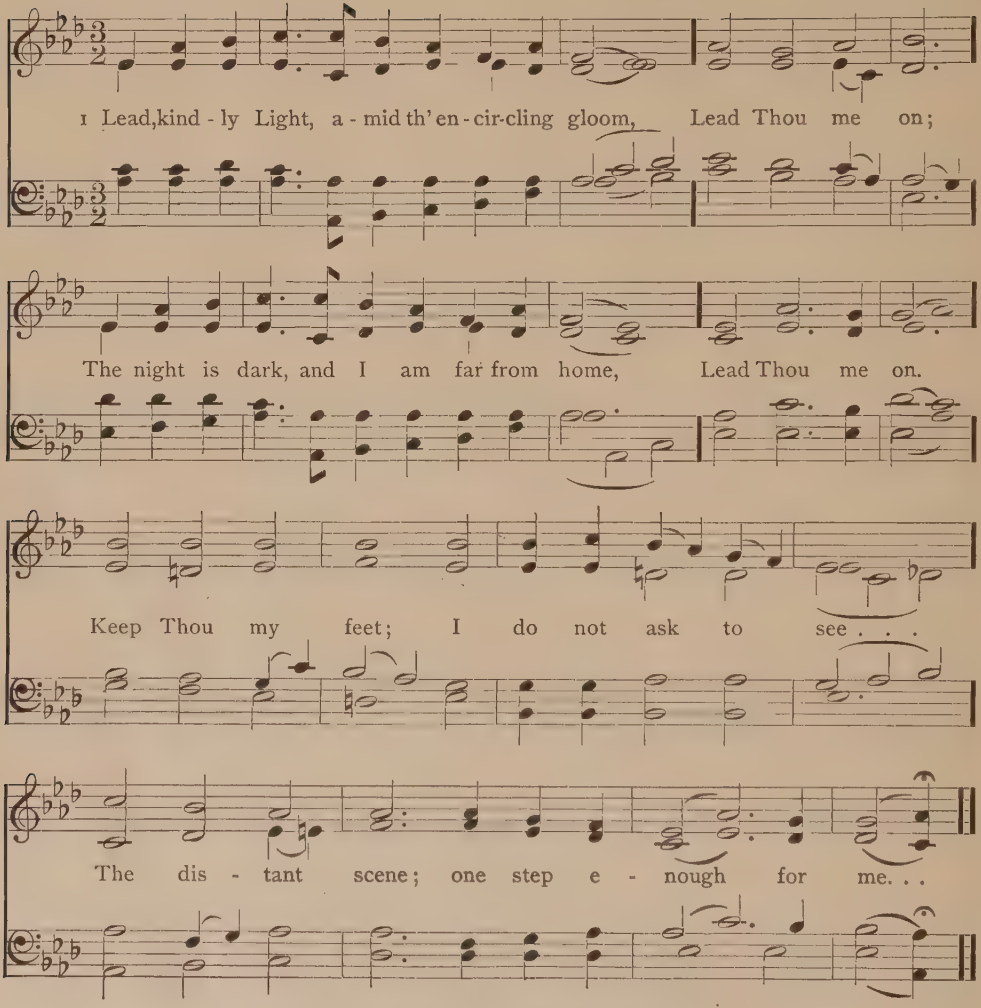
2 Savior, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON

201 Lux Benigna

(First Tune)

10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10 — J. B. Dykes

1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. . .

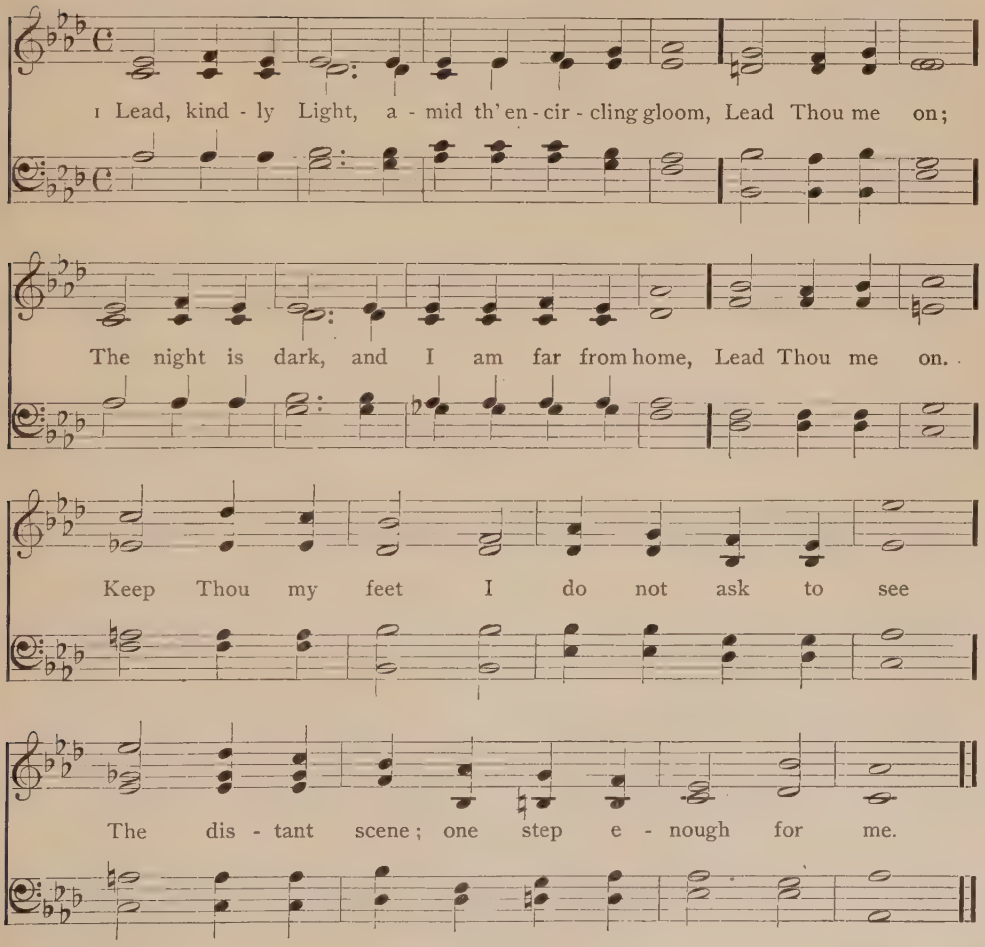
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

201 Lux Benigna

(*Second Tune*)

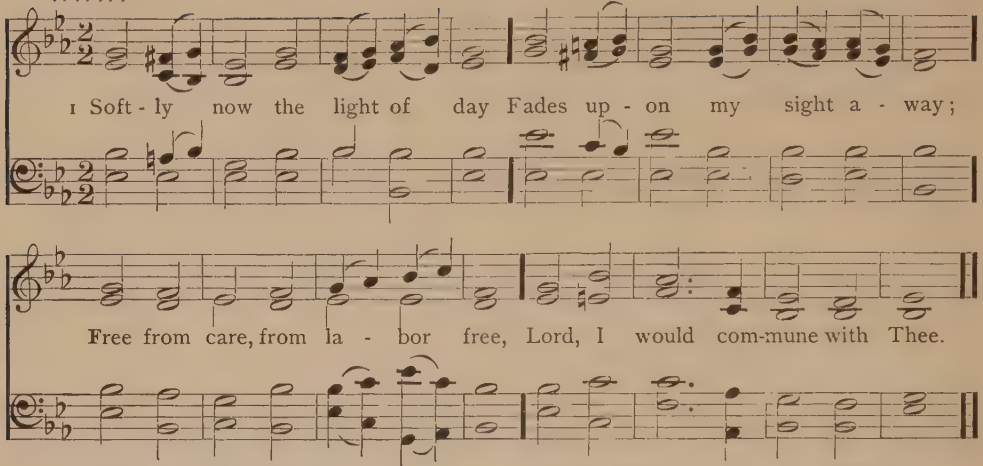
10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10 — A. L. PEACE

1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet I do not ask to see
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

202 Holley

(First Tune)

7, 7, 7, 7

GEO. HEWS



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

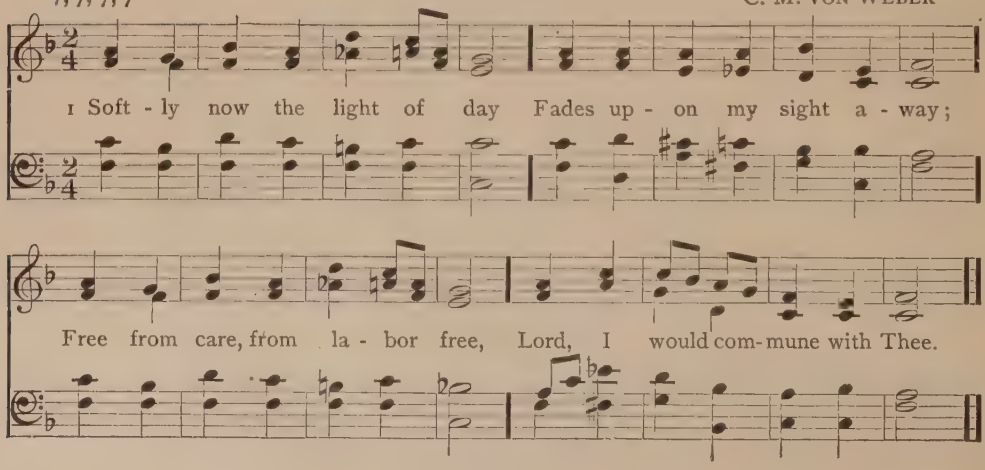
G. W. DOANE

202 Seymour

(Second Tune)

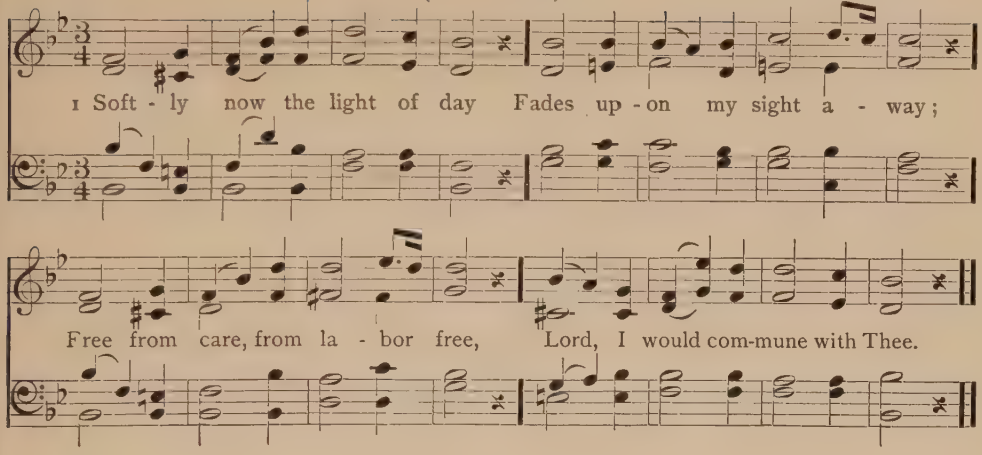
7, 7, 7, 7

C. M. VON WEBER



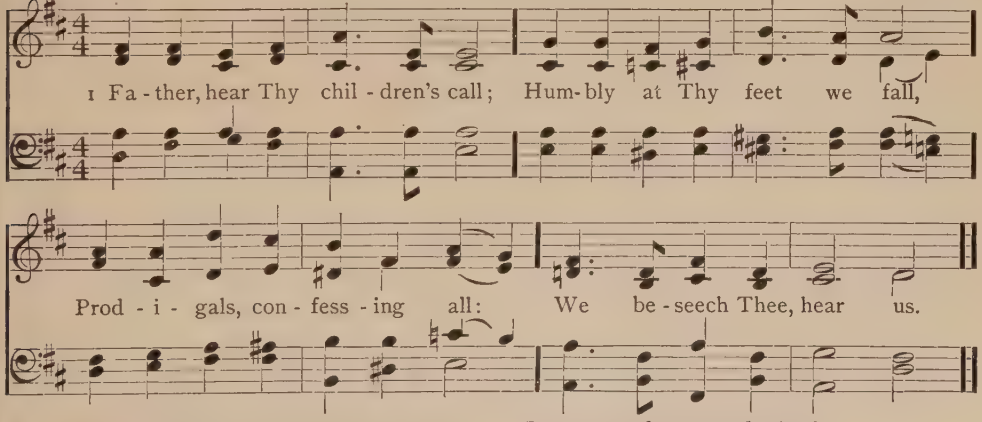
202 Gottschalk

7, 7, 7, 7 (*Third Tune*) L. M. GOTTSCHALK



203 Gower's Litany

7, 7, 7, 6 J. H. GOWER



2 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy Name,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

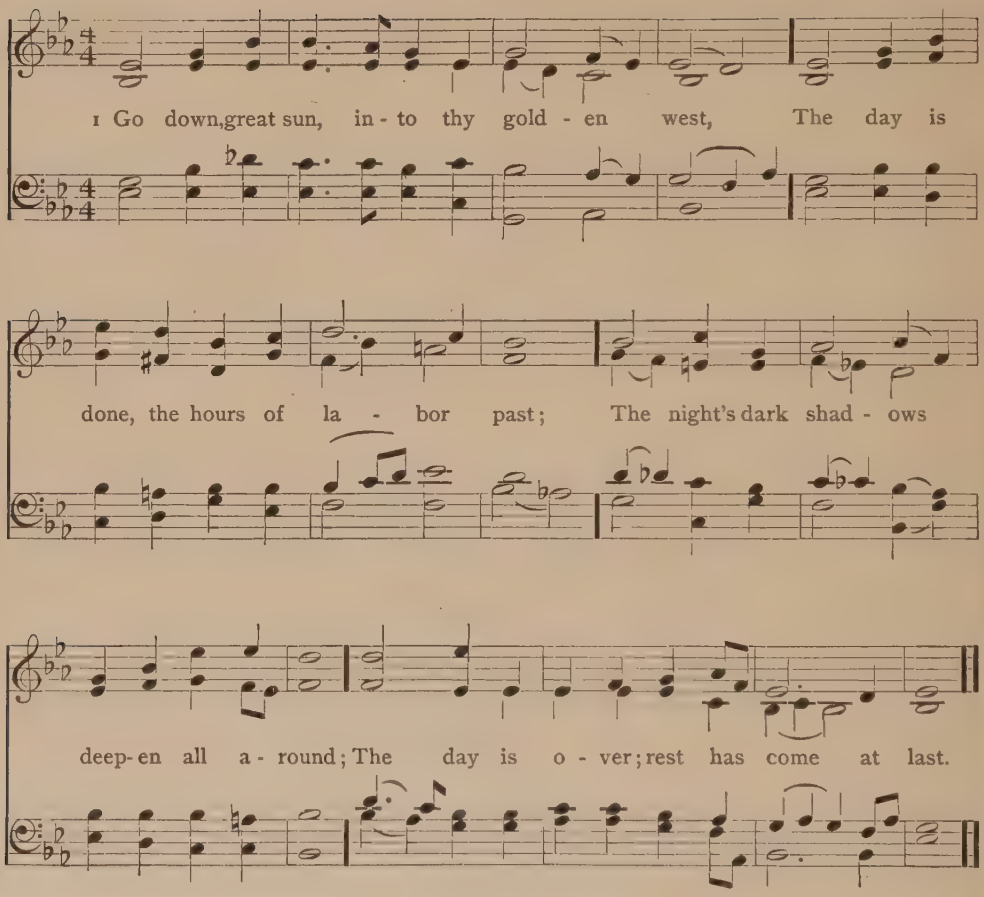
5 Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK

204 Pax Dei

10, 10, 10, 10 J. B. Dykes


1 Go down, great sun, in - to thy gold - en west, The day is
done, the hours of la - bor past; The night's dark shad - ows
deep - en all a - round; The day is o - ver; rest has come at last.

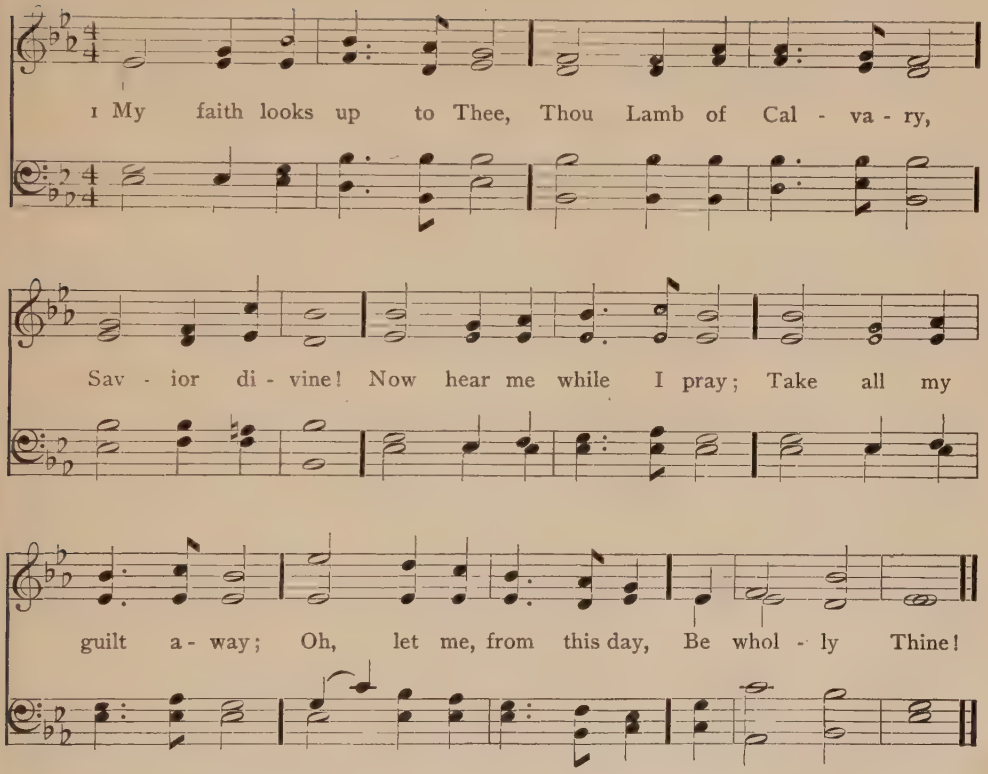
2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.

3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

E. Husband

205 Olivet

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 — L. Mason


1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt a - way; Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

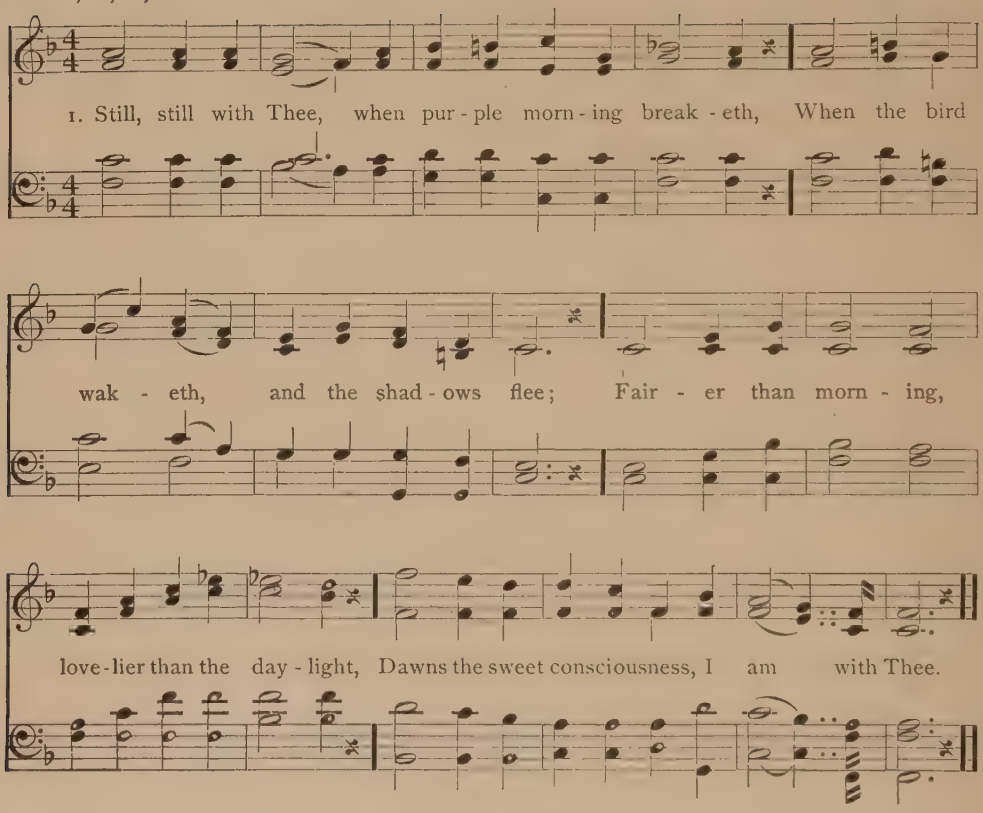
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above!
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer

Willingham

11, 10, 11, 10

F. Abt


1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
love - lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wing o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

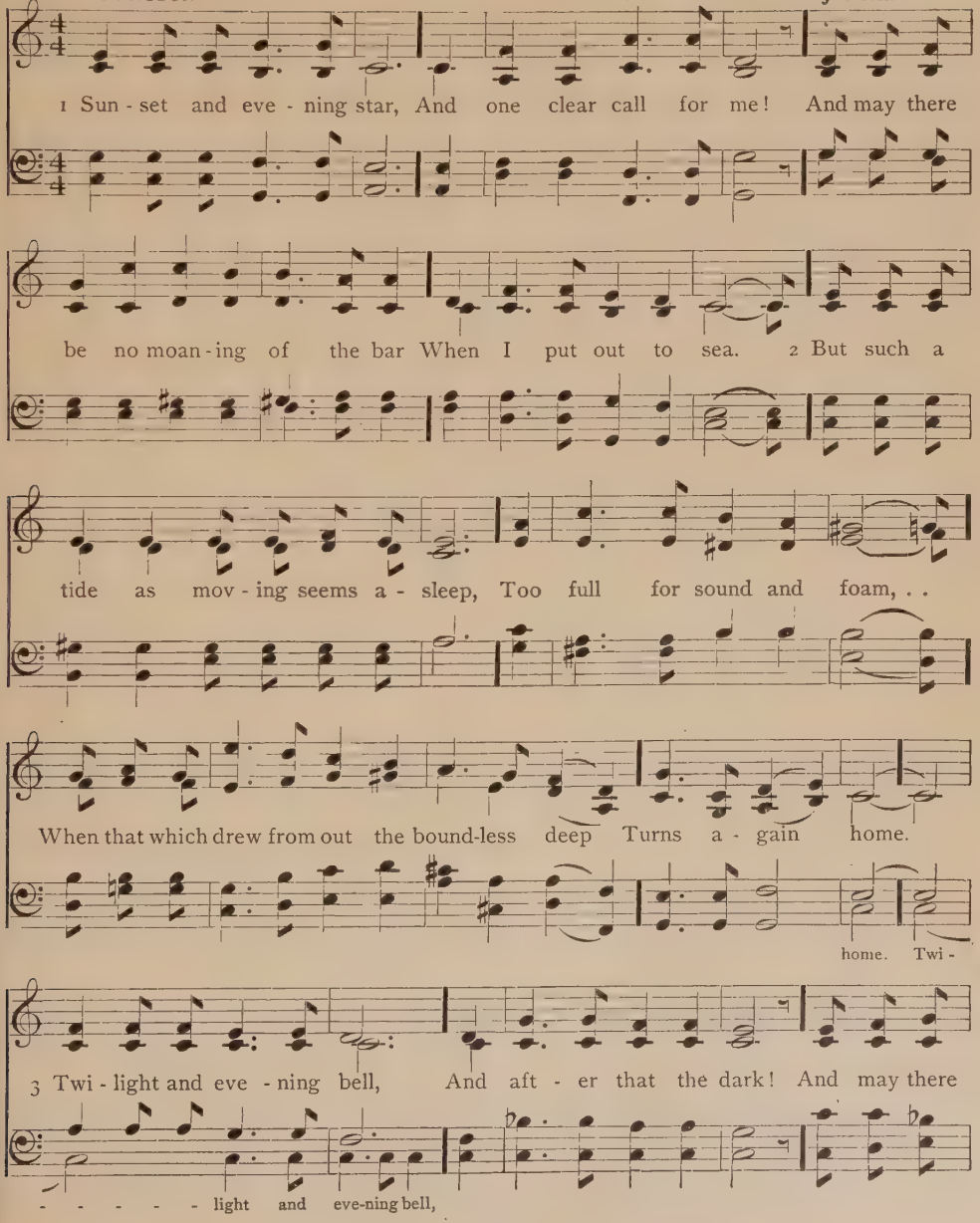
4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, more fair than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought — I am with Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

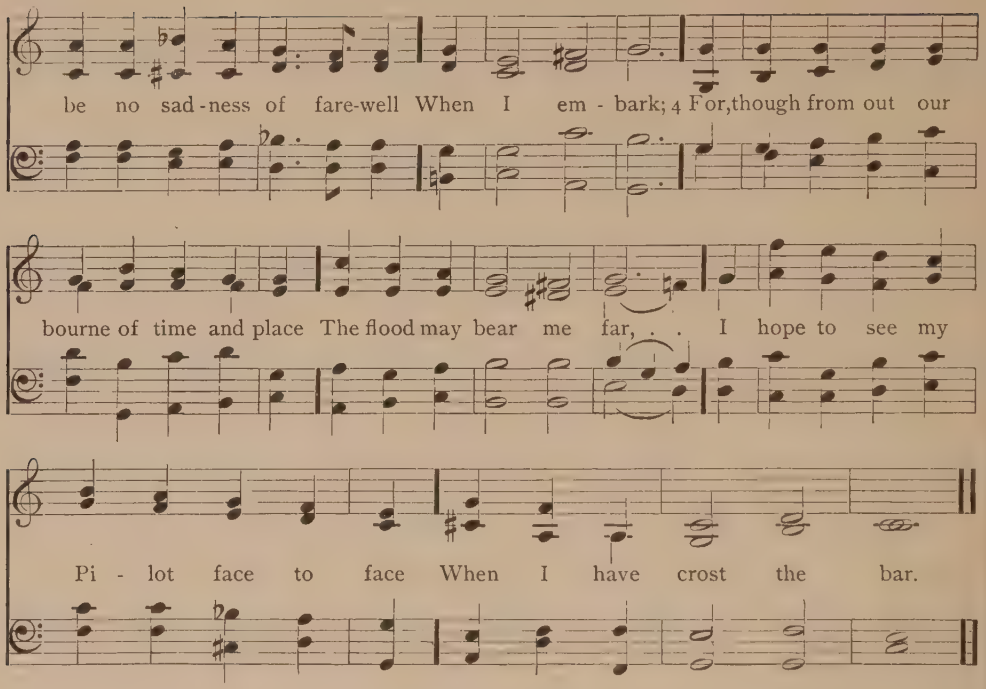
207 Crossing the Bar

Irregular
A. TENNYSON

J. BARNBY

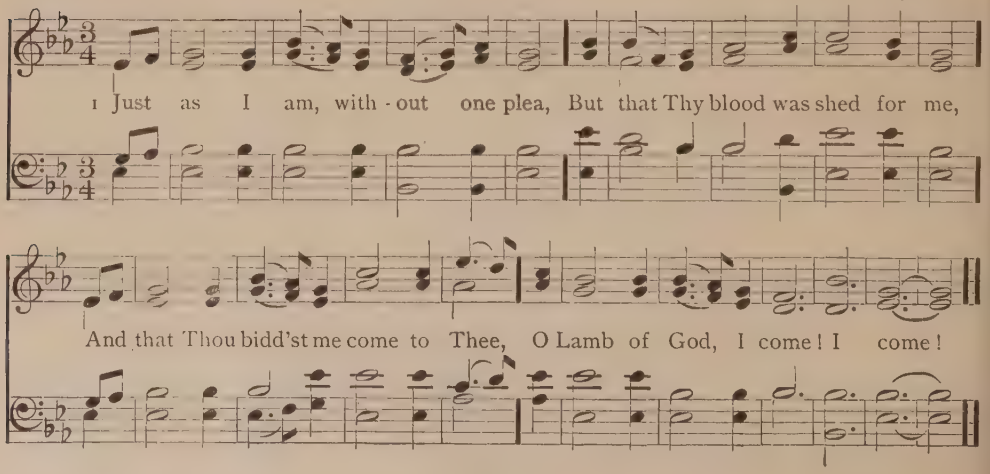

1 Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there
be no moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2 But such a
tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, . .
When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a - gain home.
home. Twi -
3 Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark! And may there
- - - - - light and eve-ning bell,

207 Crossing the Bar (Continued)


be no sad-ness of fare-well When I em - bark; 4 For, though from out our
bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, . . I hope to see my
Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar.

208 Woodworth

L. M. W. B. BRADBURY


1 Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

208 Woodworth (Continued)

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

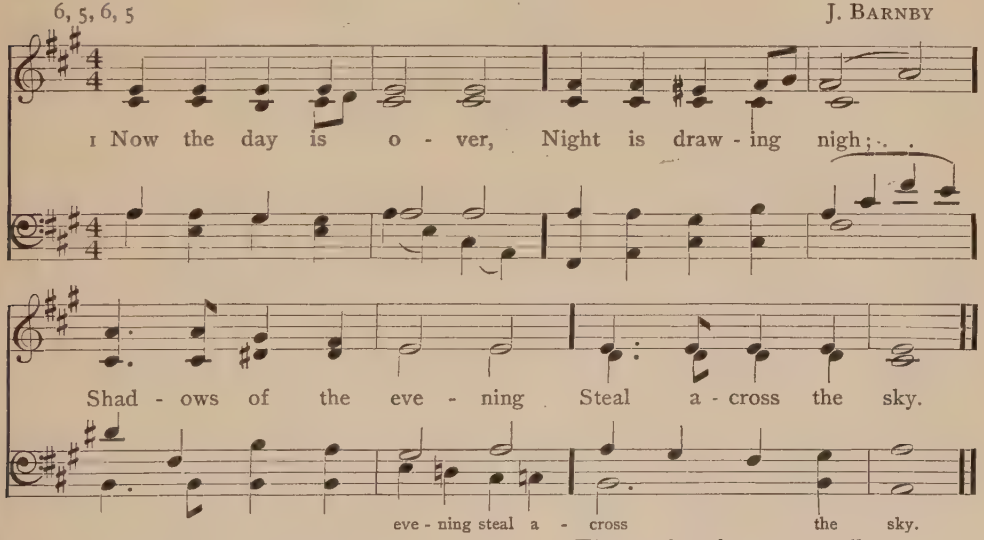
6 Just as I am — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

209 Guidance

6, 5, 6, 5 J. BARNBY



2 Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

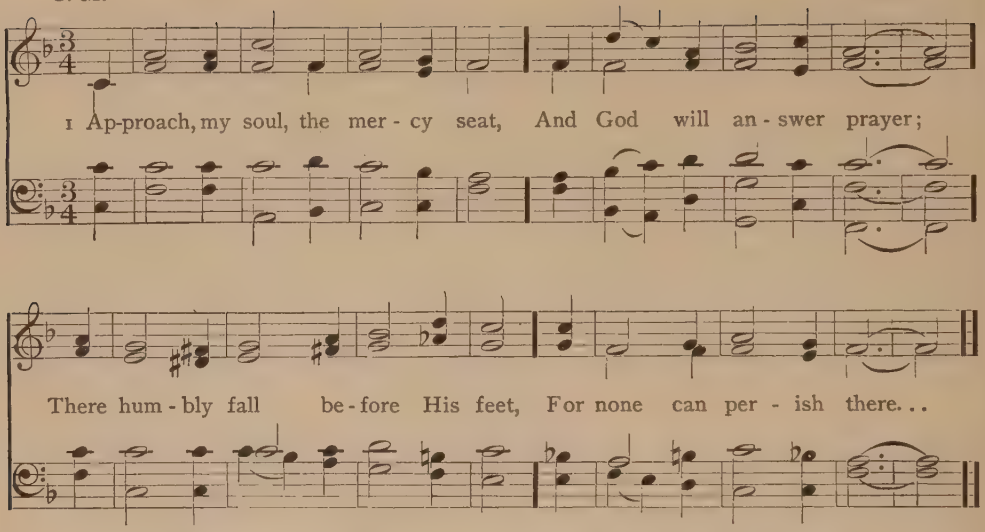
5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

210 Spohr

C. M. L. SPOHR



2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

JOHN NEWTON

211 "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest*"

1 The loving Friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
His consolations flowed.

2 The faithful Witness to the Truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

3 No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear;
But longing hearts which sought Him found
That God and heaven were there.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

212 "*I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall separate us from the love of God*"

1 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

2 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3 No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove:
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

212 Spohr (Continued)

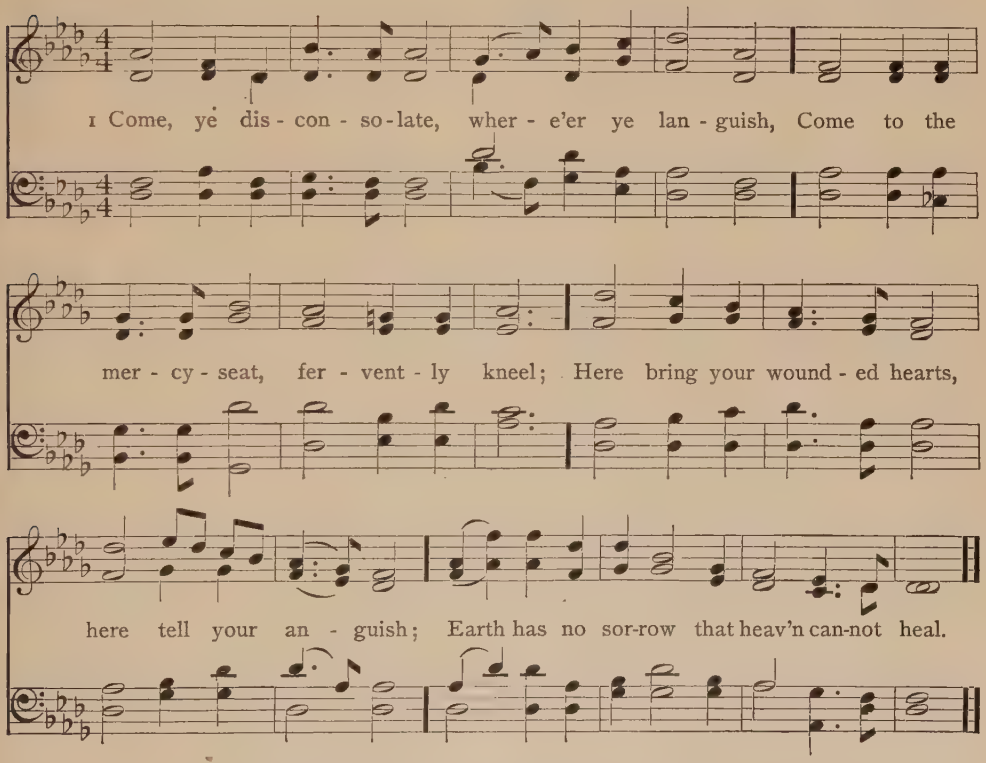
4 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

5 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

213 Come, Ye Disconsolate

11, 10, 11, 10 S. WEBBE


1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

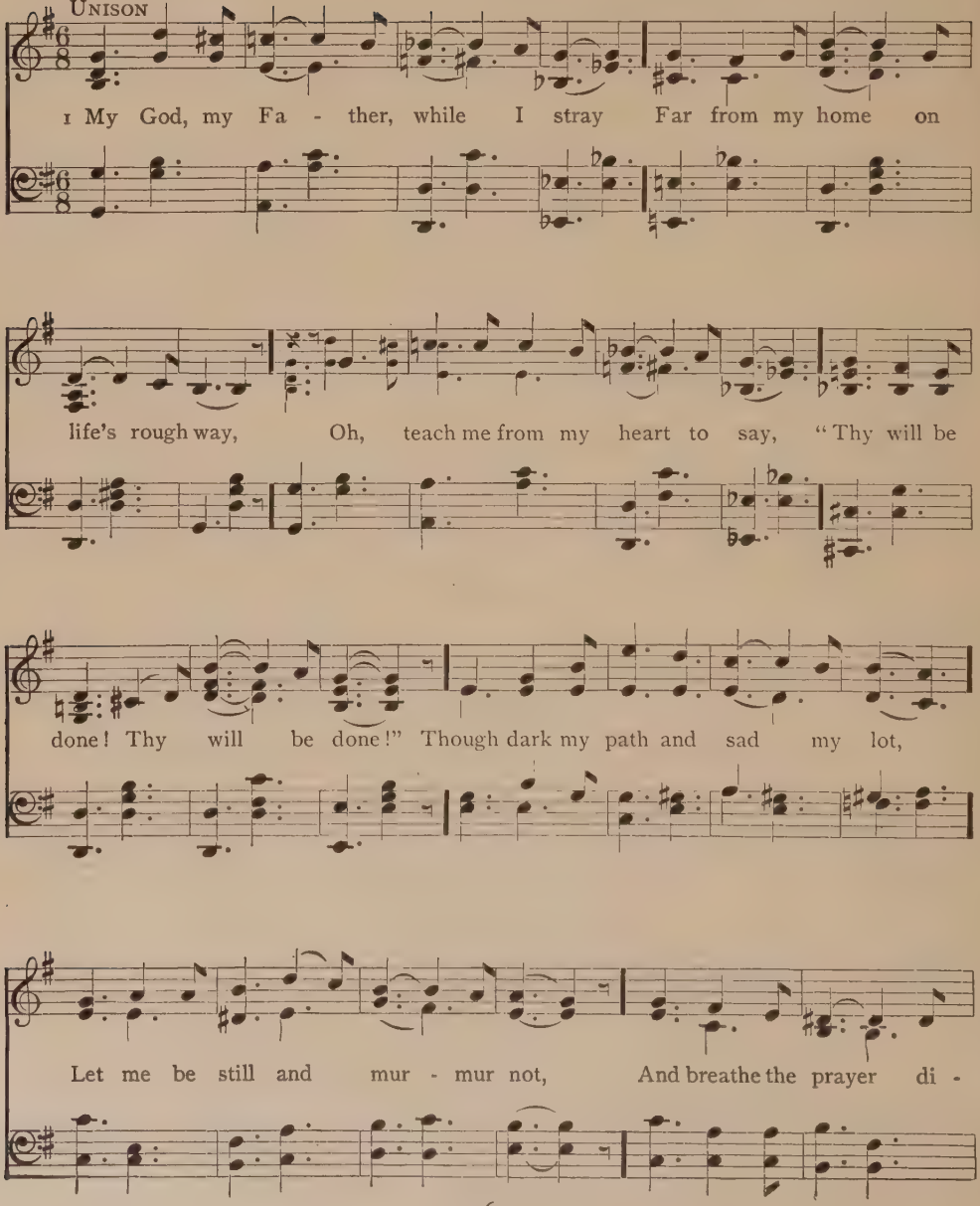
THOMAS MOORE. (Stanza 3 by THOMAS HASTINGS)

Resignation

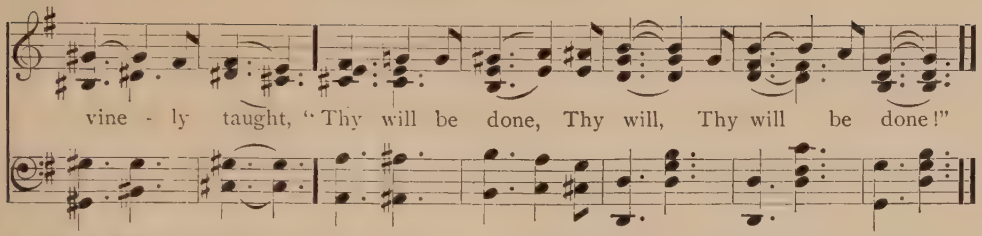
8, 8, 8, 4

Adapted from WAGNER by W. A. THAYER

UNISON


1 My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home on
life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be
done! Thy will be done!" Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and mur - mur not, And breathe the prayer di -

214 Resignation (Continued)



2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh!
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"
If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

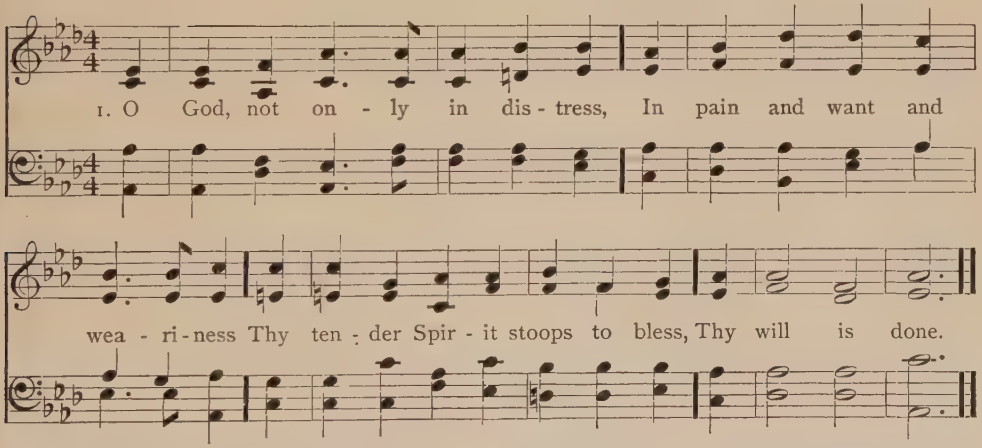
3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"
Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

215 Riseholme

8, 8, 8, 4

H. J. GAUNTLETT



2 But oftener on the wings of peace,
And girt about with tenderness
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
Thy will is done.

3 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.

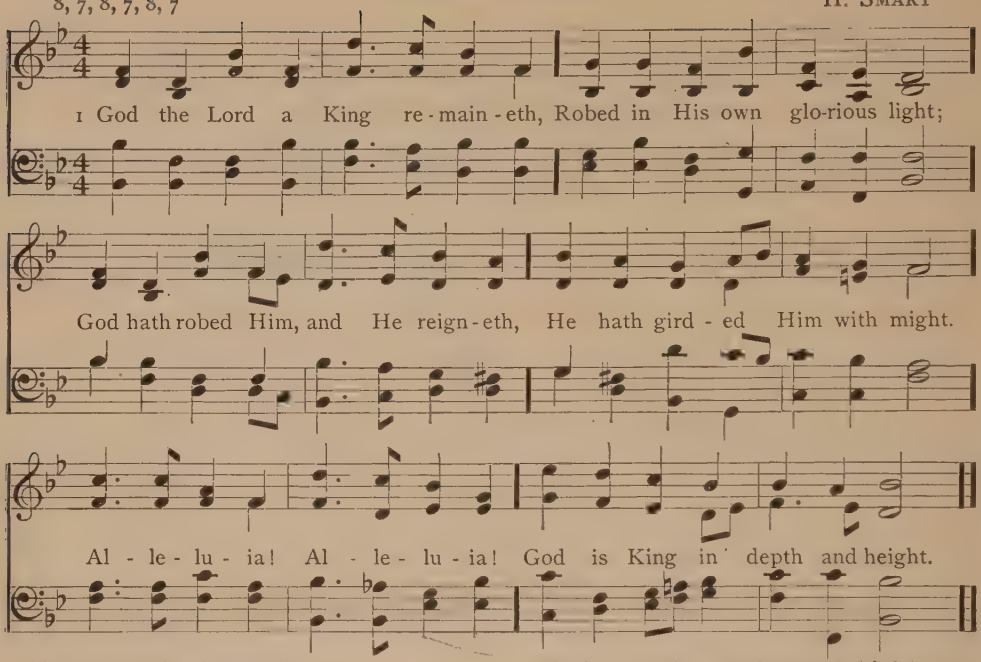
4 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill can only trust
Thy will is done.

FREDERIC SMITH

216 Regent Square

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

H. SMART


1 God the Lord a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth, He hath gird-ed Him with might.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height.

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God, who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

4 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

JOHN KEBLE

217

"I am the God of thy fathers"

1 He who suns and worlds upholdeth
Lends us his upholding hand;
He the ages who unfoldeth
Doth our times and ways command.
God is for us, God is for us,
In His strength and stay we stand.

2 He who sage and seer instructed
Will not keep from us His lore;
Who those ancient saints conducted
Hath not given His guiding o'er.
God is for us, God is for us,
Helpful now as heretofore.

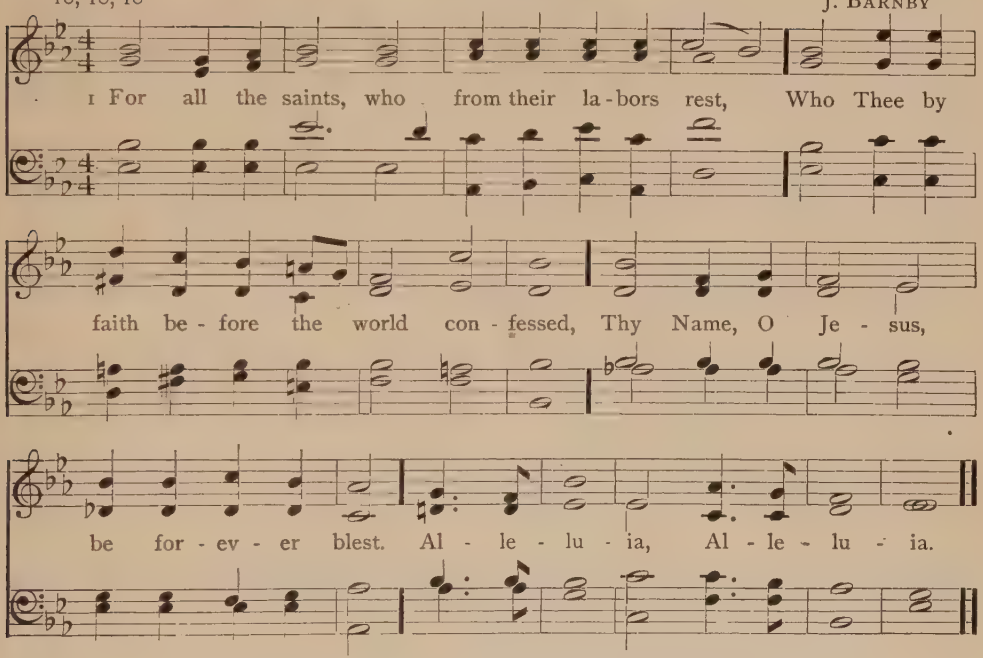
3 Onward, upward, doth He beckon;
Onward, upward, would we press
As His own our burdens reckon,
As our own His strength possess.
God is for us, God is for us,
God, our Helper, still we bless.

THOMAS H. GILL

218 Sarum

10, 10, 10

J. BARNBY


1 For all the saints, who from their la-bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-sus,
be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are One in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

6 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

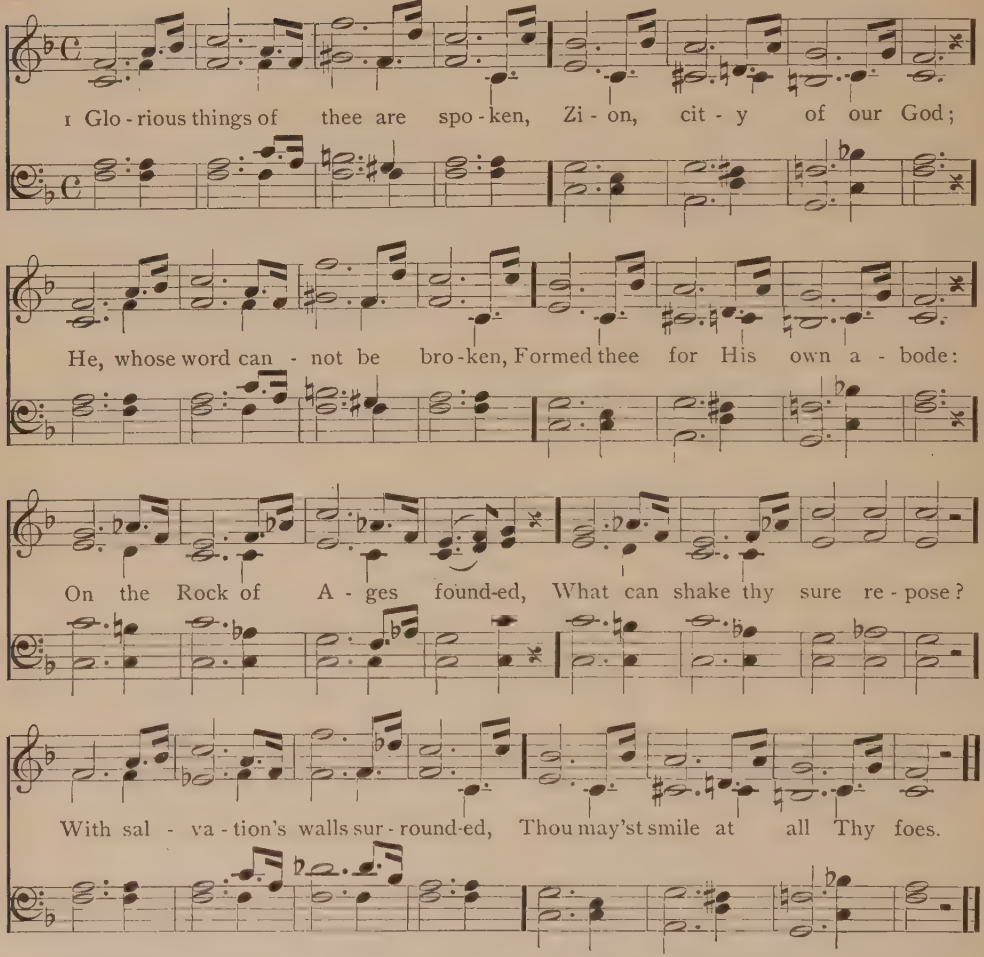
WILLIAM W. HOW

219 Glorious Things are Spoken

(*First Tune*)

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

ROSSINI
From "The Stabat Mater"


1 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all Thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

JOHN NEWTON

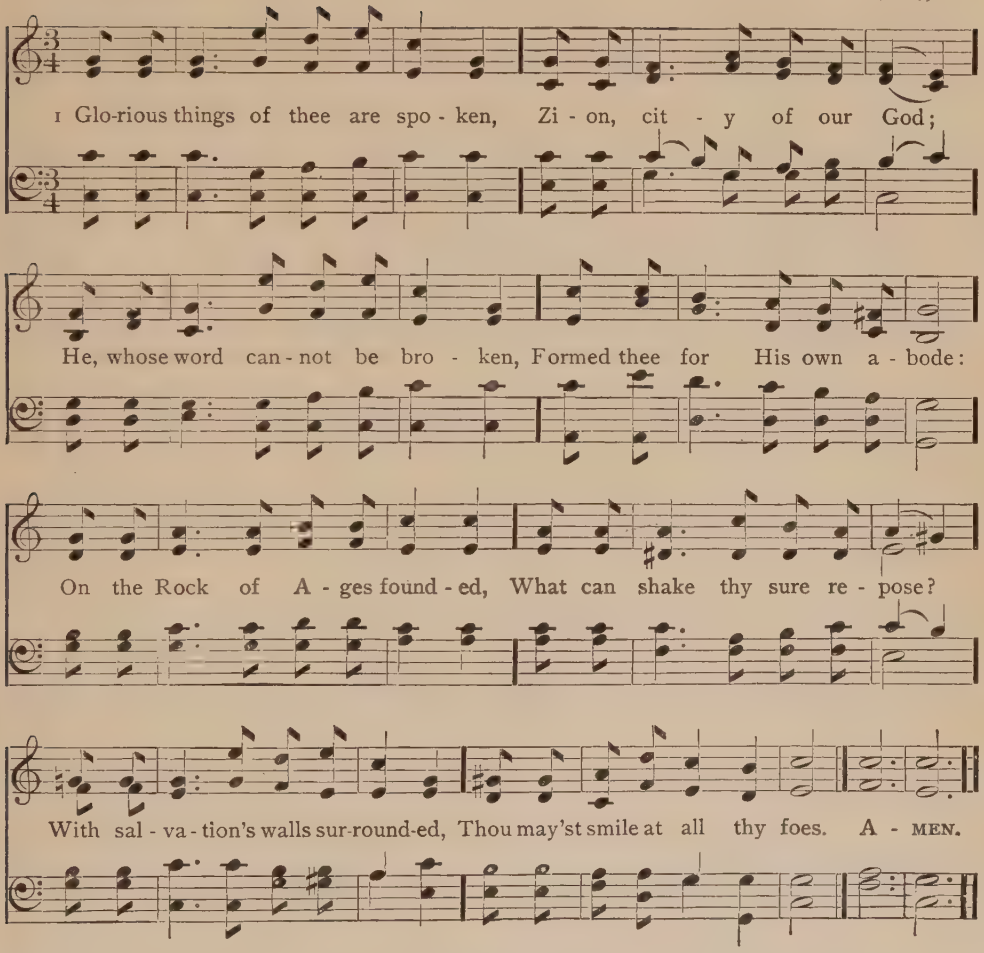
219

Faben

(*Second Tune*)

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

JOHN H. WILLCOX, 1849


1 Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - MEN.

220

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

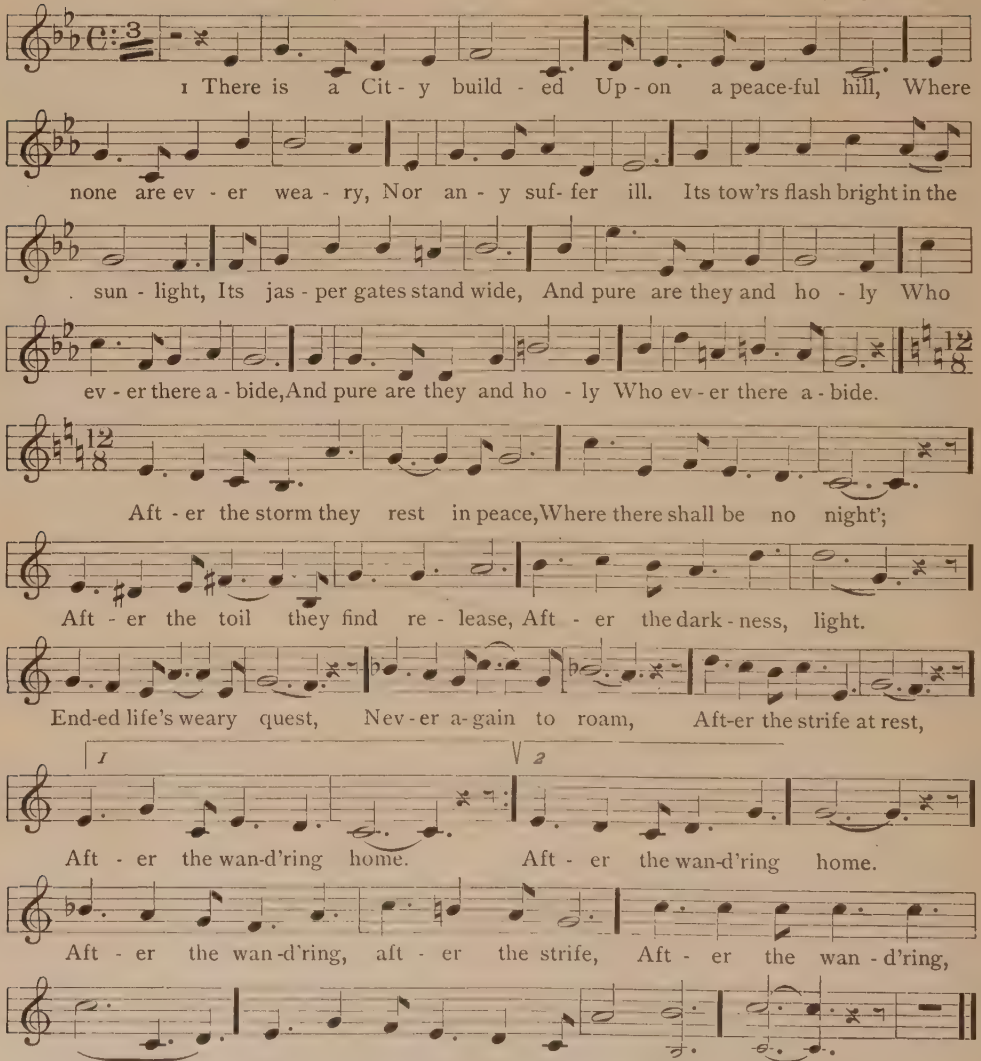
2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name.

JOHN KEMPTHORNE

221 Sion

(Unison chords with accompaniment)

P. Rodney


1 There is a Cit - y build - ed Up - on a peace-ful hill, Where
none are ev - er wea - ry, Nor an - y suf- fer ill. Its tow'rs flash bright in the
. sun - light, Its jas - per gates stand wide, And pure are they and ho - ly Who
ev - er there a - bide, And pure are they and ho - ly Who ev - er there a - bide.
Aft - er the storm they rest in peace, Where there shall be no night';
Aft - er the toil they find re - lease, Aft - er the dark - ness, light.
End-ed life's weary quest, Nev - er a-gain to roam, Aft-er the strife at rest,
1
2
Aft - er the wan-d'ring home. Aft - er the wan-d'ring home.
Aft - er the wan-d'ring, aft - er the strife, Aft - er the wan - d'ring,
home, . . . Aft - er the wan - d'ring, the wan - d'ring home.

2 Sweet memories of their singing
Across our dreaming ring,
Whilst, ever weak and willful,
To earthly things we cling.

But still our hearts are waiting,
And longing for that day,
Which brings us to that City,
As pure of heart as they.

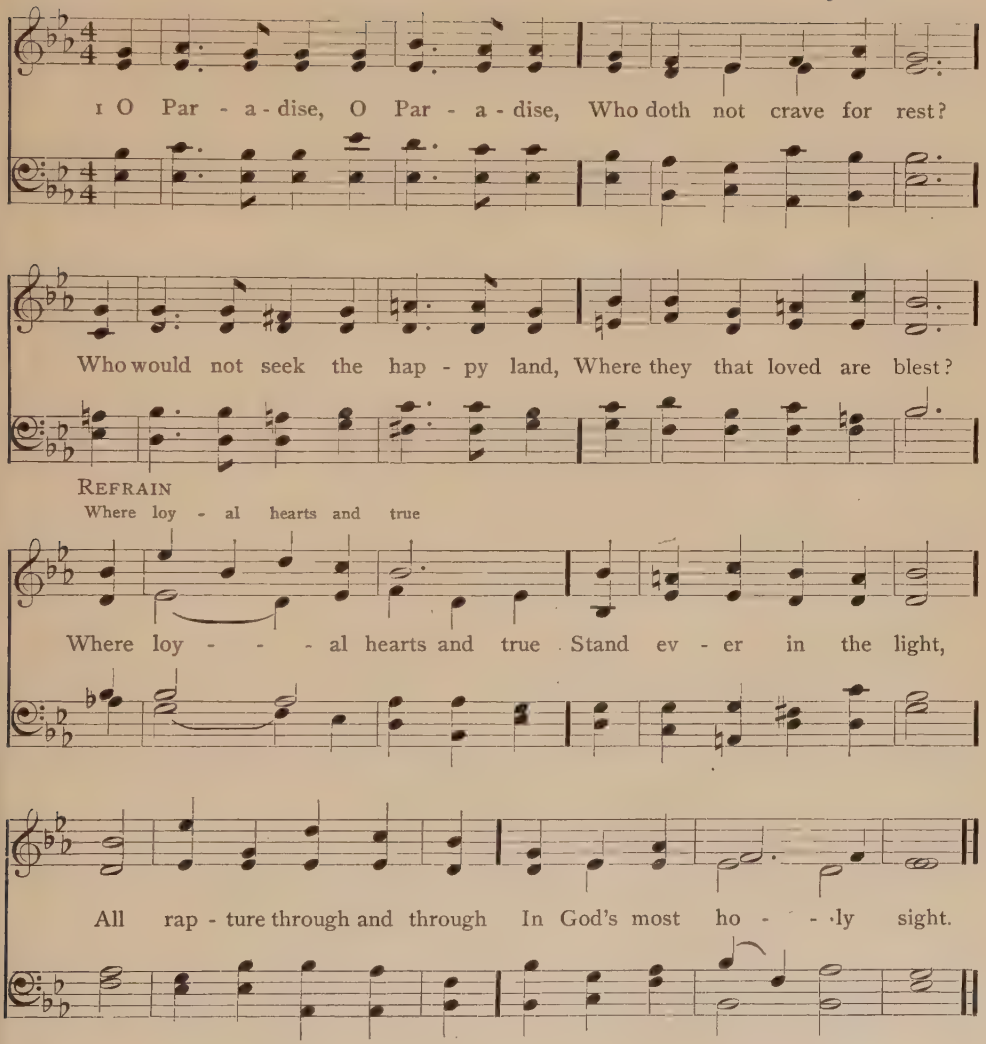
G. Clifton Bingham

This song with piano-forte accompaniment may be obtained at any music store.

222 Paradise

8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. BARNBY


1 O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?
REFRAIN
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture through and through In God's most ho - - - ly sight.

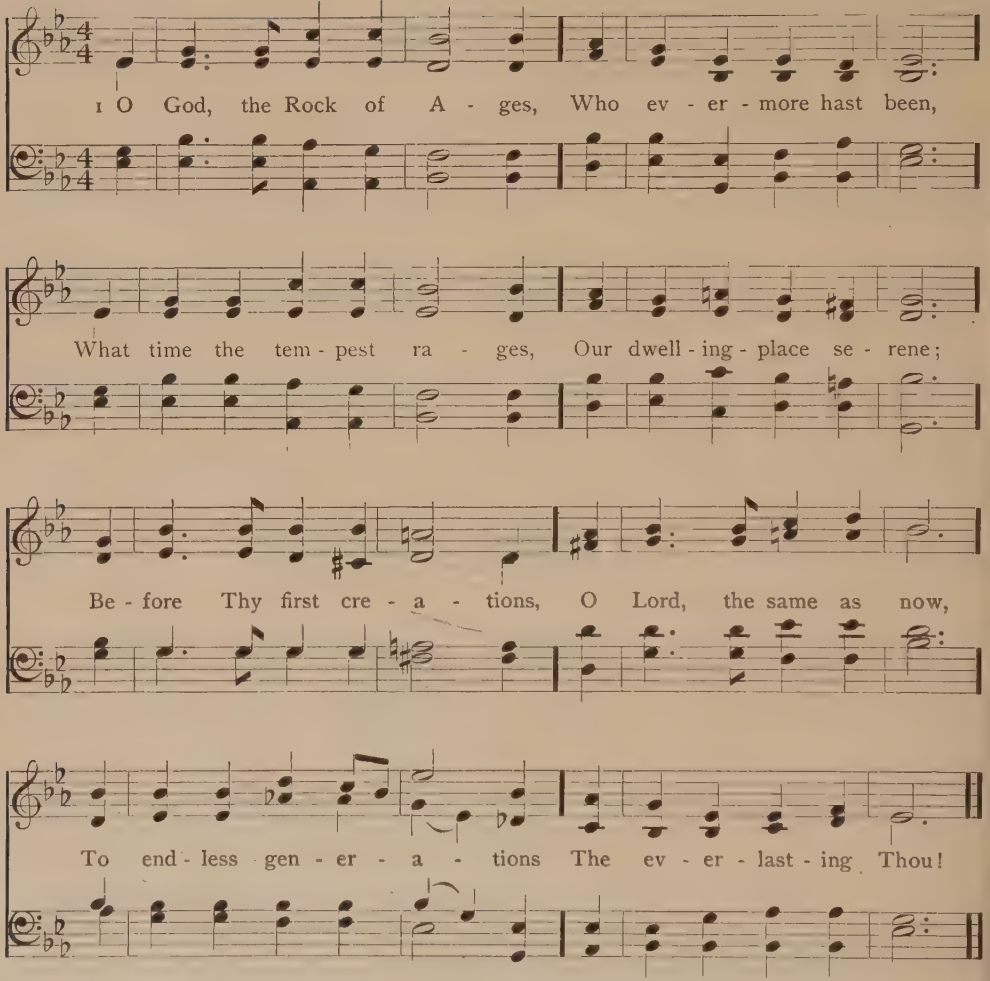
2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Where loyal hearts, etc.

FREDERICK W. FABER

223 Eternity

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

1 O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene;
Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou!

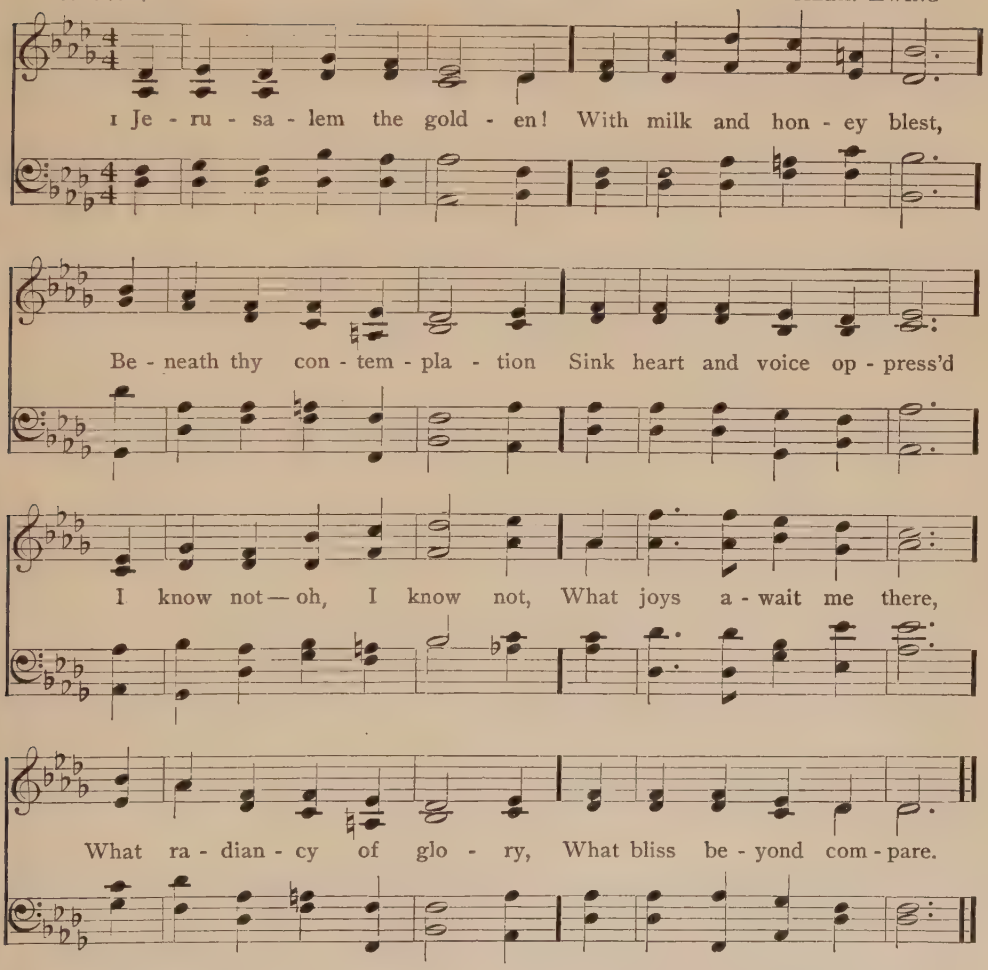
2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

224 Jerusalem the Golden

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

ALEX. EWING

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd
I know not — oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

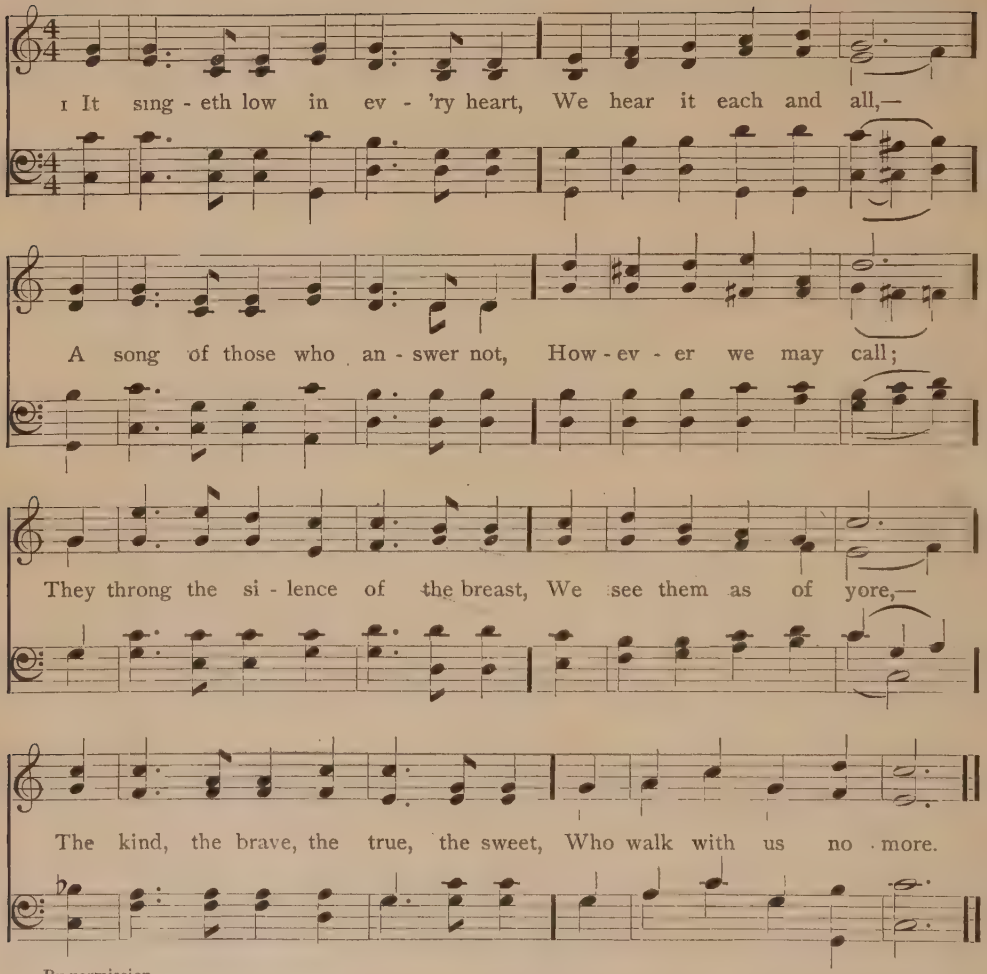
3 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY
Tr. by J. M. NEALE

225

Materna

C. M. D.

S. A. WARD

1 It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call;
They throng the si - lence of the breast, We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.

By permission

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!

3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

JOHN W. CHADWICK

226

Materna

1 Go not, my soul, in search of Him;
Thou wilt not find Him there,
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.
For not in far-off realms of space
The spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

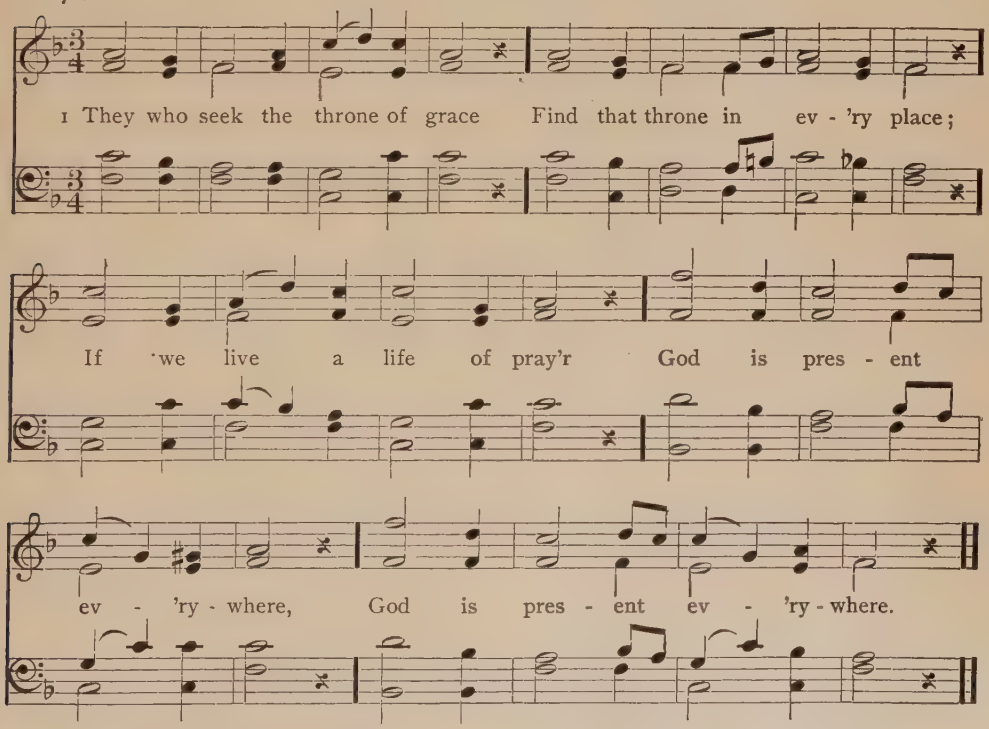
2 O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling-place
And be thy daily friend.
Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim
And thou shalt find Him there.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

227

Peace

7s.


1 They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
If we live a life of pray'r God is pres - ent
ev - 'ry - where, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry - where.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want or in our wealth—
If we look to God in prayer
God is present everywhere.

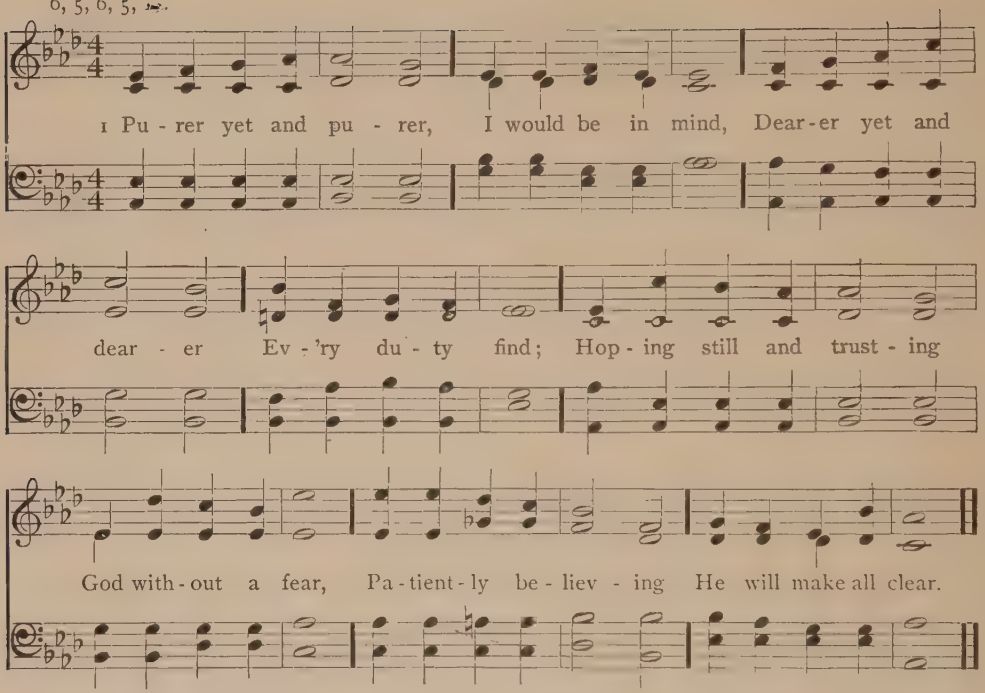
3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN

228 Repose

6, 5, 6, 5, ☙.


1 Pu - rer yet and pu - rer, I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and
dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing
God with - out a fear, Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.

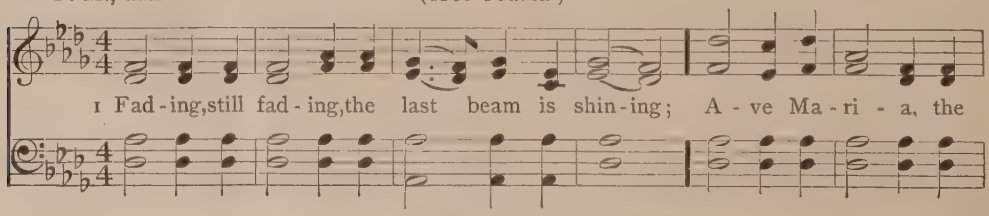
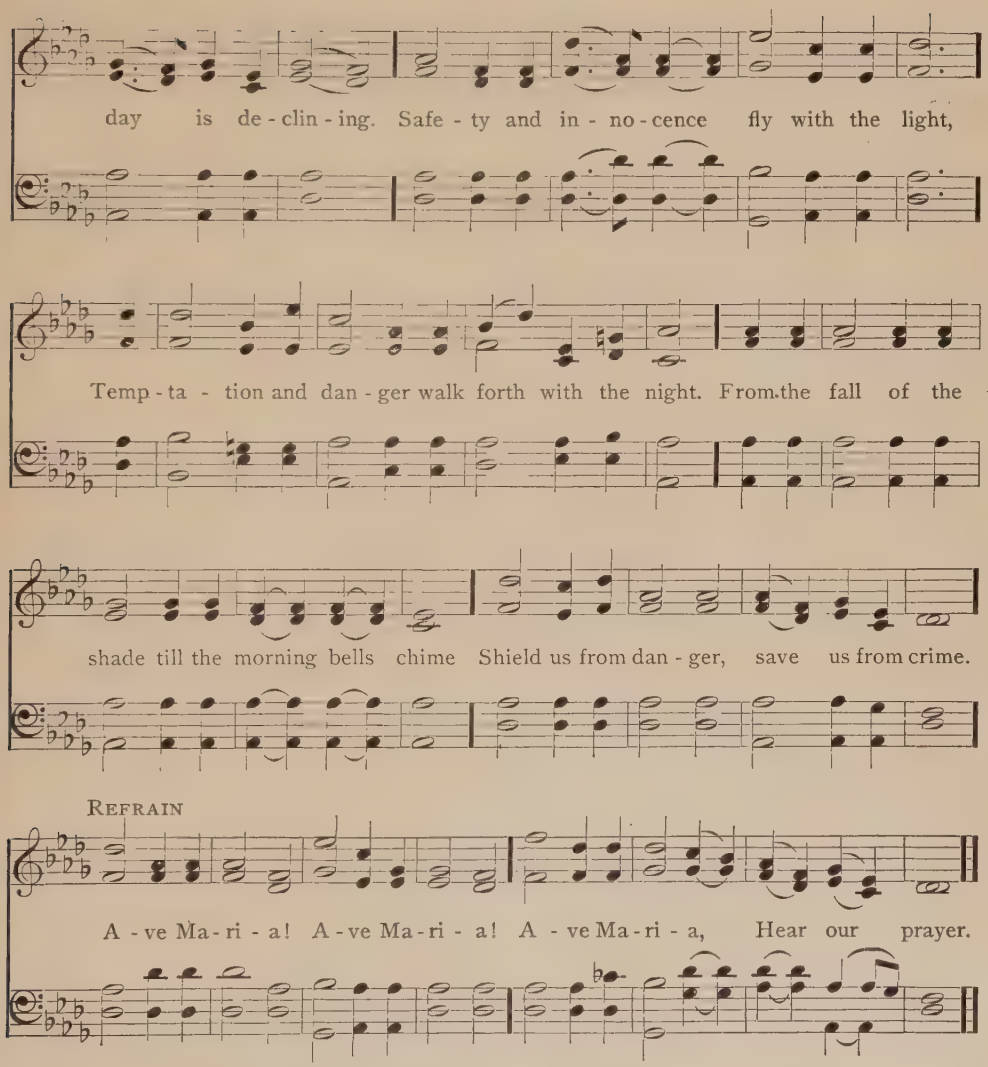
2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

GOETHE

229 Portuguese Evening Hymn

P. M., with Refrain (*Ave Maria*)



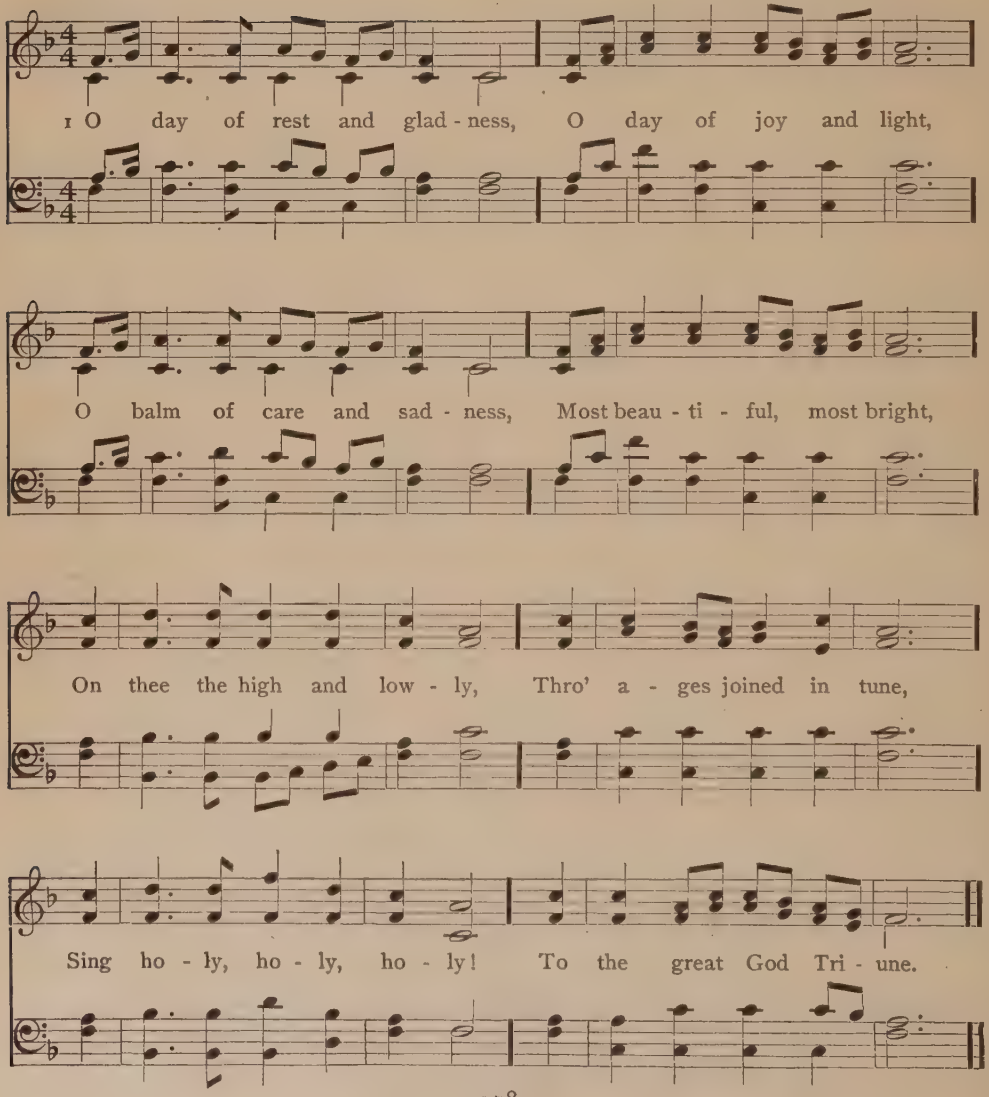
day is de - clin - ing. Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light,
Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the
shade till the morning bells chime Shield us from dan - ger, save us from crime.
REFRAIN
A - ve Ma - ri - a! A - ve Ma - ri - a! A - ve Ma - ri - a, Hear our prayer.

2 Ave Maria! Oh, hear when we call!
Mother of Him who is Savior of all!
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light.
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in thy care when morning returns. REF.

230 Mendebras

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

Arranged by L. MASON


1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright,
On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,
Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri - une.

230 Mendebras (Continued)

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

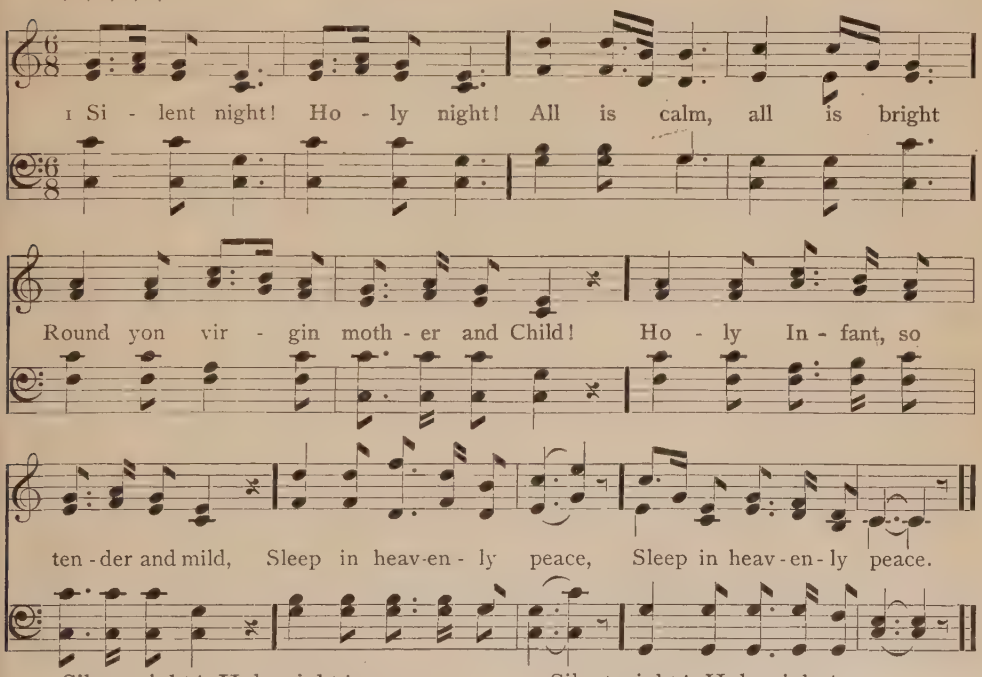
4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

231 Silent Night

6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6

M. HAYDN

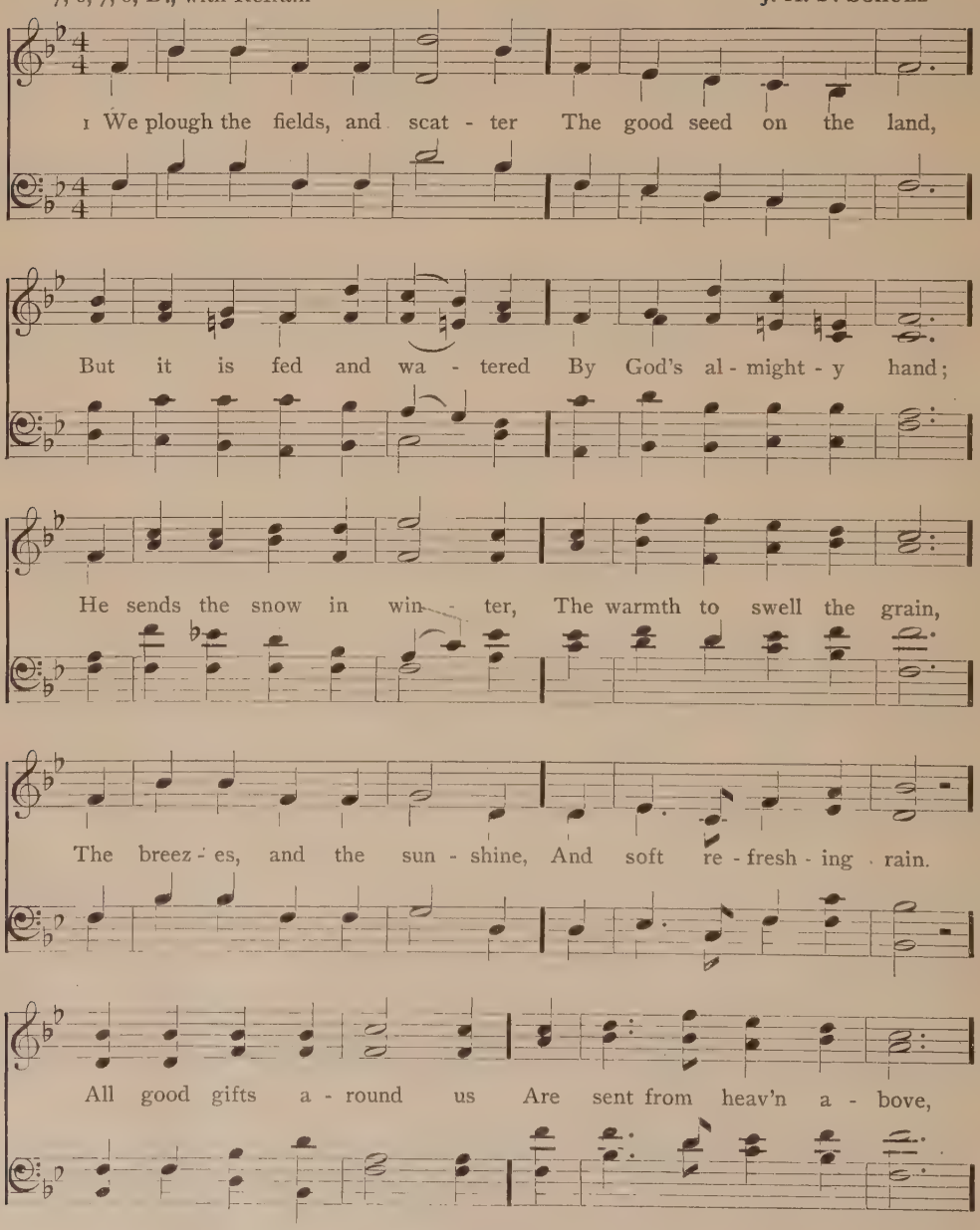

1 Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright
Round yon vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so
ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav-en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.
Christ, the Savior, is born!
Christ, the Savior, is born!

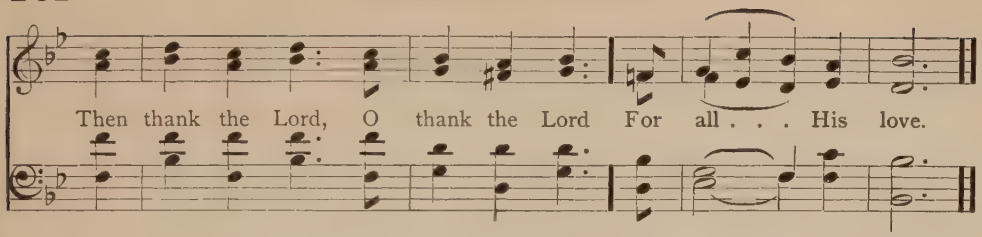
3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

232 Thanksgiving

7, 6, 7, 6, D., with Refrain

J. A. P. Schulz

1 We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand;
He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The breez - es, and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh - ing rain.
All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove,

232 Thanksgiving (Continued)



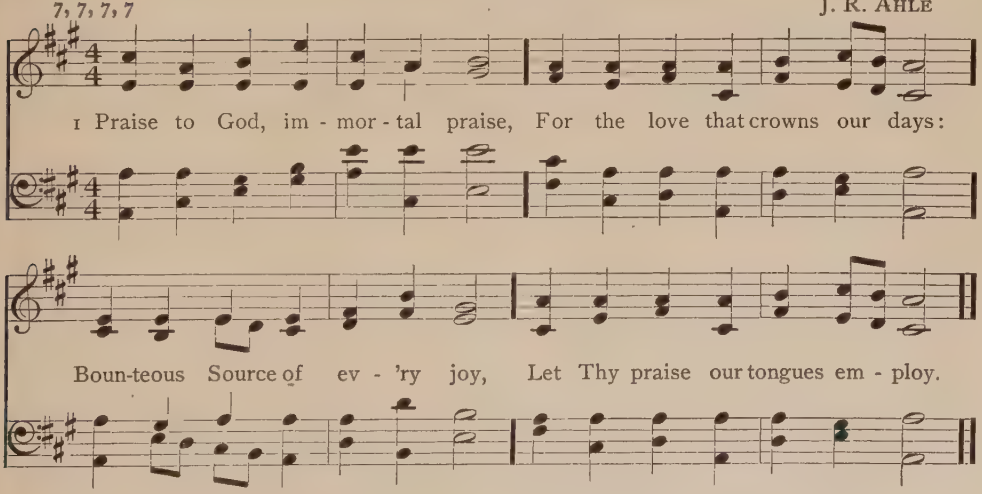
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star·
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS
Tr. by JANE M. CAMPBELL

233 Nuremberg

7, 7, 7, 7 J. R. AHLE


1 Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days:
Boun-teous Source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

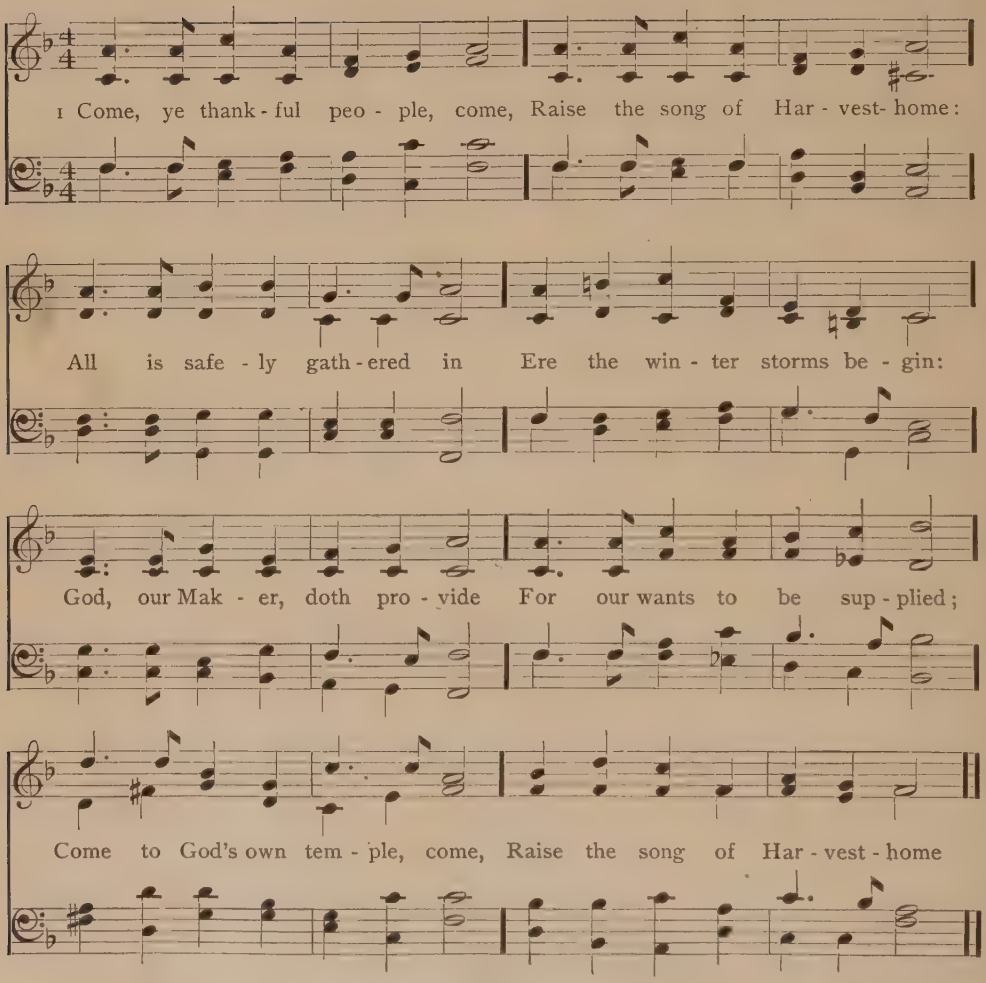
3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;

4 These, great God, to Thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And, for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD

234 St. George's, Windsor

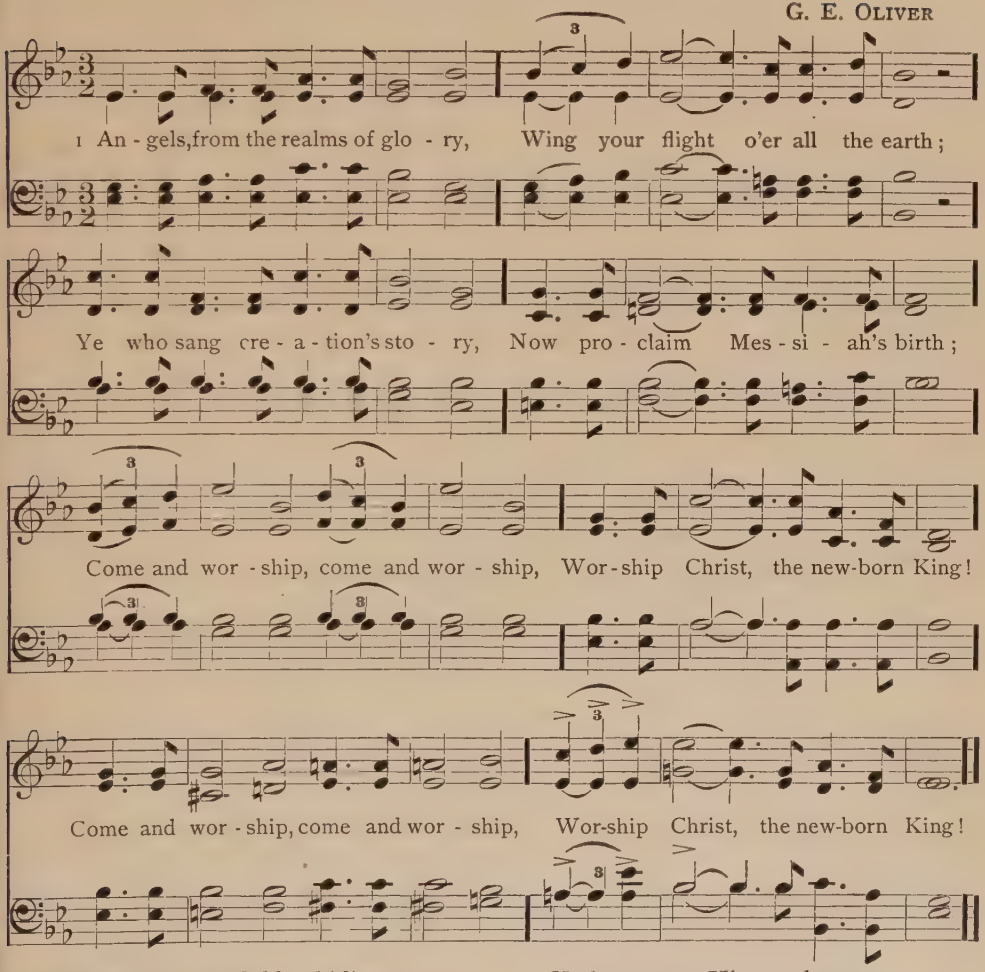
7, 7, 7, 7

G. J. Elvey

1 Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home:
All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin:
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Henry Alford

235 Angels, from the Realms of Glory

G. E. Oliver

1 An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new-born King!
Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King!

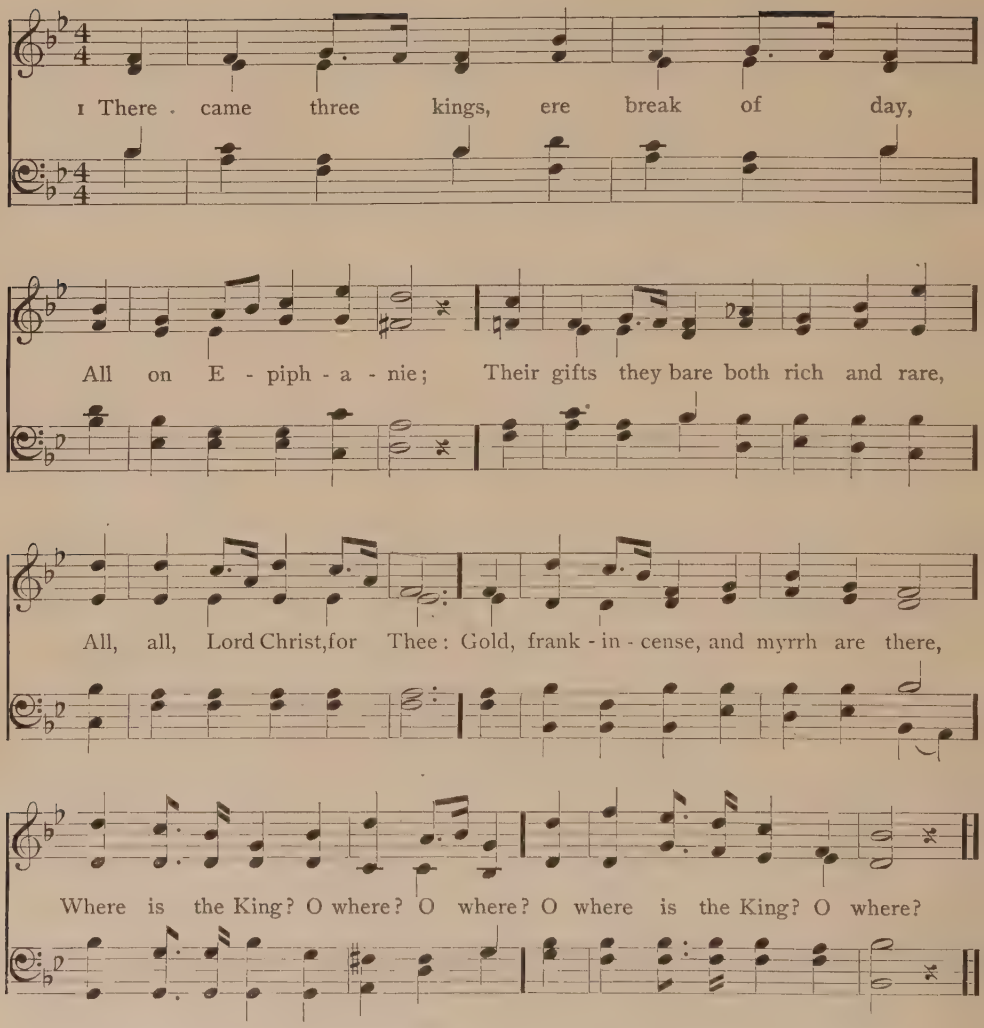
2 Shepherds in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heav'nly Light:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery

236 Epiphany

P. M.

1 There - came three kings, ere break of day,
All on E - piph - a - nie; Their gifts they bare both rich and rare,
All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee: Gold, frank - in - cense, and myrrh are there,
Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?

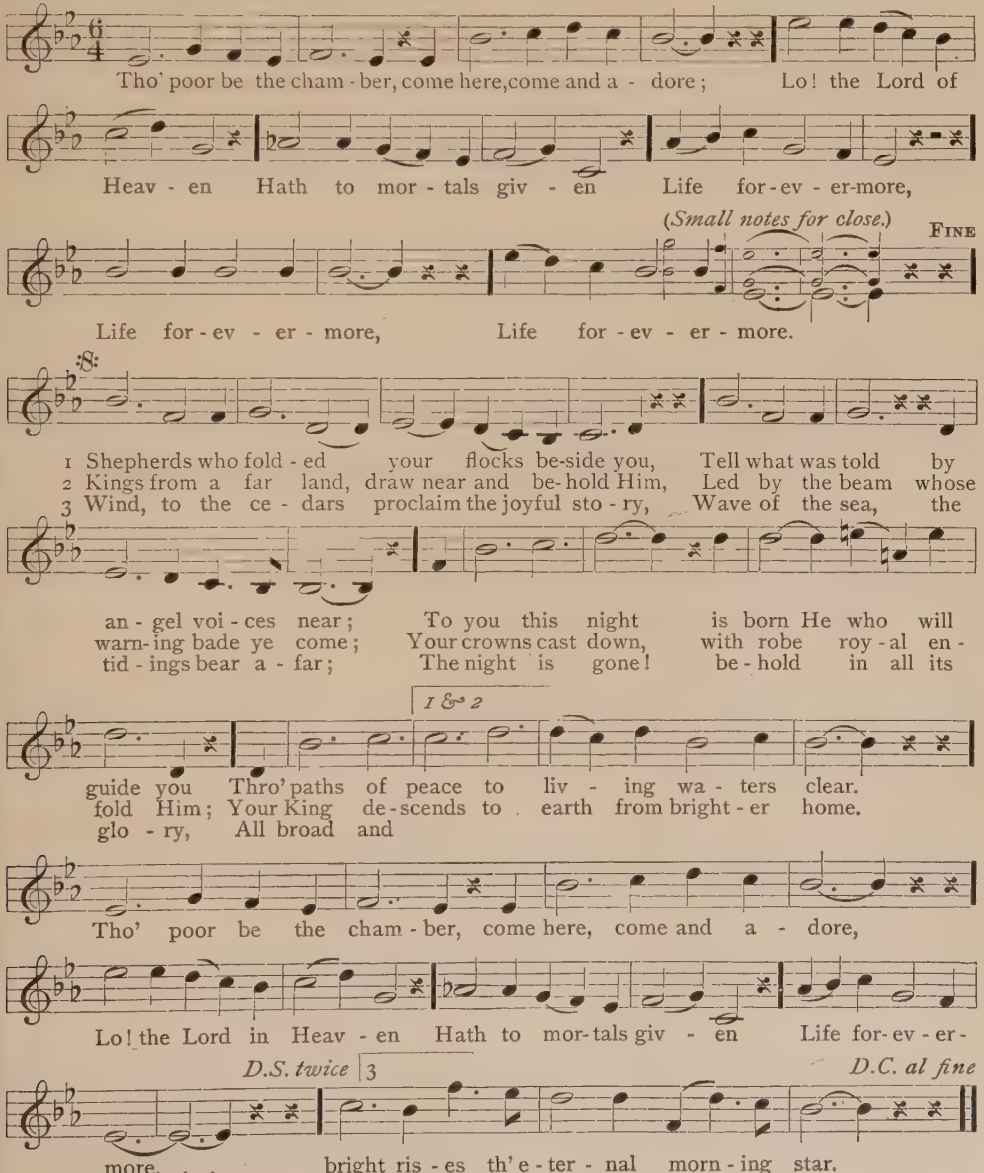
2 The Star shone brightly over-head,
The air was calm and still,
O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
The dew lay on the hill:
We see no throne, no palace fair,
Where is the King? O where? O where?
O where is the King? O where?

3 An old man knelt at a manger low,
A Babe lay in the stall;
The starlight played on the Infant brow,
Deep silence lay o'er all:
A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—
There is the King! O there! O there!
O there is the King! O there!

Anon., 16th Century

237 Nazareth*

Unison chorus with accompaniment

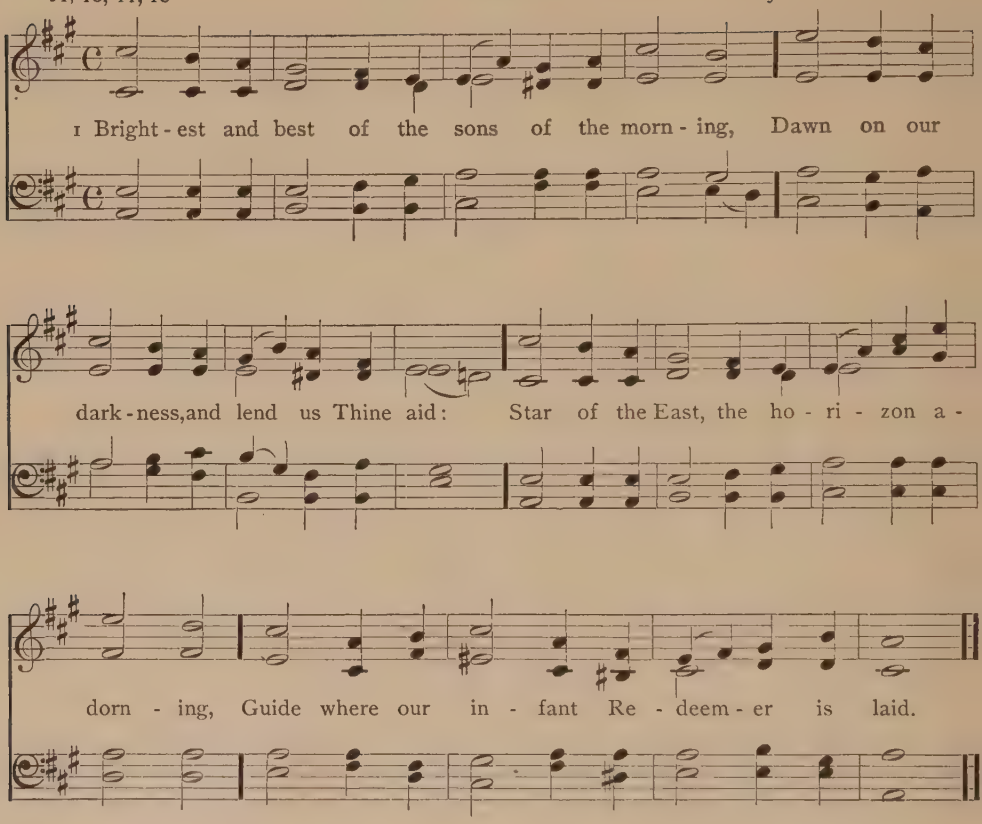
H. F. CHORLEY — GOUNOD

Tho' poor be the cham - ber, come here, come and a - dore; Lo! the Lord of
Heav - en Hath to mor - tals giv - en Life for - ev - er-more,
(Small notes for close.)
FINE
Life for - ev - er - more, Life for - ev - er - more.
:S:
1 Shepherds who fold - ed your flocks be-side you, Tell what was told by
2 Kings from a far land, draw near and be-hold Him, Led by the beam whose
3 Wind, to the ce - dars proclaim the joyful sto - ry, Wave of the sea, the
an - gel voi - ces near; To you this night is born He who will
warn-ing bade ye come; Your crowns cast down, with robe roy - al en -
tid - ings bear a - far; The night is gone! be - hold in all its
1 & 2
guide you Thro' paths of peace to liv - ing wa - ters clear.
fold Him; Your King de-scends to earth from bright - er home.
glo - ry, All broad and
Tho' poor be the cham - ber, come here, come and a - dore,
Lo! the Lord in Heav - en Hath to mor-tals giv - en Life for-ev - er -
D.S. twice
3
D.C. al fine
more. . . bright ris - es th' e - ter - nal morn - ing star.

*The piano accompaniment may be found at any music store.

238 Morning Star

11, 10, 11, 10

J. P. HARDING


1 Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid: Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favors secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

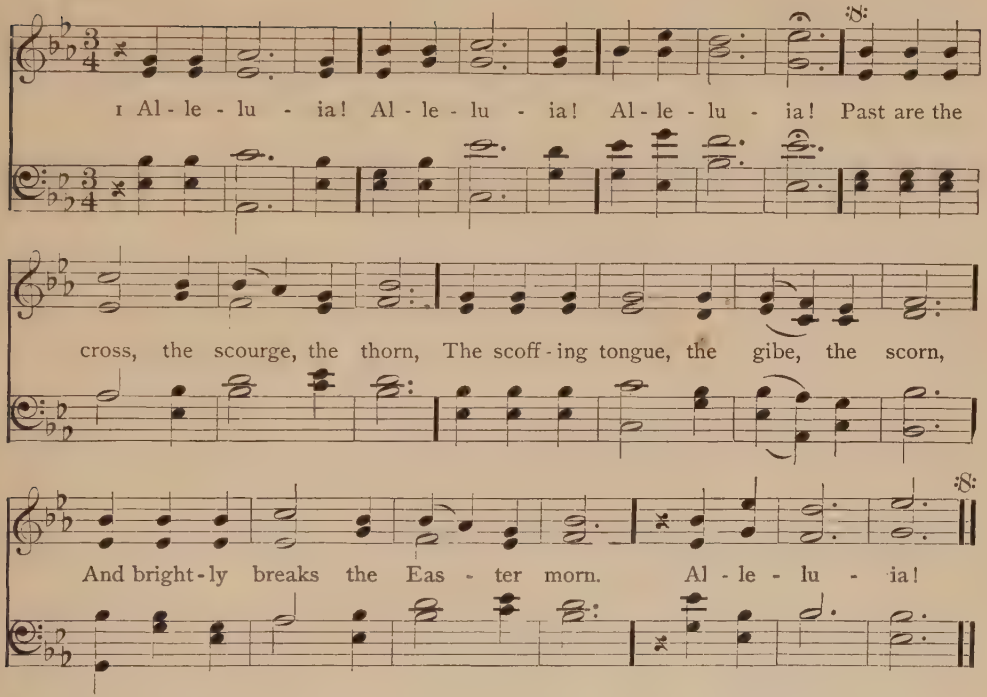
4 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER

239 Palestrina

8, 8, 8, 4

From PALESTRINA


1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Past are the
cross, the scourge, the thorn, The scoff - ing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And bright - ly breaks the Eas - ter morn. Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.
Alleluia!

3 Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign!
Alleluia!

4 The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia!

A. C. JEWITT

240

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

1 O Lord of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in Thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
Alleluia!

2 All souls are Thine, and, here or there,
They rest within Thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.
Alleluia!

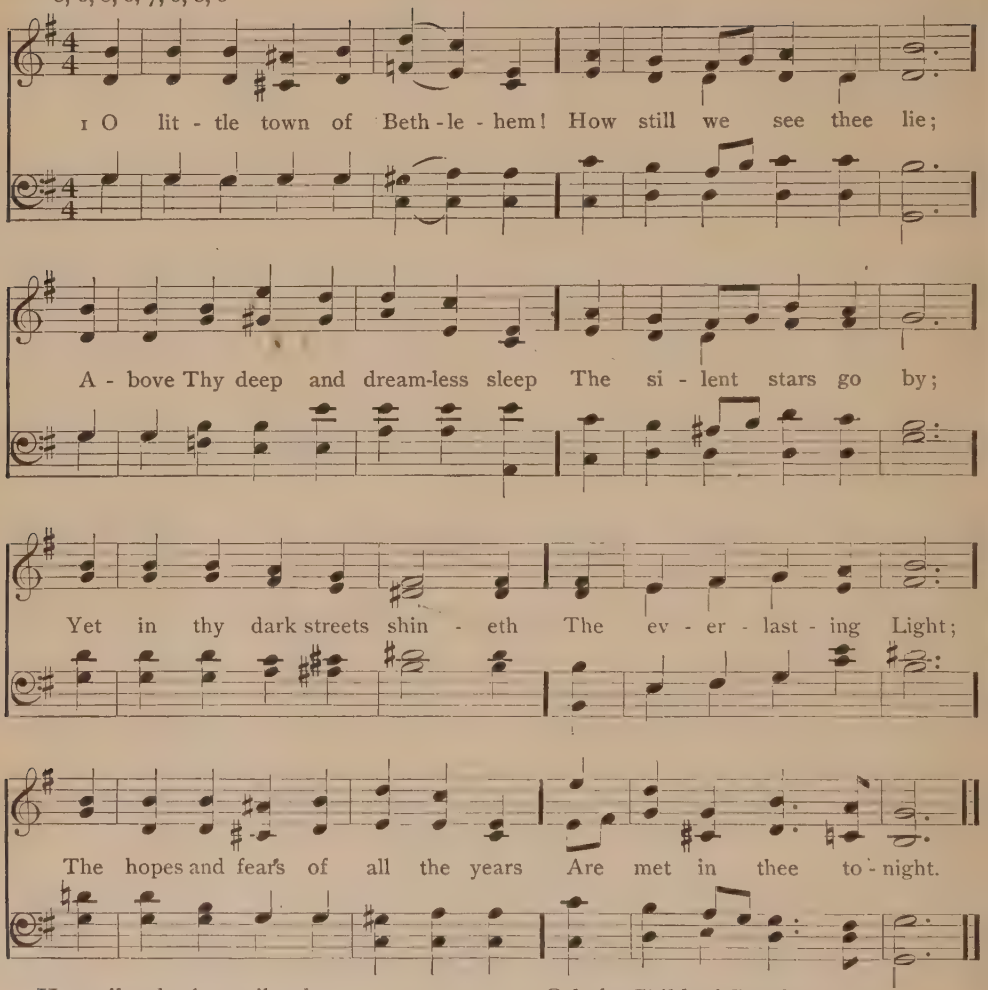
3 Thy word is true, Thy ways are just;
Above the requiem, "Dust to dust,"
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.
Alleluia!

4 O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed
Living or dying they are blest.
Alleluia!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

241 St. Louis

8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

L. H. REDNER

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
A - bove Thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

2 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

2 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

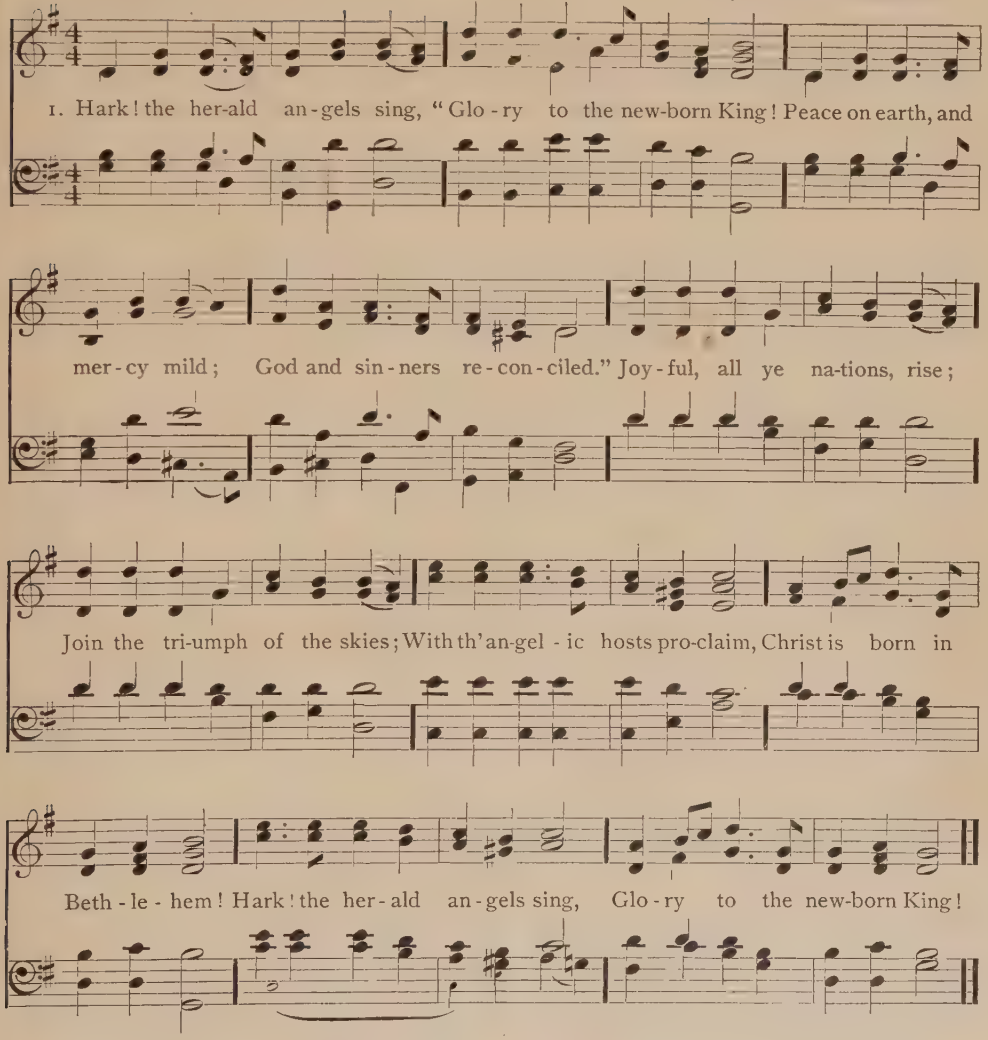
PHILLIPS BROOKS

This hymn may also be sung to the tunes, Materna and Paradise

Mendelssohn

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

From MENDELSSOHN
by W. H. CUMMINGS


1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise;
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic hosts pro-claim, Christ is born in
Beth-le-hem! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King!

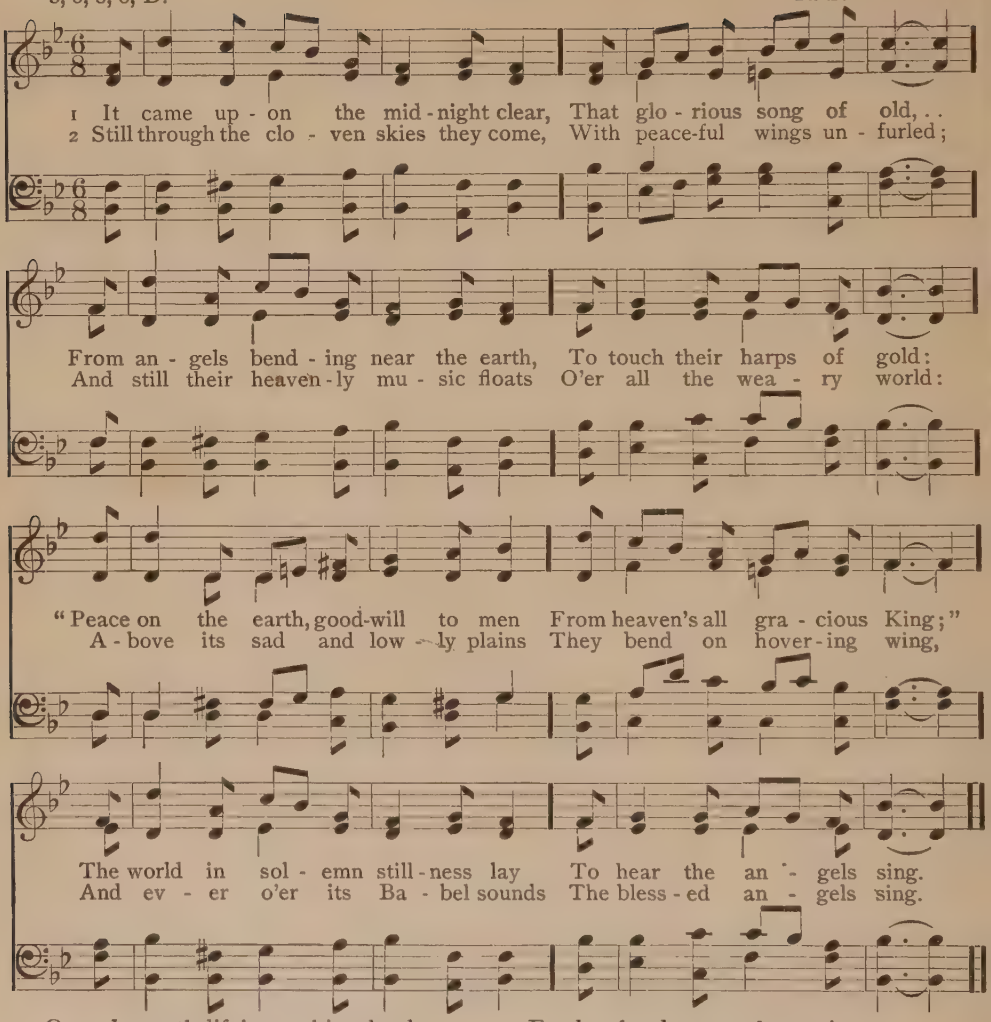
2 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

CHARLES WESLEY

243 Willis

8, 6, 8, 6, D.

R. S. Willis

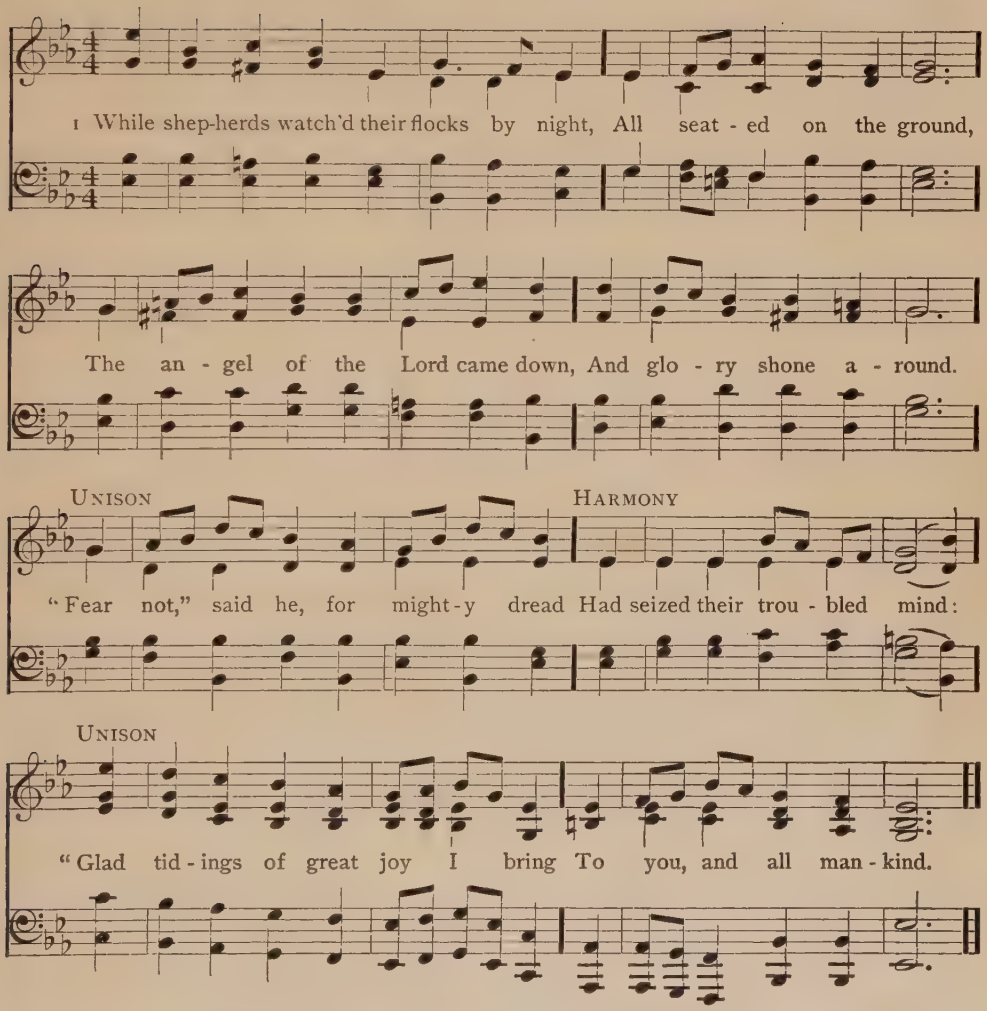

1 It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, . .
2 Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all gra - cious King;"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hover - ing wing,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears

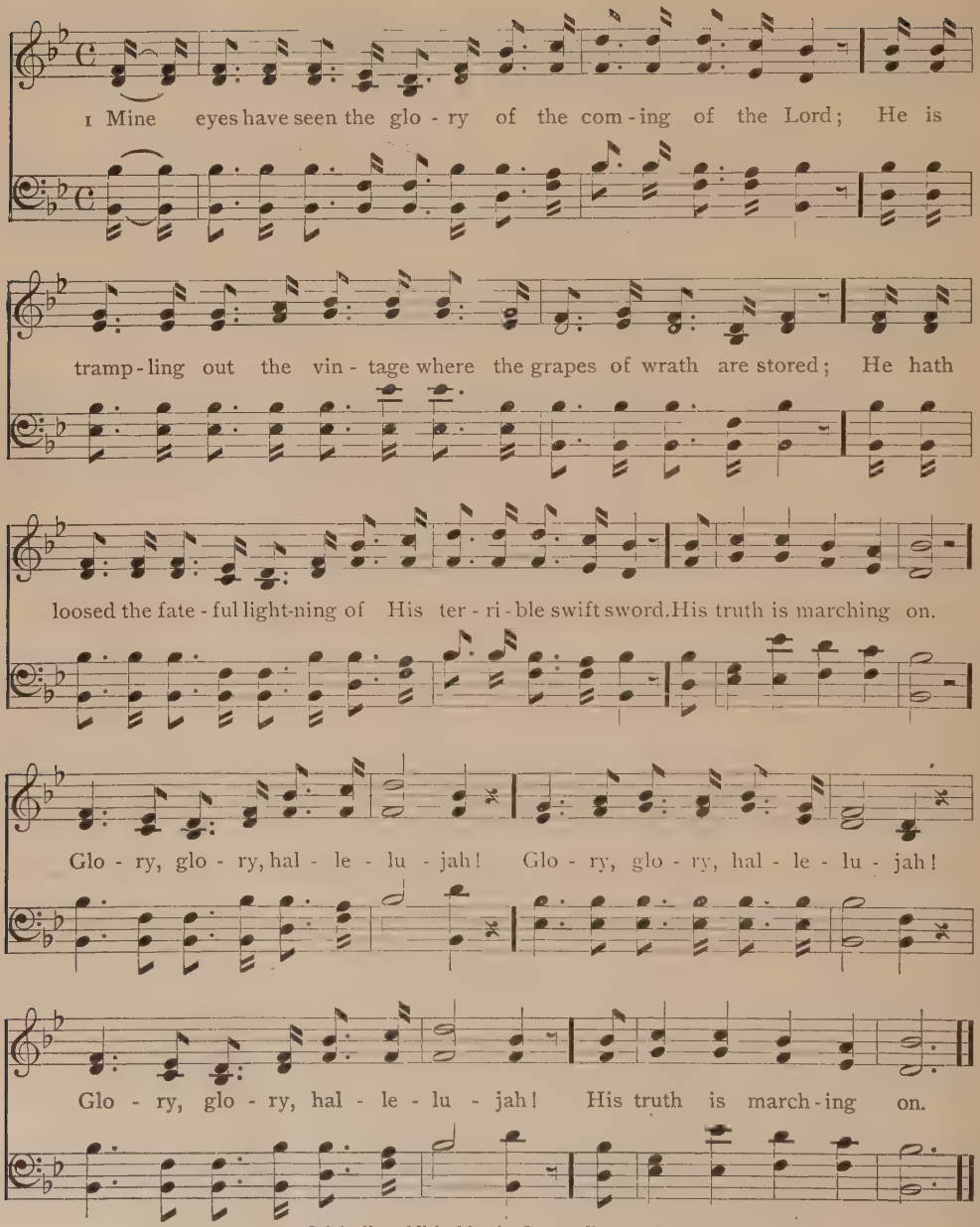
Yule-tide Song

G. E. Oliver

1 While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
Unison
Harmony
"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their trou - bled mind:
Unison
"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you, and all man - kind.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Nahum Tate

245 Battle Hymn of the Republic

1 Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth is marching on.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Originally published by the Oliver Ditson Company

245 Battle Hymn of the Republic (Continued)

2 I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

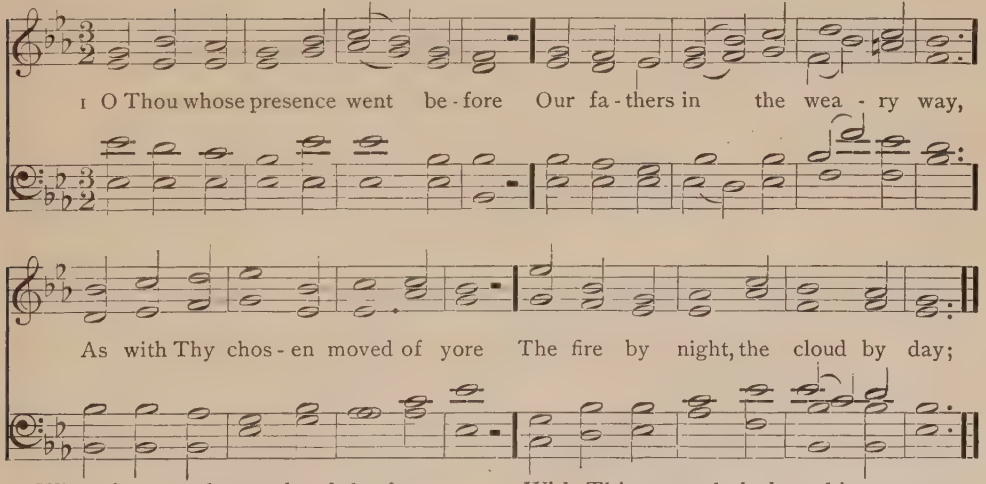
3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE

246 Song of the Free


1 O Thou whose presence went be - fore Our fa - thers in the wea - ry way,
As with Thy chos - en moved of yore The fire by night, the cloud by day;

2 When from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto Thee
May not our humble prayer be given?

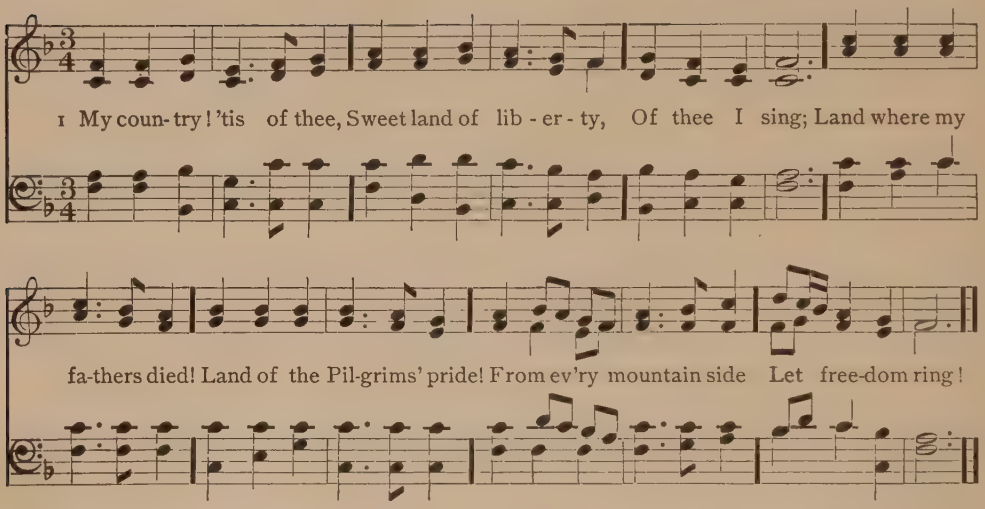
3 Thy children all, though hue and form
Are varied in Thine own good will,
With Thine own holy breathings warm,
And fashioned in Thine image still.

4 We thank Thee, Father; hill and plain
Around us wave their fruits once more,
And clustered vine and blossomed grain
Are bending round each cottage door.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

247 America

Arranged by H. CAREY


1 My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH

248

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

C. T. BROOKS and J. S. DWIGHT

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection I

The Creed and the Law of Israel

Leader. Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might.

Deut. vi: 4, 5

Response. **Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; I am the Lord.** Levit. xix: 18

And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, who hath brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them:

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me: and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain:

For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. EXODUS XX: 1–18

Selection II

THE LIFE OF MAN

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear; so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it. PSALM XC

Selection III

God in the Universe and in the Soul

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways;

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts;

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Psalm cxxxix, 1–12, 17, 18, 23, 24

Selection IV

The Teachings of Wisdom

All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirit.

Prov. xvi: 2

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

Prov. xxii: 1, 2, 9

Counsel in the heart of men is like deep water; but a man of understanding will draw it out. PROV. xx: 5

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. PROV. iv: 23

He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be broken, and that without remedy. PROV. xxix: 1

Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. PROV. xvi: 8, 32

He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him. ECCLES. x: 8

Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. ECCLES. v: 2

Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from sin?

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. PROV. xxi: 9, 11

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. ECCLES. xii: 14

The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 SAM. xvi: 7

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever. DANIEL xii: 3

Selection V

DIVINE WISDOM

Wisdom is unto men a treasure that faileth not, and they that use it obtain friendship with God.

For she is a breath of the power of God, and a clear effluence of the glory of the Almighty; therefore can nothing that is defiled find entrance into her.

An effulgence from everlasting light is she, and an unspotted mirror of the power of God, and an image of his goodness.

And she, being one, hath power to do all things; and remaining in herself, reneweth all things.

She is initiated into the knowledge of God, and she chooseth out for him his works.

Fairer is she than the sun, and above all the constellations of the stars:

Being compared with light, she is found to be before it; for to the light of day succeedeth night, but against wisdom evil doth not prevail;

But she reacheth from one end of the world to the other with full strength, and ordereth all things graciously.

Wisdom is easily beheld of them that love her and found of them that seek her.

He that riseth up early to seek her shall have no toil, for he shall find her sitting at his gates.

She goeth about, herself seeking them that are worthy of her, and in their paths she appeareth unto them graciously, and in every purpose she meeteth them:

And in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets.

FROM THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON, vi AND vii

Selection VI

FAITH IN GOD

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. PSALM xxiii

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved. PSALM xv

Selection VII

FAITH IN GOD

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble:

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea:

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. PSALM xlvi

Selection VIII

FAITH IN GOD

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity:

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord: and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass:

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him; fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil-doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace. PSALM XXXVII: 1–11

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall, doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. PSALM CXXVI: 5, 6

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.

Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

ISAIAH XXVI: 3, 4

Selection IX

FAITH IN GOD

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice; have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord. PSALM xxvii: 1–8, 10, 14

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. PSALM lxxiii: 25, 26

Selection X

FAITH IN GOD

I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, from whence help shall come to me.

My help is from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

May he not suffer thy foot to be moved; neither let him slumber that keepeth thee.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy protection upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not burn thee by day; nor the moon by night.

The Lord keepeth thee from all evil; may the Lord keep thy soul.

May the Lord keep thy coming in, and thy going out, from henceforth now and forever. PSALM cxxi. From the Douay Version, cxx

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us.

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad, and sing for joy; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him. PSALM lxvii

The Lord bless us and keep us;

The Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon us and give us peace. NUMBERS vi: 24, 26

Selection XI

THE POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer. PSALM xix

Selection XII

THE POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and weighed the heavens with his palm? Who hath poised with three fingers the bulk of the earth, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord? Or who hath been his counselor and hath taught him?

With whom hath he consulted, and who hath instructed him, and taught him the path of justice, and taught him knowledge, and showed him the way of understanding?

Behold, the Gentiles are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the smallest grain of a balance; behold, the islands are as a little dust.

And Libanus shall not be enough to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.

All nations are before him as if they had no being at all, and are counted to him as nothing, and vanity.

To whom then have you likened God? or what image will you make for him?

Hath the workman cast a graven statue? or hath the goldsmith formed it with gold, or the silversmith with plates of silver?

He hath chosen strong wood, and that will not rot; the skilful workman seeketh how he may set up an idol that may not be moved.

Do you not know? hath it not been heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have you not understood the foundations of the earth?

It is he that sitteth upon the globe of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as locusts; he that stretcheth out the heavens as nothing and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in;

He that bringeth the searchers of secrets to nothing, that hath made the judges of the earth as vanity.

And surely their stock was neither planted, nor sown, nor rooted in the earth; suddenly he hath blown upon them, and they are withered, and a whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

And to whom have ye likened me, or made me equal, saith the Holy One?

Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these things; who bringeth out their host by number, and calleth them all by their names: by the greatness of his might, and strength, and power, not one of them was missing.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel; My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

Knowest thou not, or hast thou not heard? the Lord is the everlasting God, who hath created the ends of the earth: he shall not faint, nor labor, neither is there any searching out of his wisdom.

It is he that giveth strength to the weary, and increaseth force and might to them that are weak.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall fall by infirmity.

But they that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall take wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

ISAIAH xl: 12–31, from the Douay Version

Selection XIII

THE POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY

Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the Lord; I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:

Who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that therein is; who keepeth truth for ever.

Who executeth judgment for the oppressed; who giveth food to the hungry.

The Lord looseth the prisoners, the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous.

The Lord preserveth the strangers, he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord. PSALM cxlvi

Selection XIV

THANKSGIVING TO GOD

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth;

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

PSALM ciii

Selection XV

THANKSGIVING TO GOD

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble; he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent his word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! PSALM cvii: 15–31

Selection XVI

THANKSGIVING TO GOD

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens with a curtain.

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

Thou coverest it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

Thou sendest the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee: that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord. PSALM civ: 1–10, 20–35

Selection XVII

THE VISION OF THE DIVINE

All you that thirst come to the waters; and you that have no money, make haste, buy and eat: come ye, buy wine and milk without money, and without any price.

Why do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which doth not satisfy you?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good, and your soul shall be delighted in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; * * * * *

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unjust man his thoughts; and let him return to the Lord, and he will have mercy on him; and to our God; for he is bountiful to forgive.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts.

And as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return no more thither, but soak the earth and water it and make it to spring, and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be which shall go forth from my mouth; it shall not return to me void; but it shall do whatsoever I please, and shall prosper in the things for which I sent it.

For you shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall sing praise before you, and all the trees of the country shall clap their hands.

Instead of the shrub shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the nettle shall come up the myrtle-tree; and the Lord shall be named for an everlasting sign, that shall not be taken away. ISAIAH lv: 1–3, 6–13, from the Douay Version

The voice of one crying in the desert, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the wilderness the paths of our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh together shall see that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken. ISAIAH xl: 3–5, from the Douay Version

Selection XVIII

THE DUTY OF MAN

Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast you find pleasure, and exact all your labors.

Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness; ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high.

Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rear-ward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity:

And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day:

And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.

And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called The Repairer of the breach, The Restorer of paths to dwell in. ISAIAH lviii: 3–12

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God. MICAH vi: 8

Selection XIX

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD-WILL"

Jesus, seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets who were before you.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy:

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you:

That ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them who love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect.

ST. MATTHEW v: 1–16, 43–48

Selection XX

THE BREAD OF LIFE

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? ST. MATTHEW xvi: 24–26

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. ST. MATTHEW xi: 28–30

Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor; for we are members one of another.

Be ye angry, and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath;

Neither give place to the devil.

Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.

And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice:

And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. EPHES. iv: 25–32

Selection XXI

THE CHRISTIAN COMMANDMENTS: THE GOLDEN RULE

And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all?

And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord;

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment.

And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: there is none other commandment greater than these. St. Mark xii: 28–31

Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets. St. Matthew vii: 7, 8, 11, 12

For if ye love those who love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them.

And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.

But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.

Be ye therefore merciful as your Father also is merciful.

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. St. Luke vi: 32, 34–37

Selection XXII

Love is the Fulfilling of the Law

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love.

1st Cor. xiii

Selection XXIII

The Christian Life

Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another: love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous:

Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing.

For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile:

Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace and pursue it.

For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.

And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?

But if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled;

But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear:

Having a good conscience; that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evil doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ.

For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing, than for evil-doing.

St. Peter iii: 8–17

Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

For where envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work.

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

St. James iii: 13–18

Selection XXIV

The Christian Life

Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness: considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Galatians vi: 1–3, 7–9

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath:

For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

If any man among you seemeth to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's-self unspotted from the world.

St. James i: 19, 20, 26, 27

Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man destroy the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. 1st Cor. iii: 16, 17

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things. Phil. iv: 8

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